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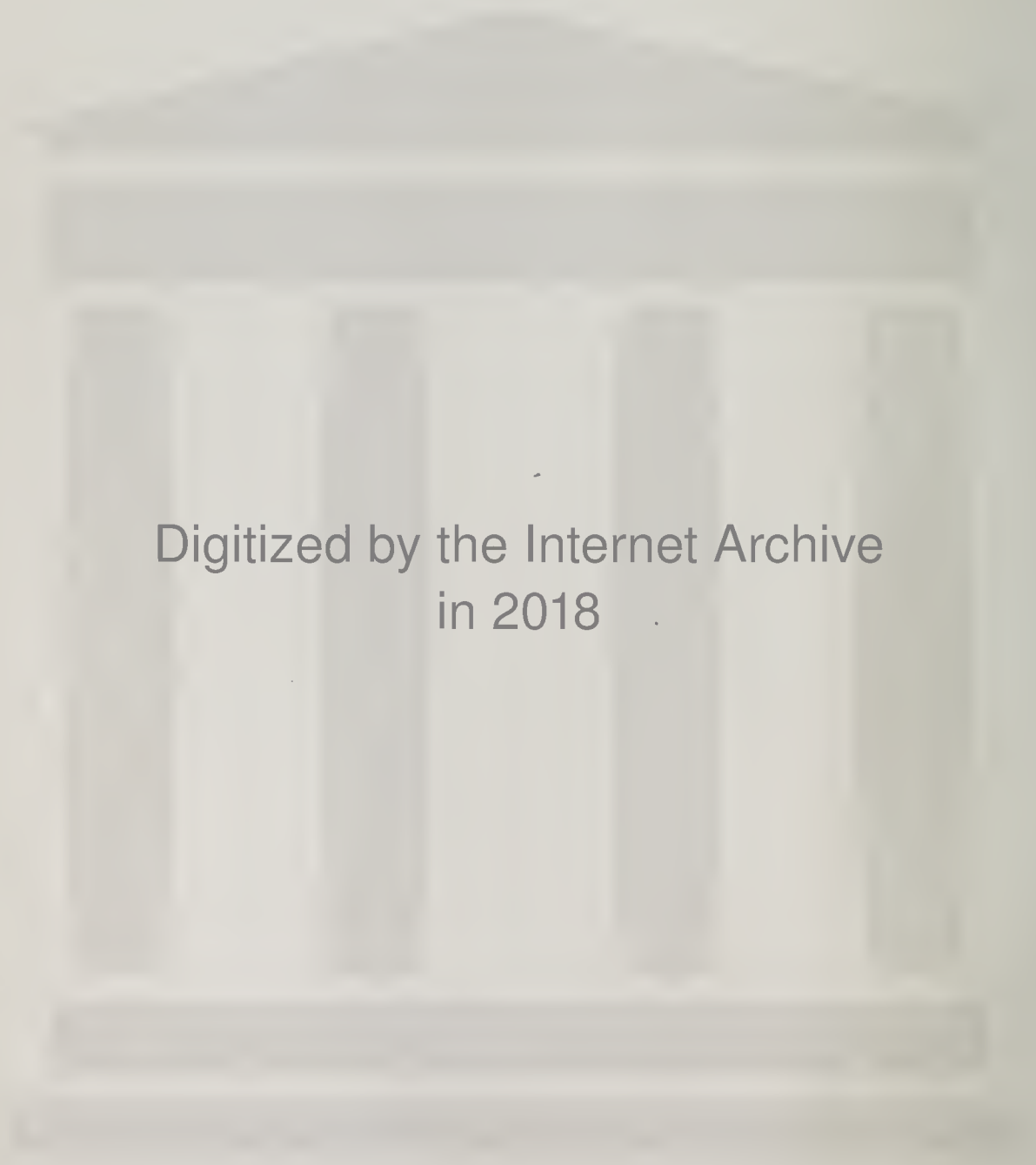
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To Emma
with affection
from
Evelina

FAMILY FACTS AND FAIRY TALES

by

Evelina Gleaves Cohen

WYNNEWOOD — PENNSYLVANIA

1953

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FOREWORD

My dear Children:

This little book has been written for you in order that you may know something of your background. It is just as true of people as it is of nations—to understand the present; to predict the future; one must know the past.

And so I dedicate "Family Facts and Fairy Tales" to you all with my love.

Mother — Aunt Ninie — or Cousin Evelina



THE BOWYERS

Our Virginia connections stem from the Bowyers. The first member of the family known to have come to America was Edmund Bowyer, who landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. He was the son of Sir William Bowyer, Director in the London Company. It is doubtful if he brought his family with him, but his sons Daniel and Henry Bowyer, came from London and settled in Virginia in 1635 on land which was afterwards included within the limits of Augusta County. It is thought that two cousins, spelling the name Boyer, came to Pennsylvania at about this same time.

Henry Bowyer left two sons, Michael and Henry. My mother, Evelina Heap, was descended from Michael and my father from Henry, a strange coincidence that we did not know until after my father's death. Henry, who married Mary Harrison of Shenandoah, Virginia, was a seaman and was in command of a ship sunk by Captain Kidd—he and nearly all of his crew being lost. His son Henry entered the Revolution at sixteen and became a daring young officer in General "Light Horse Harry" Lee's¹ Legion of Picked Men. He married Agatha Madison, a great niece of President James Madison. Colonel Henry Bowyer and his first cousin Major Thomas Bowyer were original members of the Virginia Society of the Cincinnati—the only two members of one family to be so honored. One of Henry's great-granddaughters, Mrs. Edwin Hill of 2008 Crocker Street, Houston, Texas, is in possession of his certificate signed by George Washington. It is said to be one of seven in existence and \$10,000 was recently offered for it.

The name of Michael Bowyer's wife is not now known, but they had seven children, one of whom, Captain Michael Bowyer, was my great-great-great-grandfather. He was a member of the committee that drew up the famous Resolutions of Independence and his name appears on the commemorative tablet at Williamsburg. He raised and financed his own company in the 12th Virginia Regiment under Colonel Wood; was a member of the House of Delegates under the new constitution; a vestryman and a lawyer. His commission signed by John Hancock, September

1. Lee's mother, Lucy Grymes, "The Lowland Beauty" who was George Washington's first love, is a descendent of Rev. Charles Grymes, our ancestor.

1776; a letter from Colonel Wood ordering him to bring his company from Tiger Valley to Winchester to rejoin the Battalion which was ordered to "march with all possible expedition to the assistance of General Washington in the State of New Jersey", March 1777; a letter¹ from Lafayette dated 1816; and a Bill of Sale for a slave sold to Michael Bowyer in Philadelphia in 1777 (no doubt on his return from the "assistance of General Washington") were presented to the Williamsburg Restoration Inc. by my mother and her sister Mrs. Garland. We have photostatic copies. For distinguished military service Michael was given five thousand acres in the Ohio Military Reservation and a part of the city of Cincinnati now stands on that land. We still have packets of receipts signed by soldiers and merchants for the money Michael expended and after the Civil War his grandson, Colonel John C. Bowyer tried unsuccessfully to get Congress to reimburse the family.

Captain Michael Bowyer married Frances Carpenter, the daughter of Nicholas and Kate Carpenter who owned the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia. When the Carpenter family were attacked by Indians, Kate helped to make bullets and to load the guns, and when all of the defenders had been killed she managed to escape with her infant daughter Frances. It was she for whom Kate's Mountain is named and I have an arrowhead that was found very recently on the grounds of the White Sulphur. Captain Bowyer was one of the members of the Assembly on the Committee appointed to select the site of the University of Virginia and his sons, John and Henry, graduated in the first class.

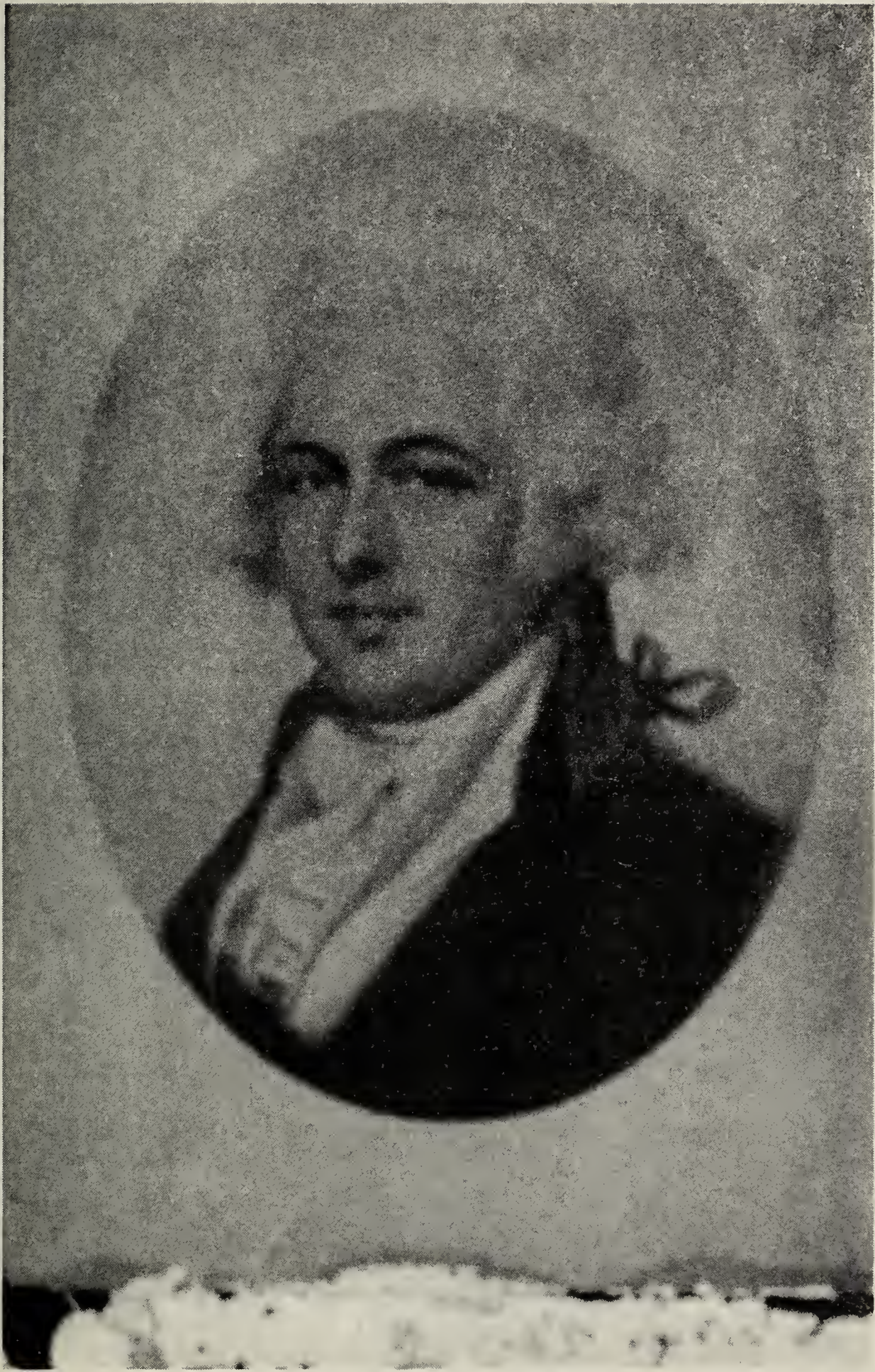
Michael and Frances lived at White Sulphur and built their home "The Meadows," which stood until a few years ago when it was torn down to make room for an airfield. Both of them are buried there.

One of Michael Bowyers brothers, Luke, married a sister of Patrick Henry and was a law partner of Henry's. In a "Life of Patrick Henry" the author says "Lawyer Bowyer in a certain celebrated case before the court, delivered a speech fully equal to Patrick Henry"! Luke was also a captain of Colonial Troops and was killed at Long Bridge, Virginia, in 1776. His wife and children were massacred by Indians.

Another brother, General John Bowyer, built his home at Thorn Hill near Lexington, Virginia, and lived there until his death in 1805. He was a Burgess; member of Convention of 1776; captain, lieutenant colonel, and adjutant general of the Militia from the Indian Wars through the Revolution. He was largely responsible for naming the town Lexington (after the battle of Lexington, Massachusetts) and the county Rockbridge, for the Natural Bridge, and was spoken of in the records of that time as "a man of great Influence." ²"General Bowyer was a founder and trustee of Washington College. He was an ardent patriot and Revolutionary officer as were his six brothers, and commanded a regiment that went from the Valley to the assistance of George Washington at Yorktown. He was a personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, their estates in adjoining counties, the site of one at Charlottesville and the other a hundred miles southwest in Rockbridge." "General John Bowyer's name is inscribed, with the names of twenty-five other most distinguished men who have lived in this community, on the tablet of stone in the vestibule of the Lee Memorial Chapel, which was erected there June 10, 1913, by the Colonial Dames of America in Virginia, in honor of the First Board of Trustees of Liberty Hall Academy,

1. See Page 6.

2. Bi-Centennial Issue of the Lexington Gazette 1738-1938.



**Colonel John Bowyer
Son of Michael**

CONGRESS.

THE DELEGATES of the UNITED STATES of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Counties of New-Castle, Kent, and Suffex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, TO

Richard B. Meade

WE, reposing especial Trust and Confidence, by these Presents, constitute

Patriotism, Valour, Conduct and Fidelity, you to be a Light in the

Representative from the State of New-York

in the Army of the United States, raised for the Defence of American Liberty; and for repelling every Invasion thereof. You are to be diligent in the discharge of the Duty of a

Representative, by doing and performing all manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as

Superior

Time, as you shall see fit, for that Purpose, or any other you shall think proper. Trust reposed in

Dated 17th Nov 1776

And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time to receive from this or a future Congress of the United States, or Committee of Congress, appointed, or Commanded in Chief for the Time being of the Army of the United States, Superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in Pursuance of the

Force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

Attest the 17th Nov 1776. Signed by the Delegates

By Order of the

Richard B. Meade

who were the Colonial founders of Washington and Lee University." As General Bowyer had no children he left Thorn Hill to his nephew, John Bowyer, a son of Michael Bowyer.

Colonel John Bowyer married Elizabeth Hubbard, whose father, James Hubbard of Williamsburg, was a member of the Committee of Safety for Williamsburg, December 1774 and on July 5, 1776 was appointed a Judge of Admiralty with Joseph Prentis and John Tyler for the enforcement of the restrictions "against the enemies of America." And yet the records seem to prove that he was a loyalist and left Williamsburg with Lord Dunsmore, that after the Revolution he returned to New York where he died and is buried in Christ Church Cemetery. ¹Perhaps the answer is that while he endorsed the preliminary steps of the Revolution he did not approve the policy of separation.

James Hubbard was a student at William and Mary College in 1752 and as late as 1917 his initials could still be seen on the wall where he had written them. But with the restoration of Williamsburg all of these old initials have been covered with a fresh coat of paint.

The students attended the old Bruton Church. The Vestry order provided that the gallery at the west end of the church be assigned to the students of the College of William and Mary and that after the students assembled the door should be locked and the key given to the sexton and kept by him until the conclusion of divine service.

Elizabeth Hubbard's great-great-great-grandfather was Major William Gooch, an Englishman who settled near the present site of Yorktown. He represented York County in the House of Burgesses in 1654 and was one of the Councillors appointed by the General Assembly in 1655. He is buried on his estate, Temple Farm, where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington in 1781 (neither one was present—General O'Hara presented Cornwallis' sword to General Benjamin Lincoln, Washington's representative). Temple Farm is now part of the U. S. Navy's Mine Warfare School. Gooch's tombstone is still there, protected by an iron pipe railing and a roof built over it. Cloie and I visited it when we were in Williamsburg in the summer of 1951. The inscription reads:

"Estate of Wm. Gooch of this Parish—Dyed Oct. 29, 1655

Within this tomb there doth enterred lie

No shape but substance true nobility

Itself though young in years—just 29

Yet graced with virtues morall and divine

The church from him did good participate

In counsell rare fit to adorn a state."

William Gooch's nephew, William Gooch, was Lieutenant Governor of Virginia in 1727 and Governor in 1741. He was knighted and died in England in 1751.

William Gooch 3rd, son of the Governor and Lady Rebecca, presented to the

1. William & Mary College Quarterly.

college at Williamsburg a gold sacrament cup and patten. One cup and patten answering this description are at the Bruton Church in Williamsburg and are on view the first Sunday in the month. Cloie and I asked to see them but as we were not there on the proper day this could not be accomplished.

John Bowyer and his wife Elizabeth had eleven children—¹“His proudest possessions were his three beautiful daughters, known especially in Richmond and at the Greenbrier, White Sulphur, whence they frequently journeyed in their coach-and-four, for their sprightly wit and characteristic charm of manner”—and as they danced and played cards their salvation was thought doubtful by their many Presbyterian neighbors. John Bowyer was several times a presidential elector, was a member of the Virginia legislature for thirty years, and an “eloquent orator and an old time aristocrat, and lived in grand style at Thorn Hill where he died.”

When John Bowyer died in 1851 he left the house at Thorn Hill and several hundred acres of land to his daughter Mrs. John Brockenbrough. She exchanged it, prior to the Civil War, for General Frank Paxton's town (Lexington) property which was the home of Judge and Mrs. Brockenbrough until their death. After the war Mrs. Paxton sold the Thorn Hill property to Mr. Wilson P. Coe, whose family I believe still own it.

John Colston Bowyer, son of John and Elizabeth, is my greatgrandfather. He married Nancy Stribling of Staunton, Virginia (the daughter of Matilda Kinney and Erasmus Stribling). She was sixteen and her school teacher said “it is such a pity—Nancy is just beginning to learn something.” John was born at Thorn Hill in 1803 and became a lawyer. He and Nancy had seven children but only two lived to grow up—my grandmother Elizabeth who married David Heap and my great-aunt Matilda who married Pierce Crosby, who later became an Admiral, U.S.N. John Bowyer was too old to fight in the Civil War so he became editor of a small newspaper in Alexandria, Virginia and it was said of him that he should have received a salary for keeping up the spirits of the Confederacy.² One of my mother's favorite stories about her grandparents was that one evening they were walking in Staunton when the town was under martial law. A Federal sentry called “Halt”, but they paid no attention and continued on their way. Just then someone slammed a window and she exclaimed “Good Lord Mr. Bowyer, “I've been shot in the back!”

Their daughter Elizabeth, my grandmother, married David Porter Heap who held a commission in the U. S. Army and all during the Civil War their only method of communication was through Mr. David B. Stacy of Chester, Pennsylvania. In 1930 Mr. Stacy's daughter was living in the same apartment house in Haverford, Pennsylvania, where my parents lived and Miss Stacy gave mother the following letter.

Chester Oct. 7, 1862

J. C. Bowyer Esq; Staunton Va.

My dear Sir:

Yours of 15th ultimo reached me today. I hasten to relieve your anxiety on account of your dear daughter and her children. She and they are well. They passed the summer up the Delaware, at Beverly; and are expected to pass thro' here the day after tomorrow, for Washington. I shall make it my duty, as it will be a pleasure, to convey news from you to her.

1. Bi-Centennial Issue of Lexington Gazette 1738-1938.

2. I have his pardon signed by President Andrew Johnson.



Jacob Kinney



Matilda Kinney Stribling



Erasmus Stribling

Her anxiety on your account, was, when I last saw her, as great as yours, and her ignorance as to your whereabouts as profound. We live in strange times; when those nearest and dearest to us, do not know whether we are above ground or under it. But that is the necessary result of political insanity; and the sublimation of political abstractions. They have culminated, in something as near to "Hell Fire", as I have any desire to see. We were all rejoiced to learn that yourself and Mrs. Bowyer are well. You hold a high place in the regard and esteem of all my family; and all reciprocate your kind regards and send love to you both. Mrs. Richards and Miss Baxter, were both rejoiced to hear of you and send their best love to you and Mrs. Bowyer.

I shall give Lizzie your letter to me; and the same avenue is likely to remain open, by which yours reached me and this may reach you.

My family are all in usual health. My youngest son is in the 11th Regulars: was wounded at Gaines Mill, came home, recruited, and rejoined his Reg. and has since gone thru' the retreat from Richmond, the fight on the Rapahanock, at South Mountain and Antietam. He is battalion adjutant of his Reg.

With assurances of my warmest regard, I remain, my dear sir

Yours very truly,

David B. Stacy

P.S. Jeannette returned from a three months tour in France and Switzerland, early in Sept. She is at Brattleboro, Vermont, with her four children, and we expect them here sometime this month. She will be disappointed at not meeting Lizzie here. My son David is still in San Francisco. James is, at present, in Washington. I do not expect that you can feel much interest in my "cubs" but it would be impolite not to name them to you.

D. B. S.¹

The great tragedy of the Civil War was this division of families. Malvern Hills, where the great battle was fought, had been the home of my great-great aunt Frances Bowyer Poindexter and her son George, my grandmother's first cousin, who had spent his childhood there was in the battle on the Southern side while my grandfather's first cousin, Fitz-John Porter, was fighting on the Northern side.

Mary, the sister of Aunt Frances Poindexter, married Judge Brockenbrough, a Federal Judge (later a Confederate Judge) and a trustee of Washington College and founder and head of the Law School. After the war, as a trustee, he was asked to call on General Robert E. Lee and invite him to be president of the college. His clothes were so shabby he was forced to borrow a suit but he was successful in his mission and the college was renamed Washington and Lee. The Bowyers, like the Brockenbroughs and most Southern families, had little left by the end of the war. Almost

1. Miss Stacy also gave my mother a portrait of Harry Porter (son of Commodore Porter), as a little boy. He is wearing a turban brought from Constantinople and holding a live squirrel which tried to bite him during the "sitting". During the Civil War the ship he was on was captured by the Confederates and when he went aboard the Southern ship the captain exclaimed "I might have known there was a damn Porter on that ship!"

the only piece of silver we inherited from the Bowyers is the beautiful Sheffield tea-kettle that was used in their heyday at Thorn Hill. This is now owned by Albert Gleaves Van Metre.

Not long ago there appeared in the Philadelphia Inquirer the following:

“Can you give some information about an engraving entitled ‘The Burial of Latane’?”

“Captain William Latane of the 9th Virginia Cavalry was killed at Linney’s Corner, June 13, 1862, in one of Gen. James E. B. Stuart’s raids. The scene of the engraving is northeast of Richmond, Va., on the adjoining plantations of Westwood and Summer Hill, homes of the Brockenbrough and Newton families respectively. Mrs. Brockenbrough, assisted by her niece, Mrs. William B. Newton, mistress of Summer Hill, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Willoughby Newton, prepared the body for burial and had a pine coffin made for it at the Westwood carpenter shop. Captain Latane was buried in the Summer Hill graveyard. Federal pickets would not permit the minister to pass their line so Mrs. Willoughby Newton read the burial service and her children strewed flowers on the grave. This incident inspired John R. Thompson to write a poem, “The Burial of Latane”. When William D. Washington read it he decided to commemorate the story in a painting and from this numerous steel engravings were made. The original painting, believed to have been executed in Richmond, has been lost, but the steel engravings can be found in many homes and museums in the South.”

My Great Grandmother Bowyer died in Washington in 1882, having survived her husband by two years, and they are both buried in the old Thornrose Cemetery in Staunton, Virginia. Years ago my mother took my sister and myself to Staunton to visit our Trout and Stribling relatives. We went to the Cemetery several times and were shown the graves of numerous ancestors and relatives, but like all the young, we were not particularly interested. We were much more impressed by the fact that the one street car in town was marked “To the Insane Asylum” when going in one direction and “To the Cemetery” when going in the other!! Someday, maybe you will go to Staunton and to Thorn Hill in Lexington and as you think of those who lie there it will seem as if they had lived in another world from the one you know and yet all that we have today we owe to those long gone, who had the courage and the ideals to make this country great.

Letter from Lafayette to Michael Bowyer.

La Grange 7th 15th 1816

My dear Sir

General Bernard, his Lady and family are just leaving France, and while I have the pleasure to present them to you, I must express the General’s earnest desire that the Honourable Call which he is happy to obey, may be reconciled to the feelings of his companions in the American Corps of Engineers. The candor of his mind is equal to his uncommon talents and military science. He will give you the news of this part of the World. I shall only repeat the expression of my affectionate grateful respect.

Lafayette



Nancy Stribling Bowyer



John Colston Bowyer

Sir William Bowyer	m	Lady Margaret Weld
Baronet by Charles II 1660	/	
Edmund Bowyer	m	?
	/	
Henry Bowyer	m	?
	/	
Michael Bowyer	m	?
	/	
Michael Bowyer	m	Frances Carpenter
	/	
John Bowyer	m	Elizabeth Hubard
	/	
John C. Bowyer	m	Nancy Stribling
	/	
Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer	m	David Porter Heap
	/	
Evelina Mary Heap	m	Albert Gleaves
	/	
Evelina Porter Gleaves	m	Albert Morris Cohen

Robert Taliaferro	m	Sarah Grymes
Essex, Gloucester Co. Va. 1636	/	
John Taliaferro	m	Sarah Smith
	/	
Elizabeth Taliaferro	m	Thomas Stribling
	/	
Taliaferro Stribling	m	Elizabeth Wright (?)
	/	
Francis Stribling	m	Nancy Tate
	/	
Erasmus Stribling	m	Matilda Kinney
	/	
Nancy Stribling	m	John Colston Bowyer
	/	
Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer	m	David Porter Heap
	/	
Evelina Mary Heap	m	Albert Gleaves
	/	
Evelina Porter Gleaves	m	Albert Morris Cohen

Sir Edward Bathrust	m	Susan Rich
Baronet by Charles I 1643	/	
Launcelot Bathurst	m	?
	/	
Mary Bathurst	m	Francis Merewether
	/	
Mary Merewether	m	William Colston
	/	

	Frances Colston	m	Joseph Morton
		/	
	Frances Morton	m	James Hubbard
		/	
	Elizabeth Hubbard	m	John Bowyer
		/	
	John Colston Bowyer	m	Nancy Stribling
		/	
	Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer	m	David Porter Heap
		/	
	Evelina Mary Heap	m	Albert Gleaves
		/	
	Evelina Porter Gleaves	m	Albert Morris Cohen
		/	
born 1725	William Kinney	m	Mary Chesley (?)
		/	
	Jacob Kinney	m	Ann (Nancy) Morris
		/	
	Matilda Kinney	m	Erasmus Stribling
		/	
	Nancy Stribling	m	John Colston Bowyer
		/	
	Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer	m	David Porter Heap
		/	
	Evelina Mary Heap	m	Albert Gleaves
		/	
	Evelina Porter Gleaves	m	Albert Morris Cohen
		/	
died 1655	William Gooch	m	Anne Hull
		/	
	Anne Gooch	m	William Colston (1st m. Thomas Beale)
		/	
	William Colston	m	Mary Merewether
		/	
	Frances Colston	m	Joseph Morton
		/	
	Frances Morton	m	James Hubbard
		/	
	Elizabeth Hubbard	m	John Bowyer
		/	
	John Colston Bowyer	m	Nancy Stribling
		/	
	Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer	m	David Porter Heap
		/	
	Evelina Mary Heap	m	Albert Gleaves
		/	
	Evelina Porter Gleaves	m	Albert Morris Cohen

THE HEAPS

Very little is known about George Heap. He was the son of John Heap and Ann Bingham, who were married ¹in Christ Church Philadelphia in 1713, and he was probably born in Philadelphia.

²"He appears to have prospered modestly, since on March 10, 1744, he was able to secure for himself one hundred acres in Philadelphia County. Public recognition was accorded him in 1749, when he was elected Coroner of the city, an office in which he was continued the following year. It was in 1750 that he produced his first recorded artistic effort, a MAP OF PHILADELPHIA AND PARTS ADJACENT WITH A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STATE-HOUSE. BY N. SCULL AND G. HEAP.

"The most distinguished of all prints of the city of Philadelphia in terms of age, rarity, and historic importance are known as the Scull and Heap *East Prospects*. These present the first engraved likenesses showing the city's appearance. Although the titles of the prints announce that the representation was 'taken' by George Heap under the direction of Nicholas Scull, there is little evidence of Scull's direction in the work prior to Heap's death other than his help in obtaining subscribers. However, since the two had cooperated in 1750 in the production of a map, it is more than likely that Heap did consult the older man when he prepared to make his drawing."

The Philadelphia Inquirer of Dec. 29, 1946 says of it:

"Historical Society Shows Prints of Old Philadelphia"

"Dominating the display is the famous print, not colored, made 1753 by George Heap, under the direction of the surveyor, Nicholas Scull. This exceptionally large work is in four sections, and these impressions of untrimmed plates are from the first edition, of which only seven are known. On many counts this is the gem

1. Christ Church Records.

2. The Pennsylvania Magazine Jan. 1949, pub. by the Historical Society of Penna.

of the collection, with a quaint air of ancient cartography supplied by the small windmills and ships with bellied sails in the foreground. The view is one looking westward from the Delaware over the city."

We have a photostatic copy of this map and a print of the small map of Philadelphia and adjacent territory which was reprinted for distribution during the Sesqui-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1926.

Early in December 1752 George Heap embarked for England taking with him his drawing of the city as he wished to oversee the engraving himself. ¹The voyage had scarcely commenced when Heap was taken ill. A German physician on board administered a dose of laudenum by mistake, which proved fatal. His body and personal effects were returned to Philadelphia and the body buried at ²Christ Church December 26, 1752. The drawings were sent to England later and Penn had the engravings made and "presented one of the first sets to the King 'who is pleased with it, and had hung it in his own private apartment'."

George Heap's aunt, Abigail Heap, married his partner, Nicholas Scull and they are both buried at Camp Hill, the Van Rensselaer estate near Fort Washington on the outskirts of Philadelphia. This land was a grant from the King to Nicholas Scull. Mary Scull, the daughter of Abigail and Nicholas, married William Biddle 3rd and their great-grandson John is the subject of a portrait by Thomas Sully. When your father was in Huntingdon, Penna., in 1952 he saw a lovely lithograph of the portrait which he liked so much that he bought it. After he brought it home we found that it was my distant relative Major John Biddle!

When George Heap embarked for England on his fatal voyage he left his wife Mary Jacobs and two small sons in Philadelphia, and when the Revolution started they joined forces with the colonists. George, the eldest, was killed in battle.

¹"John having ample means contributed most generously to the cause". In 1775 John married Margaret Kerr³ of Carlisle, Penna. (and twice thereafter). His handsome house was in Shippensburg, Pa. and he is buried in the old grave yard.

Judge John Heap and his wife Margaret Kerr had four sons and three daughters; the third son, Samuel Davies Heap, born in 1781 being my great-grandfather. He was a graduate of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penna., and studied Medicine and Surgery under Doctors Physic and Rush at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia in ⁴1803. The following year 1804, he was ⁵commissioned Surgeon's Mate, U.S. Navy and served in the U.S.S. Constellation. In 1808 he was ⁶commissioned Surgeon and ordered to New Orleans. It was there that he met and married Margaret Porter, the sister of Commodore David "Essex" Porter. Four years later Dr. Heap was ordered to the Boston Navy Yard and then to duty on board the Frigate Chesapeake which was fitting out at the Boston Yard. These last orders were rescinded and he remained on shore. Captain James Lawrence was in command of the Chesapeake and was a great friend of the Heaps. Tradition has it that he ate his last meal ashore with them before going out to fight the

1. Heap Memorial.

2. Christ Church Records.

3. Admiral Mark Kerr, of the British Navy, in his book "Land, Sea and Air" (World War I) tells some amusing stories of the Kerr family in the early days in England.

4. Certificate of membership in Philadelphia Medical Society signed by Benjamin Rush and dated 1803 is in my possession.

5. Thomas Jefferson signed commission—owned by Albert Gleaves Van Metre.

6. James Madison signed commission—owned by Evelina Gleaves Cohen.



Margaret Porter Heap



Dr. S. Davies Heap

James Lawrence Heap



H.M.S. Shannon. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Heap wrote most interesting accounts¹ of the battle to Judge John Heap, and Mrs. Heap says: "The English flag was then hoisted over the American. The Chesapeake was commanded by a particular friend of the doctor's—Captain Lawrence—who there is no doubt is either killed or wounded". When, the following November, Mrs. Heap gave birth to a son they named him James Lawrence. This boy later entered the Navy but died at Philadelphia in 1839 while still a midshipman. He is buried in Christ Church Cemetery at 5th and Arch Streets, very near the graves of Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Truxtun.

The following letter² from James Lawrence Heap was written to Thomas D. Anderson, the brother of Evelina (wife of Commodore Porter).

Norfolk, Va., May 26, 1836

Dear Uncle

I just received your letter of the 21st, and am very happy to hear you are all doing well. I left Baltimore immediately after my examination for this place, where I expect to spend part of the summer, being on duty at the Navy Yard, and should I not be ordered out to fight the Indians will be with you during the summer. All the Marines on the station have been ordered off under the command of Lieut. Col. Henderson, also 250 seamen but what officers are to take charge of them we have yet to learn. I have no ambition to be one, it is a mode of warfare I do not relish, however should it be my fate to be selected, there is no backing out.

I received a lot of letters from Tunis this morning but as usual old dates, being March 5th. My father and family were all well, making many inquiries about you all. They heard from Constantinople Uncle Porter's health was very bad. Pa expected to join him at Malta and visit Europe ensemble. My mother and children expect to live in Italy for some time for the benefit of their education. My sister Margaret was married last month to Mr. Tulin, Rebecca will shortly follow her example. I also had a letter from William (Porter) this morning, he and his Brothers were well, did not say when he would sail. I wish it were within my power to go out with him, but circumstances will not permit it at present.

Why do you not write to my Father and Mother. It would afford them great pleasure to hear from you.

I have no news to give from this stupid place. I assure you Chester is a paradise to it. Do you expect to be gay this summer? Any pretty faces expected from Philadelphia, if so let me know, and do not fail to send me a line when the strawberrys are ripe, for I certainly shall help *Maria to pick them and be not surprised should I bring a little wife to assist me.

Adio, mio caro rio — excuse this scrawl and give my best love to

1. Original owned by Casimir Geibel, Cheltenham, Pa., of which I have a photostatic copy.
2. Original in my possession.

grandma, Aunt Eliza Maria and accept yourself the best wishes of

Your affectionate

James L. Heap

*Miss Maria Baxter, old Friend of the family.

¹Excerpt from a letter from Mrs. Samuel Davies Heap to Mrs. Alexander Anderson, on the death of Mrs. Heap's son, James Lawrence Heap.

Tunis, June 3rd, 1839

My dear Friend,

By a letter from Mrs. Parker we are informed of our irreparable loss in the death of our beloved son, a bereavement as unexpected as it is afflicting. His last letter written in Dec. gave us the pleasing intelligence of improved health and of his prophecy of paying us a visit this summer.

²As a mother you can imagine with what an awful blow this dispensation has come upon us.

After the receipt of Mrs. Parker's letter we have also had one from Brother, giving us many more painful and interesting particulars which we were desirous to learn. I know my dear Friend that it is in your power to give us still more information respecting him, as you saw him in Chester a short time previous to his last illness. It will be received with gratitude by his afflicted parents.

In 1817 Dr. Heap was ordered to the Mediterranean to establish Naval Hospitals at Pisa, Florence and Leghorn. ³"He conceived a desire to enter the consular service at one of the Mediterranean ports and when the American Consul at Tunis retired unexpectedly in 1823 Heap was appointed charge d'affaire where, with three brief interims, he served until his death in 1853. He won the confidence and friendship of the Tunisians by an attitude they had too rarely experienced from Western representatives. He was frank, sincere, and scrupulously fair. Although firm when occasion demanded, his manner was warmed by a tolerant sympathy and genuine friendliness without a trace of the suspicious or patronizing.

"Each of the four times he came to Tunis he was obliged to smooth out a ruffled situation left by his immediate predecessor."

Dr. Heap arrived at Tunis on U.S. Schooner NONESUCH and was cordially received by the Bey. At an audience with the Bey on Jan. 24, 1824, he proposed a revision of the treaty of 1797 between Tunis and the United States. The revised treaty was ratified by the U.S. Senate a year later and so stood until 1904, when it was superseded by a treaty with France whose colony Tunis had become.

1. The original letter in my possession.

2. Miniature of James Lawrence Heap as a midshipman owned by Mrs. Wm. G. Hill of Chevy Chase, Md. and a portrait of him as a boy is owned by T. Johnson Ward, Jr. of Wynnewood, Pa.

3. Dictionary of American Biography, written by Irving Thomson Aug. 22, 1930 from the State Department Records.

From 1823 until 1853, when he died, Dr. Heap's life was spent almost entirely in the Mediterranean. He was appointed ¹Consul to Tunis in 1825 and in that same year resigned his commission in the Navy. His three youngest children were born out there; Evelina Mary at Mahon, Island of Minorca, David Porter (my grandfather) at Marseilles, and Susan Angelina Matilda at Tunis.

Letters from Dr. Heap to his father John Heap:

Marseilles, Aug. 15, 1826

My dear Father,

I have written twice recently to Mary and had the satisfaction of informing her of the birth of a son, who with the mother I have the pleasure to inform you, are perfectly well. The boy, who we call after his uncle, David Porter, is a very healthy stout child.

I returned two days since from Sorege, a village in Lanquedoc, about 240 miles from here, where one of the most celebrated colleges of France has long been established by a private individual, and at which many of the most prominent public characters in this country have been educated. Not having received a definite answer from the State Department respecting the instruction of one or both my sons in the Oriental languages I came to the determination of losing no further time in the advancement of their education, which had unavoidably experienced many interruptions, and after due deliberation I have selected the above mentioned Institution. To enable you to form an idea of the advantages attached to which, I enclose you a prospectus, and I can assure you from personal and close observation everything therein stated is correct and without the smallest exaggeration.

(Then follows a long and detailed account of the school).

United States Consulate, Tunis
15th Feb., 1827

My dear Father,

When I had last the pleasure of addressing you from Marseilles I informed you that I had for a long time been in expectation of a vessel of war to convey me to my post. I had been detained so much longer, not only at very great expense, but at the risk of incurring the censure of the government, that I finally came to the determination of foregoing all the comforts and advantages to be derived from a passage in a national vessel, and embark in a trading ship, without further delay. Altho' I was fully aware that they were totally destitute of every comfort and that we had moreover got into the most dangerous season for navigating the Mediterranean, another unpleasant circumstance which I had been desirous of avoiding and which had great influence in inducing me to wait to this late period, was making my appearance in a way that was little calculated to command the respect of the Turks, for with them show is everything.

I had fixed upon a vessel and was on my way to consult with a friend, on the terms of a contract which I had in my pocket, when I was

1. Commission signed by John Quincy Adams, owned by Mrs. Wm. G. Hill.

informed that Commodore John Rodgers had arrived at Toulon (one of the great Naval Arsenals of France, thirty miles distant) and that several officers of the North Carolina had just reached town. It was known at my Bankers that I had gone out with an intention of engaging my passage, persons were sent to several places to advise me of the arrival of the Commodore, and to prevent my entering into a contract, by which I should have been obliged to pay at least one half the sum agreed upon for the passage, or one hundred dollars: this by the prompt attention of my friends was saved, for in fifteen minutes the contract would have been signed.

The Commodore arrived the same day, as did many other officers on that and the following days. All of whom received every mark of attention from the Americans resident. There they enjoyed themselves very much during their short visit to the gay city, and the more so as they have had little or no respite from duty since they left the United States, or intercourse with the continent of Europe. The whole Squadron has been kept most actively employed cruising in the archipelago, where its presence has been deemed necessary for the protection of our commerce. For it is to be regretted that many of the brave Greeks, despairing of success in their long and sanguinary struggle, and reduced almost to a state of starvation, have lost sight of the sacred cause in which they had engaged, and have turned their arms against the peaceful commerce of all nations.

The principal part of my baggage, all my furniture, stores etc. having been previously shipped to Tunis, we had little else to do after the Commodore's arrival, than to take leave of our friends, from whom during the seven months we spent in Marseilles, we experienced the kindest and most hospitable attention.

We went to Toulon¹ two days previous to the sailing of the ship. This city has a very antiquated appearance, and possesses little else of interest than its Naval Arsenal, and which contrary to custom, was thrown open for the inspection of all our officers. They gladly availed themselves of the opportunity thus liberally offered them, of examining with critical eye all the modern improvements in ship building, the Commodore however remarked to me, that after a close and patient inspection of every department for ten hours, he discovered nothing he felt desirous of introducing into our building yards; that we are greatly in advance of all the European nations in naval architecture. The North Carolina affords an incontestable evidence, and the point is readily conceded by all the most experienced naval officers of the English and French marine who have visited her. She is declared by all to be the finest ship afloat..

Toulon is also one of the depots for galley slaves, of whom there are confined here near twelve thousand; they are employed in the arsenal and are loaded with a greater or lesser weight of chains, according to the nature of the crimes for which they suffer. Among them are to be found men who have filled the most exalted stations of life.

The Navy of France which at the termination of the last war, might have been considered as annihilated, has since that period occupied much of the attention of the Government, and is rapidly increasing in respectability, not only in the number and formidable appearance of their ships, but

1. In World War II, after the Germans occupied France, the French Fleet was anchored in the harbor of Toulon. In 1942, when Hitler gave his order for the German troops to seize the naval base and the fleet, the French scuttled the majority of the 60-odd ships before the Germans could carry out their orders.

for the improvements which have been introduced into their discipline in which they were formerly lamentably deficient. ¹It was in the expulsion of the English from this place that Napoleon first brought himself into notice, and gave proof of his great military genius.

On going on board the North Carolina we had the choice of the Commodore's and Capt. Perry's cabin—they were both equally spacious and elegant, but that of the latter being more retired and quiet, we accepted of it; we however messed with the Commodore whose kindness knew no bounds. He had been indeed one of my earliest friends in the Navy, has been acquainted with Margaret almost from her infancy, and is moreover the long tried friend of Commodore Porter. Among the officers I had the pleasure of meeting many old acquaintances, and all endeavored to render our residence on board as agreeable as possible.

It was the Commodore's intention in the first instance to have carried me to Mahon, and to have sent me from there in the Constitution. He had but twenty days provisions on board, and the navigation in the neighborhood of Tunis Bay at this season is considered difficult and dangerous on account of the number of Islands and sunken rocks, and the constant prevalence of adverse winds to leave the African shore. He did not think it prudent to risk his fine ship, he was however ultimately induced to run over with me himself; this was particularly agreeable to me on several accounts. Mr. Coxe, who was suffering under the mortification of being superceded and transferred to a much less desirable situation, had not less industriously than foolishly circulated a report that Commodore Rodgers was his particular friend and that not satisfied with the course I had pursued towards him, would not afford me a vessel of war; and that in consequence of representations he, the Commodore, had made to the Government there was no doubt but that I should be directed to repair to Tripoli. His mortification was complete when he found that the Commodore had brought me himself. To enable you to form an idea of the estimation in which Mr. C. is held in the Navy I give you an extract of a letter received by the North Carolina from the Commander of the Constitution;

Port Mahon 29th Nov. 1826

Dear Sir

Your friendly letter of the 7th was received on the 26th inst. and the following morning the Commodore arrived from Gibraltar, and purposes proceeding on Sunday next with his ship to Toulon, and you will see him in Marseilles. His present plan is to bring yourself and family in his ship to this place, and from this that I take you to Tunis. It appears to me that it would be attended with great benefit to you, upon entering the duties of your Consulate, if *he* would proceed with you to Tunis, even if he did not accompany you to Bardo. His Pendant would give an importance and produce an effect, infinitely greater than the personal presence of any of his subordinates, and being embarked the delay to him would be nothing; if you urge it in a *pleasing* way to him I think he will gratify you. Independent of the superior comfort to to my good

1. In 1793 an English Squadron controlled the harbor and city of Toulon. Napoleon, a young artillery officer, originated a plan to capture a position which commanded the roadstead, and with his guns drove the English ships out of the harbor. For this feat he was promoted to general of brigade.

friend Mrs. Heap—had the Commodore complied with my suggestion, you would have been transported in this ship more than a month ago, but more of this when we meet, which will be early next summer, if not sooner. The only difficulty or hesitation in affording you a vessel of war, was that Coxe would also ask and expect one to take him to Tripoli, a thing to me than which nothing could be more unpleasant, and of which our good Commodore is aware and averse to impose upon me a service so disagreeable.

I know of no circumstance that could afford me so much gratification in this part of the world, as meeting Mrs. Heap, family and your good self and I shall be quite glad to "Hold a Talk" with you both. My ship at present is destined for the Archipelago in all Jany. but a *change* may occur.

Your nephew Wm. Porter is with me, and I flatter myself is all the better for it. He has caused me some trouble, but is much improved in every way, and now goes on to my satisfaction, but he had been sadly indulged I owed it to his good Father, my excellent friend to do everything in my power for his son, and nothing shall be omitted as far as my judgment serves me."

We had a delightful passage of three days, the only circumstance we had to regret was that we could not spend a longer time with our country men, who by their kind attention had endeared themselves very much to us; and who, not content with converting our voyage into an excursion of pleasure, determined that we should participate for months to come, in the many good things with which they were provided, and of which they knew a supply could not easily be procured here. They literally filled their boats to overflowing when we parted from them.

At any time, and almost under any circumstance the debarking from a National vessel, to take up ones residence in Barbary is attended with sensations of a painful nature. It is in fact, the severing the last cord which connects you to your country—and the transition from an association with men of honor, candor and sincerity, to a society in which the bearing of every sentence must be well weighed and considered before uttering, and in which even with the greatest possible circumspection it is difficult to avoid collision with some one of the conflicting interests, into which it has unfortunately at all times been divided, cannot tend to reconcile us to the change. I hope however by observing the same policy by which I was influenced during my former residence here, that the American House will be enabled to preserve its amicable relations with all the belligerents and that there will always remain at least one point in which a general union can take place. It would, nevertheless, be an act of ingratitude towards a society respecting which I have made those remarks, were I not to acknowledge that as regards myself and family, we never experienced anything but acts of kindness, and the feelings of regret with which we were penetrated on parting with our countrymen, were in some measure counter-balanced by the pleasurable reflection that they did not leave us on a strange shore and among strangers, but that we were about to rejoin a society in which we had passed near two years in the utmost harmony.

I landed under a salute from the ship, at the Goletta or Castle which

stands between the Bay and the Lake, and about ten miles from Tunis. At my request the ship was immediately saluted with twenty-one guns, which was returned by an equal number. I may observe by the way, that previous to the alteration of the Treaty our flag had never received that mark of respect in this Regency.

We slept that night at the Goletta, and early the next day our friend Mr. Tulin, the Swedish Consul General, arrived with carriages to take us to town, where, as we approached its Gates, all the flags of the resident consuls were displayed. We did not, for obvious reasons, drive to the American House but to that of our friends the Swedes, from which we had taken our departure when leaving Tunis eighteen months since. Thus on the 27th of Dec. after having twice traversed the Mediterranean and Atlantic, after having visited Italy, France and Spain and our dear native land, with hearts filled with gratitude to Him who had watched over and protected us from harm on the stormy ocean, we arrived at a happy conclusion of a series of voyages which had been commenced with feelings of the most anxious and painful nature; but for which I have been amply compensated by the honorable and flattering testimonials I have received, of the entire approbation of my Government.

Soon after alighting, the Dragomen of all the Consular houses called on me with the compliments of their respective Consuls, all of whom shortly after, in full dress, congratulated me on my safe arrival and appeared to be much gratified to see us again in Tunis—few or none of them, for many months passed, have had any intercourse with Mr. C. whose habits of intemperance and litigious disposition render him totally unfit for genteel society.

Having requested an audience of the Bey, I waited on him at the Baths of Hammanleef, about ten miles from the city, where he was spending some time with his Court. I met from him and his ministers the most flattering reception. Shortly after his return from Bardo, about ten days since, I carried out my Consular present which has given perfect satisfaction. In speaking of the one offered by my predecessor, who was doubtless authorized to expend on the purchase of a Consular present as has been established by the practice of all Governments the same amount that I was, the Bey expressed the utmost displeasure and observed that it was not only an insult to him, but was altogether unworthy of the United States, that it consisted of articles of little value and which had not even the merit of being new. He declared it was his intention to write to the President on the subject, from this step however, I believe I have succeeded in dissuading him.

The American House, altho' one of the best in Tunis, is in want at this time of many repairs, painting, papering, etc. I have provided everything necessary to make it a comfortable and I hope always to find it an agreeable residence. I can do nothing toward putting it in order till the departure of Mr. Coxe's family which will not take place before April or May.

During my absence changes have taken place in the English and Sardinian Consulates; the former is now occupied by Col. Sir Thomas Read, late Lieut. Gov. of St. Helena, which post he filled during Napoleon's resi

dence on that island, to whom and the other distinguished prisoners, by the suavity of his manners, and the delicacy with which he performed the painful duty assigned him, he was much less obnoxious than his superior, Sir Hudson Lowe. Count Filippi, an accomplished young Italian, is charged with the latter. The commerce of his nation is rapidly increasing here and is likely to rival that of France, which for many years has had no competitor. As Tunis has always been the most commercial of the Regencies of Barbary so it follows, as a natural consequence, that it is far in advance of them all in civilization. The police of the city is excellent, we seldom hear of the perpetration of crime and still more rarely in insults being offered to christians. It can boast of possessing nearly all the amusements of the most refined cities of Europe; a handsome theatre and a very commodious and not inelegant circus have recently been erected and are both in operation—a corps of comedians and another of equestrians having arrived here from Italy. Several of the Consuls have fixed evenings for converzationi, in short every evening has its particular amusement, so that ennui which was formerly almost inseparable from the monotonous routine of consular life, and which had an enervating influence upon the intellectual, if not upon the moral faculties, is no longer experienced here.

With respect to agriculture it may be considered in a state of infancy; very few implements of husbandry in use among them are such as we may readily suppose to have been introduced by the earliest cultivators of the soil, yet so propitious is the climate and prolific the soil, that I have no where witnessed, not even in the highly wrought farms of Tuscany, an increase to be compared to that with which the indolent disciple of Mahomet is here rewarded. Their exports in oil, grain, etc. are valuable and might with very little attention be trebled at least. On this subject as also on their laws, religion, etc., I shall hereafter have the pleasure of giving you some further information.

Algiers being governed by Levantine Turks of the very worst character, cannot exchange her predatory disposition for the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture and commerce, but since the chastisement she received from England and America has confined her depredations to the commerce of those nations which are least able to punish her. Not only has the trade of Spain and of His Holiness the Pope been harassed and almost totally suspended for the last twelve months, but the coast of the former has been kept in a state of continual alarm. They effected a landing on several occasions and carried off some hundreds of men, women and children. Ferdinand has recently, through the mediation of his friend Charles the tenth, obtained a peace which will in all probability turn out to be a mere truce, at the moderate price of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. How in the present exhausted state of his treasury he has been able to raise that sum I cannot conjecture; that it has been paid there can be no doubt for the Dey knows his brother Ferdinand too well to give him credit.

A report reached me some days since that the North Carolina was at Malta. Knowing the Commodore's great anxiety to get to Mahon with as little delay as possible, I was apprehensive he had been driven there by stress of weather, as heavy western gales have prevailed since my arrival. My worst fears have been more than realized, I have just received letters

from the Commodore and Captain Perry. To enable you to form an idea of their sufferings I give you an extract from the Commodore's letter.

U. S. Ship North Carolina—Malta 25th Jany. 1827

Dear Sir:

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that we are now at Malta. I left Tunis Bay with the wind from W.N.W. early the next morning after you landed, but had hardly cleared Cape Carthage before it veered to N.N.W. and commenced blowing with such violence that it was with great difficulty, altho' under a press of sail which under different circumstances, it would have been madness to have carried, we were enabled to weather the Island of Zembia, and even then we did not clear but little, if any more, than about a cable's length, for just at the most critical moment, our jib was blown into ribbons, rendering it necessary to reduce the after sails to prevent the ship's broaching to, the spray at this time was actually flying over our foreyard. After clearing the Island, we stood on, and the next morning reached the coast of Sicily, and from thence continued to beat against adverse gales from W.N.W. to N.N.W. until the 17th inst at which time our provisions, except water and a small quantity of bread, being all expended, and having five Lieutenants, thirteen Midshipmen and one hundred and twenty-seven of the crew on the sick list, I was at length compelled to bear away for this port, after having got twice to the westward of Sardenia. The gale continued with little or no intermission for nineteen days, part of which time it blew a perfect hurricane accompanied by snow, hail and thunder and lightning, by which the ship was once struck, but without further injury than the prostration of about twenty persons on the quarter deck, who altho' so severely electrified as to induce those a little way from them to think they were all killed, yet none of them were seriously injured,—on this subject I will dwell no longer, for fear of giving you the blue devils.

We reached this port between sunset and dark on the 19th inst. in a violent hail squall, just at the moment of letting go our anchors. The day after our arrival, preparations being made, one hundred and thirty of the Warrant Officers and ship's crew (one half of which were confined by bad colds the rest by small-pox) were sent to the Lazarette, where they are all now getting better, having as yet lost only two men.

Altho' vaccination may no doubt deprive the small-pox of much of its virulence, I am now perfectly satisfied that it does not prevent persons from receiving that horrible disorder. The crew of this ship has since 1824 been vaccinated some part five and none of them less than three times. The Midshipmen have had it in a mild way and so has the crew also except about 20 or 25 of the men, principally those of gross habits. This had led me to hope if any of your family contracted the disease while on board, which God forbid, it has been attended with no danger. I have often thought of poor little Evelina, I recollect her to have been much among the Midshipmen while on board. I hope sincerely she has escaped, or if she caught it, that she had it but slightly.

The North Carolina in every situation has performed to admiration. I am glad I did not (sic) the Constitution on this service, convinced as I am, if I had it would have been the last of her performance.

I expect to leave this (port) for Mahon in fifteen days from this date, present my sincere regards to Mrs. Heap, Mrs. Brown, Miss Margaret and the other members of your amiable family and believe me with

Great Regard and Esteem

Yours truly

John Rodgers

¹Captain Perry, brother of the late Com. Perry, writes a long letter on the subject of his distresses, he observes:

25th January 1827

"The Commo's (Rodgers) letter of this date will have informed you of the cause of our being at this place. Since our departure from Tunis we have been visited by almost every evil enumerated in the catalogue of a seafaring man's complaints, we have encountered *continued* and *heavy adverse gales, disease, partial starvation, thunder and lightning* and a *narrow escape from shipwreck*, in which all hands would inevitably have been lost. Your charming family it is to be hoped are in good health; we have some apprehensions that little Evelina may have taken the disease which has prevailed in our ship, as she was continually with the Midshipmen; both her little Buddies, as she called them have been confined with the complaint."

These were two little midshipmen about the size of her brothers Lawrence and Harris, and between whom there existed a mutual attachment.

These accounts of the multiplied sufferings and anxieties of our kind friends have been the source of much regret to us, and had they found a watery grave, and it seems they were in the most imminent danger, and only escaped it by the superior excellence of their ship, we should have deeply deplored it, and should never have known happiness again, for their bringing us here, proceeded solely from motives of kindness, and a desire to contribute to the comfort of my family, it was a voluntary act, not at all enjoined on them by a sense of duty. Their sufferings from the various calamities which they had to encounter, must have been very considerable, and the anxiety of the Commodore, who is now an old, altho' a vigorous man, for the safety of his ship and gallant crew of nine hundred souls must have been intense. A fatality seems to attend my kind friends who forego the comforts of snug winter quarters to serve me. The Nonsuch on her return to Mahon in the winter of 1823 after bringing my family to this place, was thrown on her beams ends, and escaped foundering by the providential splitting of her foresail, and it was only after beating about for fourteen days she succeeded in approaching her desired port, into which she was towed a perfect wreck. Nothing shall ever induce me again to ask for a passage to this place in a vessel of war in the winter season,—the

1. Capt. Matthew Perry, who later opened the ports of Japan.

prevailing winds render their return not only tedious but as we have seen extremely dangerous.

I am happy to inform you that not only has all the family escaped the disease which prevailed on board the North Carolina, but that we have infinite reason to be thankful for the safety of our dear little David Porter, who had not, owing to a combination of circumstances been vaccinated previous to our leaving Marseilles. The Surgeon, Dr. Washington, a gentleman of highly respectable talents, informed me that a number of cases had appeared on board, the precise character of which he was at a loss to determine; the circumstance of his having taken the greatest possible precaution against the introduction of small pox, by the repeated vaccination of the crew caused him to be slow in suspecting the nature of it, and I am by no means surprised that the Commodore's faith in the prophylactic quality of the vaccine has received a death blow. As the circumstances attending the appearance of this disease are of an extremely interesting nature, I doubt not but that they will be made public.

I have recently received letters from my sons at Sorege and the quarterly report of their health, conduct and improvement, with all of which I have reason to be satisfied. Of Lawrence the report is as follows, viz:

Health good, character and conduct. With these we are content.
French Literature: applies himself very well, gives evidence of good will and works with success.
Latin: Applies himself well for sometime past.
English: A little negligent
Italian: Very well
Arithmetic: Not much application
Writing: English might be better
Instrumental Music: Very well
Drawing: Shadows the Eye very well.
The Dentist has visited his mouth, nothing to be done.

I have every reason to be satisfied with having left my boys at school in France, we shall probably hear every two or three weeks from them, they write on the 1st and 15th of every month and transmit them to my friends Mesr: Fitch Brothers & Co., Marseilles. If nothing intervenes to defeat our intentions we contemplate spending summer after next with them.

I have also had the pleasure of receiving a few days since your affectionate favors of the 16th and 17th of Sept. with their inclosures under cover from T. Watkins Esq. of the Treasury Dept. Your favors of the 28th July and 27th August have not yet come to hand. Mr. Watkins who is a friend and correspondent of mine will probably be more attentive to the transmission of your letters to me than any other person. I learn with regret that you experience no remission of your Rheumatic affection, it may indeed be almost considered one of the *approbria medicino* especially when it makes its attack in advanced life, and in a climate so unpropitious as

that of Pennsylvania. I am gratified to learn that Mary and her dear little family are well,—that she has not received the amount of the draft sent to New York, agreeably to my instructions, I shall immediately write on the subject, but hope she is in receipt of the amount before this. Please give my affectionate regards to her and the children and tell her I shall write her very soon. I have scribbled you an unreasonably long letter, altho' I am very much in arrears in my correspondence both public and private, as soon as I get through with which, I will again have the pleasure of writing you. Please remember me affectionately to my Brother George when you write him. I have yet to learn whether a small remittance of fifty dollars I made previous to sailing, under cover to you, came to hand, but hope it did. I beg to be kindly remembered to my Brother John.

With filial regard,
I remain my dear Father,
Your sincerely affectionate son
S. D. Heap
John Heap Esquire

(Written at the bottom of this page in my father's handwriting is this note; "Copied on board the U. S. Battleship Texas, Navy Yard New York November 1895." E.G.C.)

The following is an excerpt from a letter¹ from Commodore David Porter to his mother-in-law Mrs. Alexander Anderson (nee Elizabeth Dixon) describing his visit to the Heap family.

Mahon Dec 26, 1830

I had a pleasant passage across the Atlantic to Gibraltar where I received as I expected information of the capture of Algiers thence I came to this place, where I found my grandson and his family who had left Algiers on his way to the U. S. leaving a young man in charge of affairs there. I proceeded to Algiers to confirm his arrangements, and thence to Tunis where I had the inexpressible pleasure of meeting the ¹Doctor! My dear sisters ²Margaret and ³Mary, and the interesting family. All well. ⁴Lawrence I took with me from this place on leave of absence (as he is in the Navy) and left with his mother to stay until Spring.

Margaret looks as well as ever, I could see no change whatever, except she is a little more staid and matronly and on formal occasions, a little more stately and reserved with strangers, Dignitaries, etc. She also is more fashionable in her dress and is exactly what she ought to be to suit herself to the station of her Husband. She is universally beloved in Tunis, and wherever I go in the Mediterranean the question is asked me, "What is there in Mrs. Heap that makes us love and respect her so much; she is not handsome, she is not very graceful but we all love her for something and we know not what". It must be, they say, for her extreme propriety and

Numbers refer to Family Chart page 36.

1. The heirs of the late Mrs. David Porter Heap of Philadelphia, own this letter.



Thornton Cunningham



Rebecca Anne Heap Cunningham



Margaret Heap Tulin



Susan Angelina Matilda Heap Ferriere

goodness.

Mary Brown looks very old and grief worn, poor thing, our meeting was very interesting and at the same time very painful.

Her son is with her, he could not get an appointment in the Navy I shall try and do something for him. ⁵Little Margaret is a very beautiful interesting, and accomplished girl.

⁶Rebecca Ann is exactly what her mother was at her age. Lawrence is a fine young man.

⁷Harris a handsome smart little boy full of fire and spirit and will, if he has a chance, make a fine fellow.

⁸Little Evelina (Nina) is a most interesting and affectionate little creature, very intelligent but most dreadfully afflicted with an impediment in her speech, which makes articulation extremely difficult. It is due to some disease in the organ of utterance which she may outgrow. Little ⁹David is a peevish, sulky little boy but very lively, playful and intelligent when in a good humor. He looks very much like what Lawrence was at his age.

¹⁰The youngest one with as many names as "Sissy" has, not one of which I can remember—is so much like what Sissy when she was of her age that every look, action and gesture not only reminded *me* of her, but every one else who ever saw Sissy

Take the family altogether, I do not think I ever saw one more interesting or brought up with more propriety. I asked Margaret the secret of bringing up the children so well and with such propriety of conduct and she told me "it consisted in indulging them in everything that would make them happy, provided there was nothing wrong in the indulgence and in not permitting them to do anything that was manifestly wrong."

I visited all the Consular houses in Tunis, I had an opportunity of comparing the stile of living of the Houses, furniture etc. with that of the Doctor's and I can say with truth there were none which could have any comparison. In any part of the world it would have been considered elegant.

The Doctor's salary is only \$2000 per annum. I asked him how it was managed, he said "he did not know, Margaret managed it". Said he to me "Do you recollect what you said to me the night I was married", I told him no, "You said, if she makes you as good a wife, as she was a sister, you will be a happy man". "Now" said he, "I have been married 20 years and during that time I have never in any one instant had the slightest cause to find fault with any part of Margaret's conduct, but to the contrary every thing to approve of and admire". Said he "I am truly blessed with a good wife"

The foregoing letter from Commodore Porter was written when he was on his way to Algiers to become Consul General. From there he went to Constantinople¹ in 1831 as Charge d'Affaires, he became Minister in 1841 and died in 1843. He was buried there and the water color sketch we have of his grave was painted by his sister Mary Porter Brown, referred to in the above letter. Later his body was brought back to this country in the brig Truxtun and buried at the Naval Home in Philadelphia, and then in 1845 moved again, this time to Woodlands Cemetery, burial lot no. 1, where are buried also his widow and four of their children.

On the sides of the monument appears this inscription:

COMMODORE PORTER

*One of the most heroic sons of
Pennsylvania
Having long represented his country
with fidelity
as minister resident at
Constantinople
Died at that city
in the patriotic discharge of his duty
March 3rd 1843
His early youth in the naval service of
the United States
was conspicuous for skill and gallantry
when the American arms
were exercised with romantic chivalry
before the battlements of
Tripoli
He was on all occasions
among the bravest of the brave;
zealous in the performance of
every duty;
Ardent and resolute
in the trying hours of calamity;
Composed and steady
in the blaze of
victory
In the war of
1812
His merits were exhibited
not merely as an
intrepid commander*

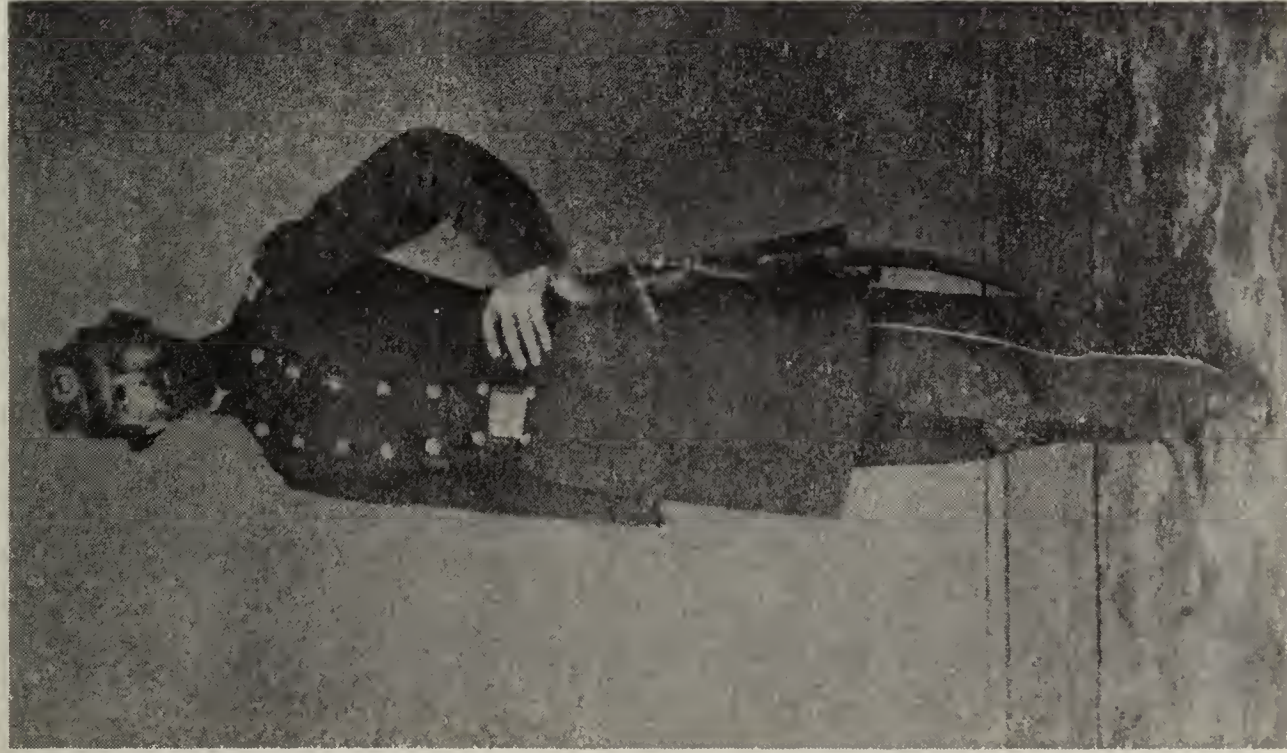
1. President Andrew Jackson appointed Commodore Porter Consul General to Algiers in 1830 and in 1831 created for him the post of Charge d'Affaires in Constantinople—from Encyclopedia Britannica.



**Evelina Anderson Porter
and Evelina Cora Porter**



Commodore David Porter



Major David Porter Heap



Elizabeth Bowyer Heap

*But in exploring new fields of
 success and glory.
 A career of brilliant good fortune
 was crowned by an
 engagement
 Against superior force and fearful advantages
 which history records
 as an event
 Among the most remarkable
 in
 Naval Warfare*

And when I visited his grave in 1947 the weeds were knee-high and the beautiful monument cracked and disintegrating!! Such is glory!!

To return to Tunis and the Heaps. Dr. Heap and John Howard Payne (author of *Home, Sweet Home*) alternated as consul there for many years, and Mrs. Heap was with Payne when he died. Our little water color of Payne was done by some member of the Heap family. In 1841, when Commodore Porter was American Minister at Constantinople, Dr. Heap was appointed First Dragoman under his brother-in-law. Though he realized that he was not fitted for the position as he knew nothing of the Turkish language, Dr. Heap and his family went to Constantinople and spent the summer there. In the fall he made one of his rare trips back to the United States and later returned to Tunis where he died in 1853. There are six members of the family buried in the Anglican Cemetery; Dr. and Mrs. Heap, their daughter Susan Angelina Matilda Ferriere, and three grandchildren. When my father was in Tunis in 1923 he found that a small English church had been erected in the cemetery and that the graves had been moved. The consul expressed the opinion that the bodies had been placed "at the foot of the wall in which their tombstones are set, where you may have observed small stone crosses, rather like headstones among the rampant vines."

My grandfather, David Porter Heap, who was born in Marseilles in 1826 and named for his uncle Commodore David Porter, followed in his father's footsteps in many ways. He came to Philadelphia to study medicine and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in 1850. While he was visiting some of the family in Chester he met my grandmother, Elizabeth Bowyer from Staunton, Va. She was in Chester visiting her sister Matilda Stribling Bowyer, the wife of Pierce Crosby, later Admiral U.S.N. (One of the family stories is that President Buchanan was very attentive to Matilda and her family simply could not understand why she preferred the "stammering Midshipman") My grandparents were married in Washington, D.C. in 1854 and almost immediately went out to Tunis where David succeeded to his late father's position as consul. The stone in my grandmother's engagement ring was a very beautiful diamond which the Bey of Tunis had presented to Dr. S. D. Heap. After the Civil War and her husband's death when my grandmother was struggling to support her large family she was forced to sell her ring. Miss Mary Jones, an aunt of Admiral Reginald F. Nicholson, bought it and at her death willed it to her great-niece and namesake and my first cousin, Mary Jones Nicholson.

On my 50th birthday May gave me the diamond and I have had it set as a pendant necklace.

While my grandfather was consul in Tunis, his first three children were born. Annie Ellen in 1855 who married Reginald Fairfax Nicholson (later Rear Admiral U.S.N.) ; Samuel Lawrence in 1857 (later Pay Director and Commodore U.S.N.) who married Violet Beale, a great-granddaughter of Commodore Thomas Truxtun; and Margaret Matilda in 1859 who married John Spotswood Garland, also a great-grandchild of Commodore Truxtun, and a descendant of Governor Spotswood of Virginia. The fourth child, Evelina Mary (my mother) was the only one born in this country at Louisville, Kentucky in 1863.

In a letter from Mr. Irving L. Thomson, Library, Department of State 1930, he says "Incidentally, an excerpt from a despatch from Consul Chandler to the Secretary of State, dated August 18, 1855, may be of interest to you. He wrote: 'I may as well mention also that the SUPPLY took on board a beautiful block of marble taken from the ruins of Carthage for the Washington Monument, presented by Dr. David Porter Heap—son of our late Consul. The block is of variegated red and white marble, was cut from one of the columns of the attributed temple of Esculapius, and bears on its front face an excellent and accurate presentation of the Arms of Carthage in mosaic in *jaune antique*, on a black ground—with the word "Carthago", underneath, and the legend "Presented by David Porter Heap—July 4, 1855"—surmounted by a wreath of olive leaves, in *verd antique* on the exergue!'"

I have a letter from Secretary of the Navy Dobbin dated October 4, 1854, and addressed to "The Commanding Officer of any Vessel of War of the United States touching at Tunis" and giving orders to receive on board this block of marble, but what has become of it? Apparently it is not in the monument, the State Department has no record of having received it. My supposition is that during the many years when construction of the monument was at a standstill, for it was not completed until 1884, the stone was lost!

When the Civil War broke out my grandfather felt that he must return to the United States and fight for the preservation of the Union, although his sympathy was very much with the South.

¹"One of our most distinguished Naval Officers (David D. Porter) says of him—in a Memorial sent to Congress after his death—"When the war of the rebellion first broke out D. P. Heap volunteered his services in the Sanitary Commission, as Surgeon, and to assist as a labor of love in any way that he could, to benefit the sick and wounded. While General McClellan was engaged in his seven days battles, the Sanitary boat on which Heap was stationed, was lying in the James River ready to receive the sick and wounded and the poor wretches came, thronging in as best they might in search of medical assistance and food. No preparations had been made by the Army Authorities at this point, to accomodate in any way, the sick and

wounded, and it devolved on the Sanitary Commission to provide for them in the best manner they were able. Fortunately D. P. Heap was a Surgeon by profession and had a soul full of sympathy for the suffering creatures around him. To work he went with all the zeal with which his nature was endowed, to supply their wants: With his own hands he bound up the wounds of the suffering Soldiers: he poured out to them the Sanitary Stores that were under his charge, never stopping to count their cost. In his mind it was sufficient for a Soldier to be wounded in the cause of the Union he loved, to entitle him to anything he might desire. In the pelting of the pitiless rain he built fires with his own hands, and taking off his coat to set an example to the others, he cooked warm and nourishing soups which was handed to the famishing, fainting, soldiers as fast as it could be made. He seemed to inspire all around him with the laudable desire to aid the sick and wounded and on that fearful night amid the howling of the tempest and the distant booming of the cannon, he appeared like an angel of Mercy, sent by a beneficent Providence, to the assistance of that hapless crew of men. There was never a finer character than that of this lamented young officer. Not for one moment did he think of self, although he was threatened with consumption and had its seeds planted in his constitution, he never neglected the duties of humanity to attend to his own comfort and without doubt his disease was firmly rooted by the exposure to which he was subjected on the night in question.

“When Rear Admiral Porter was ordered to command the Mississippi Squadron he appointed D. P. Heap his chief Secretary. His position was no sinecure.”

During the Civil War David Porter rose from Lieutenant to Rear Admiral in two years (1861-1863), to Vice Admiral in 1866 and Admiral in 1870. He received the thanks of Congress four times. When the rank of Admiral was offered Porter he replied he was sure his father would prefer that the rank be given his protege, David G. Farragut—and so Farragut became the first Admiral *in* the Navy and after his death, Porter became the second. Admiral George Dewey's commission read—“Admiral *of* the Navy.

To continue with the Heap Memorial: “When the Army and Navy started on an expedition under Sherman and Porter to capture Arkansas Post, D. P. Heap accompanied the Admiral. The capture of the Post may be remembered as the turning point in the fortunes of the Union. On this occasion Mr. Heap bore a conspicuous part, being Aide to the Admiral he passed from ship to ship in a small boat with orders and although a mark for sharpshooters, with musket balls pattering all around him, he coolly and fearlessly performed his duty. After his service with Admiral Porter he was appointed Paymaster in the Army.¹ His duties were arduous and exposed him to much danger. He had to travel long distances with small escort having with him large amounts of money for the payment of troops, but he always managed to get through and never lost any of the public funds. On one occasion he came near falling into the hands of the rebels

1. I have his commission signed by Abraham Lincoln and Edwin Stanton, Sec. War.

with over a million dollars in his charge. He had been ordered up the Tennessee River with a small steamer. The water was quite low and the gunboats not being able to navigate the river, had caused the Guerrillas to become quite bold. They had mounted field pieces at certain points and constructed rifle pits which could not be seen by the pilot on the transport until they were first made aware of the presence of an enemy by having a ball crashing through the vessel. This happened to the transport steamer in which Major Heap was carrying his funds. His first notice of the rebels was from a battery of field pieces, and a heavy fire of musketry, one of the balls of which struck the pilot, at the wheel, in the small of the back; badly hurt and frightened he shifted the helm to run the vessel into the bank and deliver her up, but in an instant the revolver of D. P. Heap was at his head, with a threat to blow his brains out if he didn't steer past the batteries, or if he dared to put his hand to a bell to ring for going slow. The pilot complained that he could not stand up to steer, but Major Heap put one arm around his waist, holding the pistol to his head with the other hand and forced him to take the vessel by in safety."²

My grandfather died in 1866 in the home of Dr. Gibbons of Germantown and is buried in the Gibbons' family lot in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. It was during his last illness that Mrs. Gibbons had taken the photograph of the four children standing together. We have never known but surmise that this friendship between Dr. Gibbons and my grandfather dates from University of Pennsylvania Medical School days—perhaps they were in the same class (1850). The famous Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, class of 1850 at Jefferson Medical College, was a friend of my grandfather's and he told my father that in their Medical School days David Heap quarreled with one of their fellow students and challenged him to a duel. My grandfather had lived his entire life in Europe until he came here to Medical School and in Europe duelling was still the accepted way of settling disputes. Dr. Mitchell explained that duelling was no longer countenanced in this country, so my grandfather apologized and peace was restored!

After my grandfather's death my grandmother returned to Washington with her four children, where she was joined by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bowyer, and was faced with the task of supporting the entire family. She first appealed to her husband's first cousin, Vice Admiral David D. Porter, at that time Superintendent of the Naval Academy and later commissioned Admiral, and asked for a position in the Navy Department. He refused to help her on the grounds that "ladies do not work in offices." Her only recourse was to open a boarding house and Admiral Porter sent many interesting people to her. The house she rented was opposite the old State, War & Navy Building on Seventeenth Street and had been General Grant's headquarters. Some of the red stones used in the garden of that house are now in the garden of Cousin Mary Hill in Chevy Chase.

My mother's many stories of that period were amusing and also sad. My greatgrandmother Bowyer refused to sit at the table with "the Yankees"

2. I have a notorized letter about this written by a witness.

and she and my mother would huddle on the stairs and listen to the conversation. My greatgrandfather Bowyer would ask every new boarder "Where are you from, Sir"? and then proceed to tell the man what he thought of the North (and none of it was complimentary!) All of the best china and cut glass was used every day with the result that only a few pieces remain today. Among them is the large cut glass bowl used when Lawrence, Annie, and Margaret were baptised in the U. S. Consulate at Tunis where they were all born, and my sister and I each inherited a few of the goblets and tumblers.

After several years of struggling to make ends meet, my grandmother again appealed to Admiral Porter. When she told him that she had had to sell not only her beautiful diamond ring, but a small Raphael of John the Baptist and almost everything of any value that she owned, he said that she had accomplished what a great many men had been unable to do, she had supported her children and her parents. But he added that times were changing and that now ladies were going "into office" (as it was called even up to my girlhood) and through his intervention she obtained a position in the Post Office and later in the Treasury Department where she worked until her death in 1892.

The first morning my grandmother was going to work, my mother was on the floor trying to help her button her shoes and crying her eyes out because she didn't understand where this terrible place was that her mother was going and she wondered if she would ever see her again! It wasn't long after this that my mother was allowed to sell a first edition of Fanny Burney's EVELINA in order to buy some small thing that she wanted. Commodore Porter's wife was the first Evelina in our family and she was named for the character in the book.

As a veteran of the War of 1812 Samuel D. Heap received in 1850 a grant of land in Benton County, Arkansas. After his death and that of his widow and son, my grandmother, Mrs. David P. Heap, inherited this land. My cousin, Mary Hill, has a voluminous correspondence between Mrs. Heap and various lawyers in Arkansas and apparently the land was sold for taxes. The task of supporting four children and two parents did not leave any money to be used for taxes on land as far distant as Arkansas.

At the time of President Grant's second inauguration my Uncle Lawrence Heap, then a small boy on his way to see the parade, crawled under a fence just as a large man jumped over it. The man landed on the boy's leg and broke it. Fortunately a couple driving past saw the accident and picked Lawrence up and drove him home. Admiral Porter told President Grant of the incident and Grant replied "when that boy is old enough I will give him an appointment to the Naval Academy or to West Point, whichever he prefers. And if he fails I will re-appoint him". Unfortunately my grandmother told Lawrence *all* that the President had said, so when the time came for him to go to the Naval Academy he felt that the world was his oyster. He didn't study and failed as often as examination time came around. Finally the President's patience was exhausted and he refused to

appoint the boy again. Then Lawrence buckled down to work, secured a commission in the Pay Corps of the Navy and became a Commodore.

One day while Lawrence was at the Academy his mother was walking by the grocery store where she dealt and a man smoking a cigar spoke to her. Being very near sighted she thought it was the grocer and that it was most familiar of him. As she rather haughtily returned the greeting she realized it was President Grant and he was asking how her son was getting along!

My mother and my Aunt Maggie (Margaret) were educated at the Georgetown Visitation Convent for which they both retained the greatest affection all their lives. My Aunt Annie attended a small private school.

Aunt Annie married Reginald Fairfax Nicholson, Lieutenant U.S.N., the son of Commodore Somerville Nicholson. She died in 1889 just after Uncle Reggie returned from a forty months cruise in the Pacific. The telephone had been invented during his absence and he refused to believe that such a thing was possible. They had two children—Reggie, Jr., who only survived his mother by a year, and May, who married Captain Edward Durell, U.S.N. After the death of his wife, Uncle Reggie and May lived with us at the Washington Navy Yard, and one day he told my mother that his family had John Paul Jones' service sword and that it stood by the fireplace. We suspect that it had been used for a poker as the scabbard had disintegrated and disappeared. The sword had been presented by Captain Jones to Judge Drayton of South Carolina; Judge Drayton presented it to Aaron Burr; Burr gave it to Judge Mathew L. Davis, who presented it to his daughter Theodosia Burr Davis. She, in turn, gave it to the Rev. Mr. Ducachet of Philadelphia, who gave it to his nephew Commodore Somerville Nicholson, who left it to his son Lieutenant Commander Reginald F. Nicholson! Uncle Reggie brought the sword to my mother to take care of for him and when Uncle Reggie's ship brought John Paul Jones' body home from France the sword rested on the top of the casket. Later Uncle Reggie gave it to the Naval Academy and it is now in a glass case in the crypt of the Chapel near the sarcophagus which contains John Paul Jones' body.

There are two Nicholson families connected with the early history of this country, but they seem not to be related. Uncle Reggie's Revolutionary forebear was Augustus S. Nicholson, Quartermaster of the Marine Corps. His uncle Augustus, also a Marine, was Provost Marshall of the City of Mexico when he was twenty-two years old and was a member of the Aztec Society. His father, Commodore Somerville Nicholson, was known as "War Horse" Nicholson, because as a young man he was asked the meaning of *hors de combat* and replied "war horse". Just after my father published the life of *James Lawrence*, my parents were calling on old Commodore and Mrs. Nicholson. Mrs. Nicholson said that she had a portrait of James Lawrence which she had bought at auction because she wanted the frame for another picture, that the portrait was in the attic and if father and mother would like it she would be glad to give it to them. They accepted the gift with delight and later my mother bought a frame at auction and I have often wondered what picture she took out of it to put Lawrence in! The portrait is a very lovely copy of Gilbert Stuart's, painted by an artist



The Four Heap Children
Evelina, Lawrence, Annie, and Margaret



Anne Gleaves, Elizabeth Garland, Evelina Gleaves, Jack Garland
and Mary Truxtun Garland

about 1900



The Six First Cousins

Mary Truxtun, Jack, Evelina, Elizabeth, Anne, and May Nicholas

Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. 1905

named Herring, and it hung in every house we ever lived in. After my father's death mother gave it to the Naval Academy in memory of father and with the stipulation that it hang beside Perry's flag on which are Lawrence's famous words "Don't Give Up The Ship" uttered as he was dying on board the Chesapeake during her fight with the H.M.S. Shannon. The midshipmen of today take their oath of allegiance under Perry's flag and many of them think that Perry was the author of the saying.

Uncle Reggie had a very distinguished career in the Navy, which began at the early age of twelve when he went to sea as cabin boy with his father during the Civil War. He was navigator of the U.S.S. Oregon at the time of her "dash around the Horn" to rejoin the Fleet during the Spanish War; he held the post of Chief of Bureau of Navigation under President Taft; and closed his active service by serving as Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic Fleet. During World War I he was called back into service and went to Chili where he was Naval Attache for several years. He died in 1939 at the age of eighty-seven, beloved by all who had ever known him.

Lawrence Heap, mother's brother, married Violet Beale Bloomer of Washington, D.C., a greatgranddaughter of Commodore Truxtun and a neice of Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, U.S.N., who left the Navy and became a General in the Army. They had no children, but Pansy Bloomer, Aunt Violet's daughter by her first marriage, has always been like our first cousin and our children call her Aunt. It is her son, T. Johnson Ward, Jr., to whom Uncle Lawrence left the portrait of James Lawrence Heap.

Margaret Matilda Heap (my Aunt Maggie) and her husband, John Spotswood Garland, always lived in Washington where Uncle Spot was head of the Water Department of the District of Columbia. On his mother's side, Uncle Spot was descended from Commodore Truxtun (whose son Thomas was beheaded by pirates), and on his father's side he comes down from Governor Spotswood, the first Royal Governor of Virginia. It is rather interesting that Governor Spotswood was born in Tangier, Africa in 1676 and that his descendant's wife was born in Tunis, Africa in 1859. During the Civil War Uncle Spot's father, Captain Garland, fought in the Federal Army and is buried in Arlington Cemetery. His aunt, Louise Garland, was the wife of General Longstreet of the Confederate Army.

There were three Garland children—John, Jr., died in childhood; Elizabeth Bowyer who married George W. Edwards, and Mary Truxtun, who married William G. Hill.

The eldest of the Edwards children, John Garland, became a fighter pilot with the rank of 1st Lieutenant in World War II and was shot down over Europe. His body was brought back to this country and lies between that of his father and mother in Arlington Cemetery. His young widow lives in Bainbridge, Georgia, with her son, John Charles Edwards.

The second child, Mary Conger, first married Daniel Mercer and has two children by that marriage, Marybeth and David Lawrence. She was divorced from Mercer and then married Joseph Hudak and has one child.



**Elizabeth Garland Edwards and her children
George Jr., John Garland, and Mary Conger**



**Billy, Jr., Mary Truxtun, and Margaret
The Hill Children**

John Garland Hudak.

The third Edwards child, George W. Jr., married Norma Sponberg and they have one child, Elizabeth Ann.

Both the Hudak and Edwards families are now living in Southern California.

Mary and Billy Hill had four children. The first, Truxtun, died as a very young child; then came Billy, Jr., Margaret Bowyer, and Mary Truxtun

Billy Hill, Jr., married Claire Warfield Kenner and they have three boys; Billy 3rd, Dudley Breckinridge, and Ridgely Garland.

Margaret married Charles Gray Hurd and they have had four children Nancy Bowyer who died when six days old; John Amussen, Susan Bowyer and Charles Gray. The Hill family live in Maryland just outside the District of Columbia.

My mother, Evelina Mary Heap, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1863, when her father was serving with his first cousin Admiral David Dixon Porter in the Red River Campaign. She was three years old when her mother brought the family back to Washington after the death of her father. They had an interesting life in spite of financial difficulties. Through Admiral Porter they met most of the high-ranking service people and also knew and were connected with most of the old Washington families. Mother has often told me of going to the third story of their G Street house and watching the cap-stone placed on the Washington Monument and hearing the salute. She was quite a musician and after she left the Convent she gave piano lessons to help increase the family income. I have often been told by friends of the family, what a beauty my mother was and what a belle. When my Uncle Lawrence was leaving for China, mother was going to the railroad station with him and as they got into the street car at Eighteenth and H Streets, Uncle Lawrence saw an old classmate of Naval Academy days, Lieutenant Albert Gleaves. He introduced him to my mother and before Uncle Lawrence returned from his China cruise they were married. And for the rest of his life, every time my father passed that corner, he lifted his hat!!

Copy of a letter owned by Miss Helena Pinkney, Annapolis, Md.

Frigate Constitution
Leghorn Roads, Italy May 22d 1822

My dear William:

The Constitution while lying here has been visited by several distinguished foreigners. The Prince of Wirtemberg, who has been travelling in Italy for his wife's health, and who has lately died, came on board—he is a very plain man and looks like a regular old-fashioned Dutchman. The French and Austrian Ambassadors to the Tuscan court came from

Florence for this purpose alone, also Prince Borghesi and his family. But the most interesting visit we have had was from Lord Byron, who lives at Montenero, two miles from this place. He informed the Commodore of his intention of coming, and the ship, of course, was put in elegant order. Most of the officers from the Ontario came on board to get a look at him, and Mrs. Heap, Mrs. Stith and their husbands. At first he was a little embarrassed at seeing so many but paid his respects to all in the most courtly and elegant style. He is a very different man from the idea I had formed of him. He is above the middle size, pretty stout, and stoops a little in the shoulders. His feet are small and deformed; one of them turns a little in (Like Jeremiah Lushbotham I like to be particular in matters of importance. It was *his right one*.) He appears to have no use of his ankles and does not bend them in walking, which renders his gate (gait?) ungraceful. His face is fully smooth and expressive; his eyes are grey, and I think not very expressive—his hair, which is very grey and curly, he wears long behind. He was dressed perfectly plain without any of the decorations of his rank. His dislike for the English is so great that he will receive no visits from them; but on all occasions where he has met American travellers has paid them the most marked attentions. I had an opportunity of seeing his fascinating elegance of manners while he was conversing with the two ladies I mentioned as being on board. He sent each of them, next day, a present of a book with a flattering note. He afterwards visited the Ontario—on leaving her—Capt. Chauncey saluted him. It was considered rather irregular that the salute was not fired from the Constitution. This was the Commodore's intention at first but he afterwards changed his mind.

J. N. Hambleton

Mr. William Hambleton,
Near Easton
Maryland

Letter from Dr. S. D. Heap to his son David Porter Heap

I cannot better dispose of the enclosed most excellent letter of advice, which was handed to me by my revered Father, *forty three* years ago, when I was about to leave him and enter upon the duties of my eventful life, than to remit it to you, my dear Son, and I do so in the full hope and reliance that you will *read, study, and put in practice* the precepts it contains.—And that you will receive and preserve this precious memento of your Grand Father as an additional proof of the affection and solicitude for your happiness and welfare both here and hereafter of your Father

S. D. Heap

Consulate of the U. States
Tunis 4th July 1847.

Newville, Pennsylvania 2 May 1804

Dear Sammy,

You are now about to enter on the Stage of Life, and take a part in the Business of it. How you will Act your part time will discover. I hope, sincerely hope you will Act with Virtue and Honour. My Hopes of you

are comfortable, but Alas! how often are our best hopes rendered abortive—you will be exposed much to Company on board a Ship of War, and on shore, Examples of Vice and folly will be numerous. Oh! my dear Sammy avoid them, your Constitution is delicate and tender—with Caution and temperance you may be comfortable, with dissipation you may be speedily ruined. I cannot discharge my duty towards you as a tender and feeling Father without my sincere Advice to you that you take every favorable opportunity of reflecting sincerely on a subject of the highest consequence to you i.e. Religion. Oh! remember that although Men make a miserable shift to live regardless of God and Divine things they cannot Die safely without God and Christ—some excellent Books will be put in your Trunk Viz. The Holy Scriptures, Doddridges Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul an excellent work, and some others—do spend your Sundays perusing them—you are as far as I know free of the Sinful and Ungenteel habit of Swearing; For God's sake, for your own Soul's Sake, and for my Sake avoid the practice, but let your desires be secretly sent up to God for Blessings for your own Soul and mine, as well as for all your dear Brothers and Sisters—and your present affectionate Step Mother, you may never see me more on this side the Grave, let my Advice have full Weight. I feel for you much, sensible how weak and tender you are let every Word I now write be affectionately attended to. Life is uncertain, Short at best, full of Sorrows, full of trouble look, Oh! look beyond it avoid all Deistical companions on board and on Shore, for be assured my Dear Son that Jesus Christ only is a Saviour truly and indeed, and his Atonement only can Save the Souls of those who truly believe on him. I shall put a letter into your Trunk do read this and that also. May God mercifully protect and preserve you.

Dear Sammy Farewell,

John Heap

Letter From Commodore Porter to his wife, the first Evelina in the family
“In 1826 Commodore Porter resigned his commission in the United States Navy, and until 1829 was Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican navy, then fighting Spain.”
from Britannica Encyclopedia.

Congress, Vera Cruz

July 23rd, 1828.

My Beloved Evelina:

It appears an age since I have received a line from you, I think it is about three months since we have had an arrival from the United States, and this is the first opportunity I have had of writing you since my last, giving you the particulars of the death of our adored Thomas. I am now doing absolutely nothing, am waiting and have been waiting a month and more daily expecting orders to proceed to the United States, but the last mail from Mexico, has deprived me of the only thing I had to hope for, which was visiting my family and there burying my grief for the many blows which the Almighty has thought fitting to inflict on me.

No human being can possibly pass a more miserable existence than I do at present. The party opposed to the Marine are doing all they can in opposition to the means of the Govt. to destroy it, and from actual starvation are driving every body out of it, therefore there is not now the slightest

prospect of my getting to sea again, or of sending a single ship out. Ah, every body is having the Navy in disgust at their conduct abandoning pay, prize money, everything, and strange as it may appear this is done in direct opposition to the most anxious desire on the part of the Government to place the Navy on the most respectable footing. After the election is over I shall hope for a change but not before. I have asked leave of absence to go home and thereby get clear of all the vexations to which I am now subjected, and which will destroy me if they continue long, but it is a melancholy fact, that so great is the distress to which I am at this moment endured, that I cannot raise money enough to pay my expenses home if permission is granted to me. Yet it was only a few days ago that three hundred thousand dollars were ordered to be placed at my disposal for fitting out the squadron, with which I was to proceed to the North to make the necessary purchases. It is nearly five months since I have handled one cent of my pay and to fit David out it

(several lines missing)

This for money borrowed too, when he knew that he never asked me for money that I did not give it to him. David in this has done me wrong, as he knew perfectly well how much I was distressed for money. I mention this to you in order that you may advise him to a different course and to be on your guard otherwise he may involve you in difficulties as he has done me. He appears to think that money is of no use but to throw away. He is very generous I admit but generous to my very great inconvenience.

(several lines missing)

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to pay you regularly as I understand he has sometimes been hard run for money on his own account and for the expenses of his Legation. He is about being relieved by a Mr. Bocanegro, and you will be particularly recommended to his attentions. I shall see him, and it may be that I shall accompany him.

I send you a letter I received from Mr. Poinsett a few days since, you will see by that how matters stand in Mexico both as regards the disposition of the Govt. towards me, and the Marine. Also the difficulty they labour under for funds. A change of administration will produce a change in the Treasury department and until this is done there can be no prosperity in this country

A convoy arrived yesterday from Mexico with about two millions of dollars and only about 30,000 belonging to the Govt. which will be swallowed up by the favorites of the enemies of the Marine. Tell William not to resign his appointment in the U. S. Service on any account whatever. I wrote to him fully sometime since on the subject and enclosed my letter to you, no doubt he received it, I wrote him also to the Mediterranean, and I have no doubt he got my letter. Still he does not write to me. I should be glad to hear from him sometimes, and should be delighted to see him come out in the Krasington

on leave of absence. But I fear that she will never come. I fear she is ere this sold to the shame of those who, to oppose the progress of the Marine, would sacrifice the best interests of their country. While the Marine gave no promise of being useful its enemies were quiet hoping to see it die a natural death, but the instant I inspired spirit and activity into it, that instant they ran in a mass to oppose it by every spring of annoyance. But I tire you with the subject. Eight months may produce a change, if it does not I shall make an arrangement about my pay, and endeavor to spend the remainder of my life in peace and quiet with my family. Mr. Mason mentioned to me that you had some intention of coming out here and that he dissuaded you from coming. I am glad he did so for much as I love to see you, worlds would not induce me to write you to come out. In the first place the climate is the most pestiferous in the world and the diseases the most fatal. Next there is no sanity. I do not know of one female in the place who is a suitable companion for you, the fact is they are companions for none but their own family circle, there is no visiting, no sociability, no hospitality. David can tell you how I used to pass my time when he was here, since he left me and particularly since the death of my Thomas I have been a hermit. Twice only have I been out of the ship.

No exile can be more painful than the one I suffer, and my friends here are surprised that I bear it with the fortitude with which I appear to bear it. They little know what is passing within.

Adieu my Dear Evelina give my love to all the dear little ones and believe me most affectionately truly and sincerely yours,

David Porter

P. S. If I have any friends who have courage enough to visit you and inquire for you, offer them my best services. Remember me kindly to Mr. Korcle?

The family of Dr. S. D. Heap as referred to in Commodore Porter's letter

1. Dr. Samuel Davies Heap—born at Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 8, 1781
died at Tunis Oct. 2, 1853 and buried there.
2. Mrs. S. D. Heap (nee Margaret Porter)—born Baltimore, Md. Aug. 16, 1791
died Tunis Dec. 3, 1858 and buried there.
3. Mary Porter Brown—sister of Margaret Porter and of Commodore Porter.
4. James Lawrence Heap—born near New Castle, Del. Nov. 5, 1812
died Philadelphia, Pa. Jan. 15, 1839.
Buried in Christ Church Cemetery, 5th & Arch Sts., Philadelphia. Grave is near that of Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Truxtun. Stone was replaced January, 1947, with original marking.
5. Margaret Porter Heap—born New Orleans, La. Oct. 2, 1810
died Bastia, Corsica, Dec. 6, 1891. Buried in the English Cemetery at Leghorn.
Married Gustavus Adolphus Tulin in the United States Consulate at Tunis April 12, 1836. Tulin was the son of the Swedish Consul General.

6. Rebecca Ann Heap—born Aug. 8, 1815 at Philadelphia
died Aug. 2, 1837 at Island Barbadoes and buried there.
Married Charles Thornton Cunningham of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, Eng-
land. Died at birth of her first child.
7. Gwynn Harris Heap—born at Chester, Pa. March 23, 1817
died in Constantinople in 1887. Buried in the English
cemetery there.
Married his first cousin, Evelina Cora Porter, daughter of Commodore Porter
at Chester, Pa., April 12, 1842. She died in 1863 and in 1866 he married Mrs
Josephine Bigelow. He was Secretary of the United States Legation and Consul
General at Constantinople when he died.
8. Evelina Mary Heap—born at Mahon, Island of Minorca Sept. 16, 1823
died at Stockholm
Married Dr. Ernest Aberg of Stockholm in Paris Aug. 5, 1849.
9. David Porter Heap—born at Marseilles, France, July 9, 1826
died in Philadelphia, Pa. Aug. 11, 1866. Buried in Laurel
Hill Cemetery in the lot of Dr. Gibbons in whose house he
died. (Lot No. 229-Sec. 7)
Married Elizabeth Bowyer at Washington, D.C. Oct. 5, 1854.
10. Susan Angelina Matilda—born at Tunis July 15, 1828
died at Tunis Jan. 17, 1848, and buried there
Married Charles Ferriere, son of the English Consul General, at Tunis March
24, 1846. They were married in the Swedish Consulate

1713
John Heap m Anne Bingham
/
George Heap m Mary Jacobs (2nd wife)
/
John Heap m Margaret Kerr
/
Samuel Davies Heap m Margaret Porter
/
David Porter Heap m Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer
/
Evelina Mary Heap m Albert Gleaves
/
Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

born 1660
William Porter m ?
/
David Porter m ? Angwish
/
Alexander Porter m Margaret Henry (2nd wife)
/
David Porter m Rebecca Gay
/
Margaret Porter m Samuel Davies Heap
/
David Porter Heap m Elizabeth Lewis Bowyer

Evelina Mary Heap m Albert Gleaves
/
Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

HISTORY OF THE HEAP FAMILY IN TUNIS AND TURKEY

Information taken from State Department Records in 1925 and 1930
SAMUEL D. HEAP

Appointed charge d'affaires at Tunis..... Sept. 5, 1823
" Special Diplomatic Agent..... Feb. 24, 1824
" Consul at Tunis..... Nov. 7, 1825 - '41
" Diplomatic Dragoman at Turkey..... Sept. 21, 1841 - '42
" Consul at Tunis..... July 26, 1845 - '51
" Consul at Tunis..... March 16, 1853
Died while Consul at Tunis..... Oct. 2, 1853

James Lawrence Heap (Son of Samuel D. Heap)

Placed in charge of Consulate, Tunis..... June, 1831
(There is no family record of this)

Commodore David Porter (Brother-in-law of Samuel D. Heap)

Appointed Consul General to Algiers in 1830
" Charge d'affaires in Constantinople..... 1831
(President Jackson created the post for him)
Appointed Minister at Constantinople..... 1841
Died while Minister at Constantinople..... 1843

Gwynne Harris Heap (Son of Samuel D. Heap)

Appointed Consul at Amsterdam (declined)..... May 18, 1866
" Consul at Belfast..... June 30, 1866
" Consul at Tunis..... March 14, 1867
" Secretary of Legation and Consul General
at Constantinople..... July 12, 1878
" Secretary of Legation..... July 15, 1884
" Consul General at Constantinople..... Dec. 18, 1884
Died while Consul General at Constantinople..... 1887

David Porter Heap (Son of Samuel D. Heap)

Mr. Irving Thomson writes from the Library of the Department of State in 1930:

With reference to the residence of Mr. David Porter Heap at Tunis, the State Department records indicate that he was not appointed consul there. May it not be that his residence at Tunis was unofficial? A despatch to the Secretary of State from Lewis Ferriere, British vice consul at Tunis, who was sworn in as acting consul by Dr. Heap a week before the latter's death, and described himself as a connection¹ of the family, may throw some light on the situation. The despatch is dated April 25, 1854, and reads

1. His son, Charles, married Dr. Heap's daughter Susan Angelina Matilda

in part as follows: "With reference to my letter of the 3rd of Oct. last, I have the honor to inform you that on the arrival of Dr. David P. Heap, son of the late Consul for the U. S. in Tunis, I offered to deliver over to him the charge of this Consulate, as I had promised to his late Father, but as he requested me to continue the charge until the arrival of Mr. W. P. Chandler, who had been nominated to this post and might shortly be expected here, I have consented to do so, agreeing in his opinion that it is not worth while initiating him in the Consulate affairs for the short period that may intervene before the new Consul arrives".

And yet David Porter Heap lived in Tunis from 1854 until 1861

Appointed Consul General at Constantinople Jan. 24, 1861-1862.

LIST OF FOURTEEN DESTROYERS NAMED FOR THE FAMILY

TRUXTUN	#1 1844 (Brig)	Named for Commodore Thomas Truxtun. Three great grandchildren of <i>John Heap</i> —Lawrence and Margaret and their first cousin David Porter Heap—married great grandchildren of Commodore Truxtun.
	#2 1901	
	#3 1920	
Porter	#1 1896	Named for Commodore David Porter and his son Admiral David D. Porter. Commodore Porter was a brother-in-law of S. D. Heap, the son of <i>John Heap</i> .
	#2 1915	
	#3 1935	
	#4 1944	
Jenkins	1912	Named for Rear-Admiral Thornton A. Jenkins whose wife, Elizabeth Thornton was a granddaughter of <i>John Heap</i> .
Parker	1942	Named for Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, whose son William Parker married Elizabeth Jenkins, the daughter of Admiral Jenkins and the great granddaughter of <i>John Heap</i> .
Nicholson	#1 1901	Named for Captain Samuel Nicholson, 1st Commander of the Constitution.
	#2 1914	Named for Captain Samuel Nicholson.
	#3 1940	Named for Captain Samuel Nicholson and for Captain John Nicholson, Captain James Nicholson (brothers of Samuel), Commander William C. Nicholson (nephew of Samuel), Rear Admiral James W. A. Nicholson (grandson of Samuel) whose wife was Mary Martin, great granddaughter of <i>John Heap</i> .
Emmons	1941	Named for Rear Admiral George Emmons whose wife was Frances Thornton, granddaughter of <i>John Heap</i> .
Dent	1918	Named for Commodore John H. Dent. <i>John Heap's</i> 3rd wife was Mrs. Wilson. Her daughter Jane married Dr. Sharp, and one of their descendants married a Dent—surely a very distant "connection"!
Beale	1912	Named for Lieutenant Edward F. Beale U.S.N. (later General Beale U.S.A.) Anne Gooch's first

husband was Thomas Beale (2nd husband William Colston, our ancestor). Violet Beale, niece of Edward F. Beale, married S. Lawrence Heap, great grandson of *John Heap*.

Biddle	#1 1901 #2 1918	Named for Captain Nicholas Biddle, grandson of Nicholas Scull and <i>Abigail Heap</i> . (Mary Scull married William Biddle).
Patterson	1911	Named for Commodore Daniel Todd Patterson, father-in-law of Admiral Porter.
Gleaves	1939	Named for Admiral Albert Gleaves, whose wife Evelina Mary Heap, was a great granddaughter of <i>John Heap</i> .
Dallas	1919	Named for Captain Alexander J. Dallas, whose ship fired first shot in War of 1812, engagement between the <i>President</i> and <i>Little Belt</i> . Matilda Dallas married William Wilkins, great-great-uncle of Albert Gleaves.
Crosby	1918	Named for Rear Admiral Pierce Crosby, whose wife was Matilda Kinney Stribling Bowyer and my great aunt.
Stribling	1918	Named for Rear Admiral Cornelius Stribling of South Carolina, a 2nd cousin of my great grandmother, Nancy Stribling. They are both descended from Thomas Stribling and Elizabeth Taliaferro.

Verified in "Ships of the Navy and their Sponsors" Vols. 1, 2, 3.

THE GLEAVES

In writing of my father's family I am going to begin with his mother's for they too came from Pennsylvania.

¹The origin of the Dewees family is veiled in obscurity, many descendants claiming that they are of French extraction. The family of that name in this country emigrated from Holland about the year 1689, landing in New York, whence they removed to Pennsylvania the same year, or early in 1690.

In 1898, Garret E. deWees, claiming to be a native of Zaandam, Holland, gave the following history: "In 1563 there was born in Dortrecht, Holland, Jan Pietre, the only son of his parents, who died when he was very young. He was adopted by a family who gave him the surname of deWees which being Anglicized means the orphan, thus originating the name of deWees, or later Dewees." It looks reasonable that such should be the case, as it was customary in those days to give surnames according to the avocation or circumstances in which one was placed, thus Jan Pietre, the orphan, became Jan Pietre deWees.

William Dewees, whose sister Wilhelmina married Nicholas Rittenhouse, came from New York to Germantown with his brother-in-law in 1689 or 1690. He was born about 1677, in Lieuwarden, Holland, and married Anna Christiana Meels. It is the opinion of Horatio Gates Jones (a prominent local historian) that William Dewees learned the trade of paper making with William Rittenhouse (father of Nicholas), who built the first paper mill erected in America.²

William Dewees built the second mill in 1710, on the west branch of the Wissahickon Creek, in that part of Germantown known as Crefeld, which afterwards he sold to Nicholas Rittenhouse and three others, and the recitals in the deed show that the mill was in full operation. Henry Dewees, son of William, afterwards owned the mill, as shown on the map made in 1746. Henry probably purchased it for himself. This mill was on or near the present site of the Monastery of St. Joseph. It has long since fallen into decay and not a vestige of it remains. William Dewees, paper maker, owned and sold lands, mills and houses, in Crefeld, Germantown, prior to 1725 and also held many offices under the Proprietary Government such as Constable and Sheriff, as well as some minor positions. He was a zealous and exemplary

1. Extracts from "The Dewees Family" by Mrs. Philip LaMunyan.

2. Rittenhouse's Mill is still standing in Wissahickon Drive, in Fairmount Park.

Church worker, giving his time and his home for the benefit of the Reformed Church, of which he was a member. His son's large stone mansion is still standing and on the gable end can be seen the initials W D & R (his wife was Rachael Farmer). William, the son, was commissioned Sheriff of Philadelphia, in 1773 and was also a Justice of the Peace and died in 1782. He was born about 1712 in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but that seems to be all that is known of him.

In 1773, Joseph Potts of Philadelphia conveyed to Colonel William Dewees (his son-in-law and brother of Samuel Dewees, both of them sons of William and Rachael), an undivided moiety of Mount Joy Furnace. As early as 1771 he appears to have resided in the mansion house belonging to these iron works and to have carried them on in conjunction with Isaac and David Potts, who for nearly half a century had sold in Philadelphia the bar iron made there. The forge was burned by the British in September 1777. Colonel Dewees is said to have built the large ovens in the cellar of the house of his cousin, David Potts, a physician who had probably removed from his summer house to the city for security. The mansion belonging to the forge was not burned but the British destroyed all they could. ¹When Washington led his defeated army into Valley Forge on December 19, 1777 William Dewees was occupying David Potts' summer home. Tradition says that the small stable used to shelter the cows was used by Washington to shelter his aide, Alexander Hamilton. The little four-room-and-garret stone house, with kitchen wing attached was used by General Washington

Samuel Dewees, son of William and Rachael, was also born in Germantown. He married Mary Coburn, sister of Judge Coburn of Kentucky, previously of Chester County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dewees, with his wife and three children, Rachel and Sallie and the five months old baby Eliza, emigrated from Philadelphia to Lexington Kentucky in the fall of 1787

In the 1930's my father and mother lived in an apartment house in Haverford, Pennsylvania, that backed on Old Lancaster Road, the very road my father's great grandfather and great-grandmother had travelled 150 years before. Here is the diary that Mary Coburn Dewees kept on that trip.²

September 27th, 1787—Left Philadelphia about five o'clock in the afternoon and tore ourselves from a number of dear friends that assembled to take a last farewell before we set off for Kentucky. Made our first stage 6 miles from the City, being very sick the greatest part of the way.

September 28th—We left the sign of the Lamb at half past six A.M. and proceeded to Col. Webster's, 7 miles, where we breakfasted, and then set off for the United States, which we reached at 5 o'clock P.M., and put up for the night on account of my sickness which was excessive, being obliged to go to bed immediately

September 29th—Left the United States and arrived at the Waggon, 40 miles from Philadelphia, that place which contains so many valued friends. Sister and the children very hearty, the children very diverting to all but poor Maria, who was sick as it was possible to be. We took up our lodging at the Compass.

September 30th—Left the Compass and reached the Hat at 10 o'clock A.M., much better than I was. Lost all the fine prospects of the first day owing to my sickness, which was excessive, being obliged to be led from the Waggon to the bed and from the bed to the Waggon.

October 1st—Crossed the Conestogo, a good deal uneasie for fear my sickness should return,—the Conestogo is a beautiful creek with fine prospects around it. After

1. Valley Forge, By Joseph L. Copeland in the "House Beautiful" Jan. 1828.

2. At the Historical Society of Pennsylvania I found a card in the file: "Mary Coburn Dewees Journal—75 numbered copies, this is #57."

refreshing ourselves we took a walk up the creek and I think I never saw a more beautiful prospect. You can't imagine how I longed for you my friends to join our little party and to be partakers of the Beauties of Nature that now surrounded us. We are seated beneath the shade of intermingling trees, that grow reeling o'er the creek and entirely shade us from the noonday sun. Several since I sat here have crossed, some on horse back, others in boats, whilst a fall of water at a little distance adds dignity to the scene and renders it quite romantic. As the sun was setting we rode through Lancaster, a Beautiful inland town, with some Elegant Houses in it. I was quite delighted with the view we have from the Corner of the street where the prison stands of the Upper part of the town, which at once presents to your sight a sudden rise with houses, trees, and gardens, on either side, that has a very pleasant effect.

October 2nd—Tho' but a few days since my friends concluded I could not reach Kentucky, will you believe me when I tell you I am setting on the Bank of the Susquehanah, and can take my bit of ham and Biscuit with any of them

"Returning health has made the face of nature gay,
Given beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day."

Just cross'd the river in company with Mrs. Parr and her daughter; not the least sick. What gratitude is owing from me to the great Author of nature, who in so short a time has restored me from a state of Languishment and Misery to the most enviable health.

October 3rd—Passed through York Town, a pretty little town, and lodged about a mile from that place.

October 4th—This day we rode through Abbotstown, a trifling place; find the roads much better from Lancaster upwards than from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Reached Hunterstown, 113 miles, expect to-morrow to cross the South Mountain; weather exceedingly pleasant.

October 5th—Left Hunterstown and proceeded to the Mountain, which we began to climb about 10 o'clock, sometimes riding sometimes walking; find the roads much better in places than we expected; tho' in others excessive Stony—the length which is ten miles renders it very tedious. Oblidgenly favored with good weather. We have halted on the top of the Mountain to refresh ourselves and horses. This afternoon descended the west side, find it much worse than the last side, the road in places for a mile in length so very stony that you can scarce see the earth between; tho' at other places beautifully watered by fine springs. Took up our lodging at the foot of the Mountain, the people very civil, the house right Kentucky.

October 6th—Left the foot of the Mountain, crossed the Falling Spring and proceeded to Chambersburgh, a handsome little Town with some pretty stone and brick Buildings in it. After passing the Town we crossed the Falling Spring again, one of the finest Springs in this part of the world, by which several mills in this neighborhood are turned. Obligated to stop sooner than usual, one of our horses being lame, find the people a good deal shy, at first, but after a little while very sociable and obliging; treated with some very fine Apples which begin to grow scarce with us. I am much afraid we shall be like the Children of Israel—long for the garlick and onions that your city abounds with.

October 7th—Set off for the North Mountain, which we find so bad we are Obligated

to foot it up, and could compare ourselves to nothing but a parcel of goats climbing up some of the Welch Mountains that I have read of. Sally very desirous to know whether this Mountain is not the one that's in Mr. Adgate's song. Find this the most fatiguing days Journey we have had, the roads so very bad and so very steep, that the horses seem ready to fall backwards. In many places, you would be surprised to see the Children, Jumping and Skipping, sometimes quite out of sight, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in the Waggon, so you see we have variety, tho' sometimes would very willingly dispense with some of it. Believe me my dear friends, the sight of a log house on these Mountains after a fatiguing days Journey affords more real pleasure than all the magnificent buildings your city contains. Took up our lodging at the foot of the Mountain and met with very good entertainment.

October 8th—Left the foot of the mountain and crossed Scrub Hill, which is very bad indeed. I had like to forgot to tell you, I have lost my Children, don't be concerned for the loss, for they are still in the family; the Inhabitants of this Country are so cruel as to deprive me of them, but they were kind enough to give them to Sister Rees, and I am a Miss from Philadelphia. You may rest Assured I don't take the trouble to undeceive them, unless Sally (as she often does) Crys out wher's my Mar. The Children are very hearty and bear fatigue much better than we do, tho' I think we all do wonderful. You would be astonished to see the roads we have come, some of which seems impassable. Rachel mostly passes half the day in Spelling, and Sally in Singing; every house we stop at she inquires if it is not a Kentucky house, and seldom leaves it 'till she informs them she is a Kentucky Lady.

October 9th—Crossed Sidling Hill and were the greatest part of the day in performing the Journey,—the roads being so excessive Steep, sliding and Stony, that it seemed impossible to get along. We were obliged to walk the greatest part of the way up, tho' not without company; there was five waggons with us all the morning to different parts. This night our difficulties began; we were obliged to put up at a Cabin at the foot of the hill, perhaps a dozen logs upon one another, with a few slabs for a roof, and the earth for a floor, and a Wooden Chimney Constituted this extraordinary Ordinary. The people very kind but amazing dirty. There was between twenty and thirty of us; all lay on the Floor, except Mrs. Rees, the Children, and your Maria, who by our dress or address or perhaps both, were favored with a bed, and I assure you that we thought ourselves lucky to escape being fleaed alive.

October 10th—After Breakfasting at this clean house, set off for Bedford. On our way crossed the Juniata, passed through Bedford, a small country town, some parts of the road very bad and some of it very pleasant. For a considerable distance, we travelled along the Juniata, which I thought very pretty. We put up at a house where we were not made very welcome, but like travellers we learned to pass a few sour looks unnoticed.

October 11th—Set off for the Allegheny Mountains, which we began to ascend in the afternoon; found it as good as any part of our Journey. We ascend in the waggon, not without fear and trembling, I assure you. We got about six miles and fell in with a French Gentleman and his family going to Pittsburgh; we all put up at a little hut on the Mountain, which was so small that we preferred lodging in our waggon to be crowded with Frenchmen and negroes on an earthen floor

October 12th—And pretty comfortable arrived at the top of the Cloud cap'd Allegheny. It was really awfully pleasing to behold the clouds arise between the mountains at a distance; the day being drizzly and the air very heavy, rendered the clouds so low that we could scarce see fifty yards before us. This Evening got off the Mountain, it being twenty miles across. We passed through Burlain, a small town; as the

Election was held at this place, we could not be accommodated; proceeded to a Dutch house in the Glades, where we were kindly entertained.

October 13th—Proceeded to Laurel Creek and Ascended the hill. I think this and many more of the scenes we have passed through, we have seen Nature display'd in her greatest undress, at other times we have seen her dress'd Beautiful, beyond expression. The road excessive bad, some of the Land fine, the Timber Excellent, and grows to an Amazing heighth, the Generality of it from 50 to 60 feet high. The day by reason of the Badness of the roads, could not reach a stage, the hill being 20 miles across and our horses a good deal tired. We in Company with another waggon were obliged to Encamp in the woods, after a Suitable place, at a Convenient distance from a run of water was found, a level piece of ground was pitched upon for our encampment. Our men went to give refreshment to the Horses, we Females having had a good fire made up, set about preparing Supper, which consisted of an Excellent dish of Coffee, having milk with us, those who chose had a dish of cold ham and pickled beets with the addition of Bread, Butter, Biscuit and Cheese, made up our repast. After supper, Sister, the Children and myself took up our lodging in the waggon, the men with their Blankets laid down at the fire side. The wind being high with some rain, disturbed our repose until near daylight, when we could have enjoyed a comfortable nap, had we not been obliged to rise and prepare breakfast, which we did on

October 14th—Set out for Chesnut Ridge, horrid roads and the stoniest land in the world I believe; every few hundred yards, rocks big enough to build a small house upon. We arrived at Chenys Mill towards the middle of the day and parted with our Company. Cheny Mill is a beautiful situation, or else the scarcity of such places makes us think it more so than it really is. We were overtaken by a family who was going our way, which renders it more Agreeable travelling than by ourselves. I think by this time we may call ourselves Mountain proof. At the close of the day, we arrived at a house and thought it prudent to put up for the night. The people are Scotch, exceedingly kind but surprisingly dirty, we concluded (as the Company that was with us made up 18 besides the family) to lodge in our waggon which we did. It rained very hard in the night, but we laid pretty comfortably.

October 15th—After Breakfast we set off for Miller Town. You would be surprised to see the number of pack horses which travel these roads, ten or twelve in a drove. In going up the North mountain, Betsy took it into her head to ride a horse back, and Daddy undertook to escort her on his. In a narrow path, at the edge of a very steep place, they met with a company of packers, when her horse took it into his noddle not to stir one foot, but stood and received a thump behind from every pack that pass'd, and whilst Betsy was in a state of the greatest trepidation, expecting every moment to be thrown from her horse, her Gallant instead of flying to her assistance stood laughing ready to kill himself at the fun; but the poor girl really looked pitiable. We put up at a poor little Cabin, the people very kind, which compensates for every Inconvenience.

October 16th—Mr. Dewees and my brother rode about 13 miles to McKee's ferry to see how the waters are, as we are apprehensive they are too low to go down the river. The weather still fine.

October 17th—Left our little Cabin and proceeded to McKee's ferry, where we staid two days in a little hut, not half so good as the little building at the upper end of your garden, and thought ourselves happy to meet with so comfortable a dwelling.

October 18th—Our boat being ready, we set off for the river and arrived there at

12 o'clock and went aboard immediately. She lay just below the mouth of the Youghiogeny which empties into the Monongahela. At 2 o'clock we push'd down the river very slowly; intend stopping at Fort Pitt, where we expect to meet the waggon with the rest of our Goods. Our Boat resembles Noah's Ark not a little. At Sun Set got fast on Braddock's upper ford, where we staid all that night and 'till 10 o'clock the next day.

October 19th—With the assistance of some people that was coming up in a flat we got off. The water very low. I am much afraid we shall have a tedious passage. Our boat is 40 foot long; our room 16 by 12 with a Comfortable fire place; our Bed room partitioned off with blankets, and far preferable to the Cabins we met with after we crossed the mountains. We are clear of fleas, which I assure you is a great relief, for we were almost devoured when on Shore. The Monongahela, with the many colored woods on each side, is Beautiful, and in the Spring must be delightful. We are now longing for rain as much as we dreaded it on the Land, for it is impossible to get down until the water raises. We live entirely Independent, and with that there is a pleasure which Dependants can never be partakers of. We are all very hearty, nor have I had the least sign of Sickness since I came on board. May I ever retain a grateful sense of the Obligation due to the great Creator for his amazing goodness to me, especially, who had every reason from the first of the Journey to fear quite the reverse. About 3 o'clock we passed the field (just about Turtle Creek) where Braddock fought his famous battle with the French and Indians, and soon after got fast on the lower ford, but by the agility of our men soon got off. The river about a quarter of a mile across. Sammy and Johnny gone ashore for milk.

October 20th—Rose as soon as our men had prepared a good fire, got Breakfast, and Mr. Dewees set off for McKee's where we left the horses on account of the waters being low; expect to reach Pittsburgh tonight. Just opposite the hill where General Grant fought his battle with the French and Indians who were in possession of Fort Pitt at that time. As the sun was setting had in sight the Coal Hill and ferry house opposite Pittsburgh; this hill is amazing huge and affords a vast deal more coal than can be consumed in that place;—what a valuable acquisition it would be near your City.

Oct. 21st—We are now laying about a mile from Pittsburgh, and have received several invitations to come on shore. We have declined all, as the trunks with our clothes is not come up, and we in our travelling dress, not fit to make our appearance in that gay place. Just received an invitation from the French Lady we travelled part of the way with to come up. Mr. Tilton calls on us with Mrs. Tilton's compliments, would be happy to have us to tea; he left and three French gentlemen and an Englishman came on board and expressed a great deal of pleasure to see us so comfortably situated. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. O'Harra waited on us and insisted on our going to their house, which in Compliance to their several invitations we were obliged to accept, and find them very polite and agreeable; we staid and Supp'd with them, nor would they suffer us to go on board while we Continued at this place.

October 22nd—Mrs. O'Harra waited on us to Mrs. Tilton's to Mrs. Nancarrow's and Mrs. Odderong's, and engaged to tea with Mrs. Tilton. Col. Butler and his lady waited on us to the Boat, was much delighted with our Cabin, took a bit of Biscuit and Cheese with a glass of wine and then returned to dine at Capt. O'Harra's. Spent the afternoon at Mrs. Tilton's with a room full of Company, and received several invitations to spend our time with the Ladys at Pitt. Called on Mrs. Butler and saw a very handsome parlor, elegantly papered and well furnished, it appeared more like Philadelphia than any I have seen since I left that place.

October 23rd—Drank tea at the French ladys with several ladys and gentlemen of this place.

October 24th—The Town all in arms, a report prevailed that a party of Indians within twenty miles, coming to attack the Town. The drums beating to Arms, with the Militia collecting from every part of the Town, has I assure you a very disagreeable appearance.

October 25th—Left our hospitable friends Capt. O'Harra and Lady not without regret, as their polite and friendly Entertainment demands our utmost gratitude; they waited on us to the boat where we parted forever. Was much disappointed in sending our letters as the man that was to carry them set off before the Messenger got back from the Boat. About 11 o'clock A.M. drop'd down the Ohio, and at the distance of a mile and a half had a full view of Capt. O'Harra's summer house which Stands on the banks of the Allegheny River, which runs about a hundred yards from the bottom of their garden. It is the finest situation that I ever Saw; they live at the upper end, or rather out of the Town, their house in the midst of an Orchard of 60 acres, the only one in that place, from the front of which they have a full view of the Monongahela, and the Ohio Rivers; it is impossible for the most lively imagination to paint a situation and prospects more delightful. At the close of the day got to the lower point of McKee's Island, where we came to anchor under a large rock nearly 60 feet high having the appearance of just falling in the water; on one side in a large smooth place are engraved a number of names among which are your Eliza's and Maria's.

October 26th and 27th—Staid at McKee's Island waiting for water, which is too low to go down. Took a walk up the hill from which we have a fine prospect of both sides of the Island, and saw an Indian grave with three others, on the top of the hill, likewise the remains of an old entrenchment that was thrown up ye last Indian war. Saw three boats full of troops going up to Pittsburgh, we suppose they are going up for provisions for the garrison below.

October 28th—Mr. Dewees and Mr. Shelby went up to Pitts; am in hopes they will bring some intelligence of the warriors that went out against the Indians.

October 29th—Still continue at the Island waiting for water; had the pleasure of two ladys company from the Island, who gave us an invitation to visit them. Had a very stormy night and a snow of two or three inches.

October 30th—The weather much in our favour, it rained all day. Sewing and reading, and when the weather is fine walking, are the amusements we enjoy. The gentlemen pass their time in hunting deer, turkeys, ducks, and every other kind of wild fowl, with which this country abounds. A beautiful doe had the assurance the other day to come half way down the hill and give a peep at us, but our hunters being out escaped being taken; fishing makes up part of their amusement.

October 31st—Still in hopes of the waters raising, as we had snow again this morning and a prospect of rain;—this is the most tedious part of our Journey as we still continue in one place.

November 1st—The weather clear and cold and no prospect of the water raising. Am little apprehensive we shall have to winter among the rocks. You can't imagine how I want to see you all, often do I indulge myself in fancy's eye at looking at my dear friends in their several families and wish to be a partaker of their happiness.

Eliza too, I long to know how she behaves in her new department; I suppose she often bridles when she looks at my Harriet to think she has got the whip hand of her. November 2nd—Went over to the Island to see our new acquaintance, and they insisted on our repeating our visits. While we staid a man came in that was wounded by the Indians a few days ago about 20 miles from Pitt. A party of Traders were surprised by them in the night, but got off without any but a little Blood by one who had been wounded in the head with a tomahawk.

November 3rd—Received a visit from three French gentlemen who came to dine with us on board the boat.

November 4th—Today the two Mr. Williams came to invite us to their house, a mile from this place, promising to furnish us with horses and saddles; but we declined accepting their invitation, choosing rather to continue where we are 'till we go down the river.

November 5th—Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Conrad, from the Island, called on us to take a walk up the hill to gather grapes, which we got a great abundance of.

November 6th—Brother and Mr. Shelby (one of our passengers) went up to Pitt to procure some necessaries for us.

November 7th—Dined on an Excellent pike, had the company of the three French gentlemen before mentioned to dine with us; who came to invite us to a Ball held at Col. Butler's where thirty ladys and gentlemen were to assemble for that purpose. It is hardly worth while to say we declined going, as it was out of our power to dress fit at this time, to attend such an Entertainment or else (you know) should be happy to do ourselves the honour.

November 8th—Had several gentlemen to dine on board the Ark, expecting a fire hunt of some deer, which keep about 200 yards from our boat, on a very high hill, but a shower of rain in the night disappointed them, rendering the brush and leaves too wet for that purpose. They passed the day in Squirrel hunting, and fishing for pike, this being the season for them. I saw one today weighing 30 weight, the most beautiful fish I ever saw.

November 9th—Paid a second visit to the Island, which keeps us in hopes of rain.

November 10th—From the 10th to the 18th of November, we passed our time in visiting, and receiving visits on board our boat, when we bid adeau to the Island friends and pushed down the Ohio. Saw a small Kentucky Boat go down yesterday, which induced us to set off as the water has risen but very little, but still continues to rise slowly. Passed Fort McIntosh P.M. and got fast for a minute on one of the ripples.

November 19th—Passed Backer's Fort about 10 o'clock A.M., and proceeded down the Ohio; a very beautiful river; passed Yellow which runs near the Indian shore. The country very hilly on both sides of the river, in places a half a mile wide, in other places much narrower, so near we are to the Indian Country and yet think ourselves pretty safe. The wind blowing very hard and being contrary, obliged us to put on shore 65 miles below Pittsburgh, and the boat tossing about a good deal occasioned one to feel a little quamish. Betsy Rees was so sick she was obliged to go to bed; what strange reverses there are in life. The children are very hearty and one now is playing with Daddy on the shore. We passed Fort Steuben and the Mingo Bottom in the night. We should have got up to see the fort, but the watch

told us we could see nothing as it was cloudy. The barking of the dogs at the fort, the howling of wolves, and the yelling of the hunters on the opposite shore, was a little alarming at first, but we soon got reconciled to it.

November 20th—Just as day broke, got aground on a Sand bar, at the Beach Bottom. Just at that time, a small Kentucky Boat that was ashore, endeavored to alarm us by firing of a gun and accosting us in the Indian tongue, but our people could just discern the boat, which quieted our fears. At sunrise we passed by Norris Town, on the Indian shore, a clever little situation, with ten cabins placidly situated. Saw another Kentucky Boat, and passed by Wheeling, a place where a Fort was kept and attacked last war. 'Tis pleasantly situated on a hill. There was a boat and a good many people waiting to go down the river. An excessive hard gale of wind obliged us to put to shore. After the wind abated, we again put out in the channel and were obliged again by a fresh gale to put to shore on the Indian coast, which caused some disagreeable sensations, as it is not long since the Indians have done some mischief hereabouts. After the wind lulled, they thought proper to put out again, tho' it still continued to rain very hard, which made it very dark and disagreeable, as it was impossible to discern where the rocks and ripples lay; but notwithstanding all the obstructions we have met with, have gone at the rate of fifty miles in the twenty-four hours. Nor have I felt the least sickness since the first gale, tho' we have been tossed about at an amazing rate. My brother has just come off the watch and tells us we are again anchored, tho' on the opposite shore. The weather being too bad to proceed, we laid all night ashore. It still continued very stormy; many large trees blew down on the bank; we expected every moment the boat would leave her anchor.

November 21st—The wind still blowing very hard, we staid 'till one o'clock, when we again put out, but made but little progress, the wind still ahead. Some of our people went ashore and brought a fine wild turkey. Just passed Grave Creek, twelve miles below Wheeling; at dark passed Cappatana Creek, and in the night passed Fishing Creek

November 22nd—About 10 o'clock A.M. passed Fish Creek, being the largest one we have passed. There is a beautiful level Bottom on each side which, with the hills on hills which seem to surround it, must render it truly delightful in the summer season, when the woods are clothed in their freshest verdure. About 12 o'clock got into the Long Reach, it being 15 miles long, ten out of which you may see straight forwards, without interruption of shore bends, which are very frequent in this river. The diversity of Mountains and Valleys; and the Creeks that empty into the Ohio on both sides, with a variety of beautiful Islands in the river, renders it one of the most beautiful rivers in the World.

November 23rd—The weather hazy but calm. Call'd up by the watch about 5 o'clock A.M., to look at fort Muskingum, but it being hazy could discover nothing but the lights at the fort, and a vast body of cleared land. At daybreak was agreeably serenaded by the drums and fifes at the fort beating and playing the Revele. It sounded very pleasing, tho' at a Considerable distance. At 10 o'clock we got to the Little Kanawa; half past one got to Little Hockhocking river; and at 4 we passed the Big Hockhocking; a little before dark got opposite Flyn's old Station, a clever little place on the bank of the river, with a large corn field on each side. At dark came to Bellwell, a place founded by Mr. Tilton, late of Philadelphia. 'Tis the most delightful situation I have seen on the Ohio; there are about a dozen snug little Cabins built on the bank, in which families reside, with each a field of corn and a garden, with a small fort to defend them from the Savages. This settlement began

about 2 years ago, distant from Fort Pitt 220 miles, on the Virginia shore.

November 24th—Rose about 6 o'clock to look at Latorch Falls, which are very rapid. In the last 24 hours have come seventy miles; had the pleasure of seeing a doe and a beautiful little fawn on the Indian shore, at too great a distance to shoot at. The variety of deer, ducks, turkeys and geese, with which this country abounds, keeps us always on the lookout, and adds much to the beauty of the scenes around us. Between the hours of six and eleven, we have seen twelve deer, some feeding in the green patches that are on the Bottoms, some drinking at the river side, while others at the sight of us bound through the woods with amazing swiftness. As we rose from dinner we got to Campaign Creek, the place that General Lewes cross'd when he went against the Indians, this last war. Just after dark came to Point Pleasant; the moon shining very bright gave us an imperfect view of the beauties of this place. 'Tis built on the banks of the Ohio, and at the point of Kanawa River. At the point stands the fort, which, in the time of the American war, was attacked by the Indians, but was defended, and they driven off across the river by Genl. Lewes, who owns a vast tract of land at this place. There are 12 or 15 houses, besides the fort, and a good deal of cleared Land about it. The last 24 hours brought us 85 miles further on our voyage.

November 25th—At 6 o'clock A.M. got to the Guyandot river, but not being called up, lost the sight of it. You can't imagine how much I regret the time lost in sleep; it deprives me of seeing so many of the beauties of nature. Just as we were going to breakfast we came to a small river call'd by the Indians Quindo; at 9 o'clock came to Tweel pool river, and soon after to Big Sandy Creek, on the other side of which the Kentucky lands begin. At 3 o'clock passed little Sandy river 30 miles below big Sandy. Came to the Scioto in the Evening. Came 100 miles this day.

November 26th—At 4 o'clock A.M. woke up by a hard gale of wind, which continued until breakfast time, when we had both wind and tide in our favour. At half past 9 came to the Three Islands 12 miles from Limestone; at 1/2 past one hove in sight of Limestone; at 3 o'clock landed safe at that place, where we found six boats. The place very indifferent, and landing the best on the river; there are at this time about 100 people on the bank looking at us and enquiring for their friends. We have been nine days coming from McKee's Island, three miles below Pittsburgh.

November 27th—As soon as it was light my brother set off for Lexington without company, which is far from safe, so great was his anxiety to see his family.

November 28th—Left Limestone at 9 o'clock there being 30 odd boats at the Landing, the chief of which arrived since yesterday 3 o'clock. We got to a little town call'd Washington in the evening, where we stayed and lodged at Mr. Wood's from Philadelphia.

November 29th—We left Washington before light, and got to Mary's Lick at 12 o'clock; left there and reached the North Fork where we encamped, being 15 or 20 in Company. We made our bed at the fire, the night being very cold, and the howling of the wolves, together with its being the most dangerous part of the road, kept us from enjoying much repose that night.

November 29th—Set out at daylight for the Blue Licks, which we reached at 12 o'clock; took a walk to look at the salt works which were a great curiosity to us. We travelled about seven miles further, and took up our lodging for that night.

November 30th—Was agreeably surprised by the company of Mr. Rees and Mr.

Merrel, who came out to meet us, but having taken a wrong road, missed us the evening before. We reached Grant's Station that night, where we lodged, and on the first of December arrived at Lexington, being escorted there by Mr. Gordon and Lady, who came out to Bryan's Station to meet us. We were politely received and welcomed by Mrs. Coburn. We all stay'd at my brother's 'till the 11th December, when Betsy Rees left us to begin housekeeping, her house not being ready before.

January 1st, 1788—We still continue at my brother's and have altered our determination of going to Buckeye farm, and mean to go down to South Elkhorn as soon as the place is ready. Since I have been here, I have been visited by the genteel people in the place, and received several invitations, both in town and Country. The society in this place is very agreeable, and I flatter myself I shall see many happy days in this country. Lexington is a clever little town with a court-house and jail and some pretty good buildings in it, chiefly log. My abode I have not seen yet; a description of which you shall have by and by.

January 29th—I have this day reached South Elkhorn and am much pleased with it. 'Tis a snug little cabin about 9 miles from Lexington, on a pretty ascent, surrounded by sugar trees; a beautiful pond a little distance from the house, with an excellent spring not far from the door. I can assure you I have enjoyed more happiness the few days I have been here than I have experienced these four or five years past. I have my little family together and am in full expectations of seeing better days.

M. D.

The Mr. Dewees spoken of in the diary is my great-great-grandfather, Samuel Dewees. The brother mentioned was Judge John Coburn, brother of Mary Coburn Dewees. Betsy Rees was Betsy Coburn, sister of Mary Coburn Dewees my great-great grandmother.

The baby Eliza spoken of in the diary grew up in Lexington, Kentucky, where she met and married Wilkins Tannehill, who also had emigrated from Pennsylvania. Her portrait is owned by Mrs. Roy Avery of Nashville, Tennessee,—I have a photograph of it and the Van Metre children have a large crayon copy.

The Wilkins and Tannehill families both settled in Pennsylvania. Robert Wilkins came from Brecknockshire, Wales, in 1694. He married Elizabeth Ross in 1702 and took up and settled a tract of land where the city of Philadelphia now stands. After living there some time he sold his title thereto for a beaver hat (!!!!) and moved out in the direction of Lancaster, settling several tracts. He died in Virginia.

John, the son of Robert and Elizabeth Wilkins, inherited from his father a tract of land in Donegal Township, County of Lancaster, where he settled and married Rachel McFarland of Irish descent. He was an Indian Trader and fought in the Colonial Wars and in the Boundary Disputes with Maryland. He was captured and taken to Annapolis where he died in a filthy prison in 1741. I obtained from the Archives in Harrisburg, Pa., a photostatic copy of a deposition made by one John Ross in 1736, describing John Wilkins capture. Whether John Wilkins was in prison for five years before he died or whether he was released and recaptured later, I do not know.

Copy of John Ross' Deposition:

John Ross of the County of Lancaster in the Province of Pennsylvania aged forty years being solemnly sworn on the Holy Evangelists maketh Oath that on the fifth day of September last being Sunday having heard that a great Number of the Militia of Maryland with their Officers had entered the County of Lancaster and were come to the house of Thomas Cressap on the west side of Susquehannah River this Deponent with several inhabitants of the said County went over to the same side of the River and met at the house of John Wright, Junr., where one of the Magistrates of the said County then being, this Deponent was Dispatched with a written message to the Sheriff of Baltimore County who was said to have come up with the Militia, to know the meaning of this Extraordinary Procedure of the People of Maryland. And setting forward with one James Pattison for his Guide he met within a mile and a half of the said Wright's house a Body of men on horseback to the number as this Deponent believes of about three hundred Armed with Guns, Cutlasses and some with Pistols marching with Beat of Drum and Sound of Trumpet. That he saw several persons who were called officers of this Militia or Commanders whose names he afterwards learn'd were Edward Hall and Nathaniel Rigby called Colonels, Aquila Peca and Guest called Captains. That William Hammond Sheriff of Baltimore County was likewise with them and this Deponent delivering his message to Col. Rigby who appeared to be the principal Person; Rigby told this Deponent verbally that they were marching forwards to the house of the said John Wright from whence this Deponent came. That Thomas Cressap who was with the said Militia laying hands on Pattison the Guide, seized him telling the Sheriff of Baltimore that he was a fifty Pound Chap and bid the Sheriff look in the Proclamation and he would find Pattison's name there but the Sheriff saying he could not find it Cressap bid him look in another of another date for the name was certainly in one but the Sheriff said again he could not find it. Cressap then charged this Deponent as a Rioter and said he had seen him in several Riots and he ought to be Seized likewise but the officers and Sheriff appearing to disregard what Cressap said touching this Deponent no violence was offered to him but Cressap insisting that the Guide should be detained because a Proclamation with a Reward for apprehending him was issued. The Deponent refused to return without him and at last with some difficulty the Guide was suffered to return with this Deponent. That the Militia aforesaid thus marching on by Beat of Drum and Sound of Trumpet in a warlike manner came to the Plantation of John Hendricks at a small distance from Wright's and sent a message in writing as this Deponent understood to the Sheriff of Lancaster at said Wright's house; that thereafter some of the said Militia officers came to Wright's house and desired to Speak with some Dutch Men who were then there particularly Michael Tanner and Peter Gartner but these People declaring their apprehensions that the Marylanders were come to carry them away because they would not acknowledge the jurisdiction of Maryland in these parts where they were settled these officers were told they could not see them but the Dutch sent as this Deponent was informed a message to them in writing. Then this Deponent went to the house of Hendricks after the Militia was come there and saw several of them with their swords drawn at the door of the house; that towards the Evening a considerable number of people of Lancaster County came over the River in three Flats whereupon the Militia of Maryland Beat their Drum and as this Deponent

believed they intended to stand to their Arms for they marched towards the River in a Body but after firing one Blunderbuss they thought fit to retreat to the house of Thomas Cressap. That next Day being Monday this Deponent carried another written message from the Sheriff of Lancaster to the Sheriff of Baltimore then at Cressap's with the said Militia that upon delivering the same the Sheriff and Officers consulting together returned a written Answer. Venturing into some conversation with this Deponent he expressed that agreeable to the message he had brought them they or some of their Number would meet the magistrates of Lancaster to confer together but the Sheriff of Baltimore and Col. Rigby refused. That during this Depont's. stay at Cressap's he saw several of the Militia cutting barrs of Lead and making Bullets and this Depont. enquiring for what use they intended the Bullets he was told they were to shoot Pennsylvanians. This Deponent told them the Pennsylvanians were neither afraid of them nor their Bullets and if they were attacked he believed they would defend themselves. That Cressap hereupon insulted this Deponent and cursing the Quakers and their Government said he wondered at their impudence to make such demands as they had done by their last message and challenged this Deponent to fight him. And this Deponent further Saith that the Militia of Maryland marched about noon to the houses of Joshua Minshall, Mark Evans and Bernard Weymoor's that one John Hendricks who was likewise with the Militia having found means to decoy one John Wilkins an Inhabitant of Lancaster County he was seized and carried to Cressap's from whence they had sent him bound under a guard to Maryland. That it was pretended this Wilkins was one of those for whom a Reward was also offered by Proclamation. That this Deponent went to Bernard Weymoores with a message from the Sheriff of Lancaster to procure the Releasement of the said Wilkins but the Sheriff of Baltimore would neither accept of the message nor Suffer it to be read. That the People of Lancaster County who were met at Wright's house being grown numerous and resolving to stand upon their Defence the Militia of Maryland did not think fit to attack them, but separating in two Bodies one of them went with the Sheriff as this Deponent was informed to the houses of some Dutchmen where they took some Linnen and Pewter on pretence of publick Dues owing to the Government of Maryland and the other Body of them went towards Maryland.

John Ross

Philadelphia December 11th - 1736

Taken before me

Clem Plumsted, Mayor

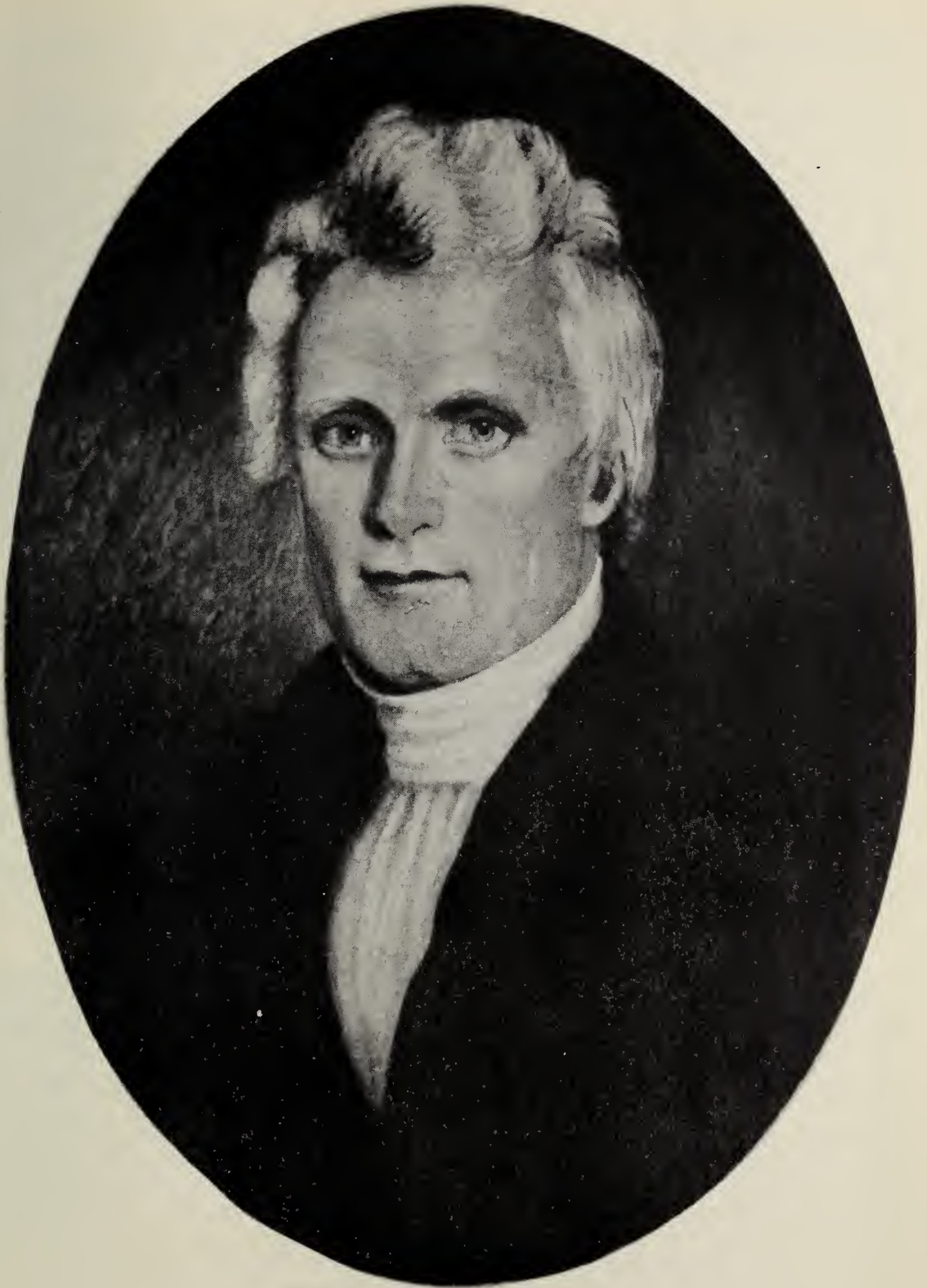
John and Rachel Wilkins had one son, also John, who was born in Donegal Township (Penna.) and married Catherine Rowan. In a notebook of Aunt Corinne's (my father's sister) I found the following story. "Charles Stuart was a selfwilled person and married a commoner named Ann Hyde and was exiled from England. He had eight children and some of them came to America. One of his daughters married a Rowan. Charles Stuart was a great grandson of Mary Queen of Scots. Margaret Alderson was told this by Aunt Jane Tannehill who was a sister of Wilkins Tannehill." In another place in this same notebook it says that Charles Stuart was a *brother* of Mary Queen of Scots. It's an amusing story anyway!!!



Major General John Wilkins



Catherine Stevenson Wilkins



Josiah Tannehill

This second John was an active advocate of Independence in the Convention of 1776, representing Bedford County, Penna., and raised, equipped, and maintained his own company in the Revolution, first as a captain and later becoming a colonel. He served throughout the war and fought at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. In 1783 he moved to Pittsburgh and was soon afterward appointed Associate Justice of Allegheny County. He was among the first to encourage the establishment of a place of worship in Pittsburgh. The Penn heirs in 1787 deeded two and a half lots of ground to the Presbyterian Congregation and "a church of moderate dimensions and square timber was erected". John himself worked at the building and tradition says that ¹when it was ready to be "chunked and dobbed" he used to go about the streets beating a tin pan to get the boys together to assist in the work. He was a member of the Supreme Council in 1790 and from 1794-1808 was Chief Burgess of the Borough of Pittsburgh and County Treasurer. When his first wife, Catherine Rowan, died he married Catherine Reagan—and in all had twenty children. He died in Pittsburgh in 1809. "His second wife was his housekeeper and his children were bitterly opposed to the marriage. He was a wealthy man and when he died he left his sons just enough money to buy mourning to wear to his funeral. I saw the Will and laughed when I read it. Aunt Jane kept it for a long time and often showed it to us. I bet the boys didn't spend it for that." (I found this story in Aunt Corinne's notebook too.)

William Wilkins, one of the sons of John and Catherine Rowan, was minister to Russia in 1844, Secretary of War under President Tyler (1836), and U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania. He married Matilda Dallas, a daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Another son, Major General John Wilkins, Jr., served as surgeon's mate throughout the Revolution. ² For three years he was Brigadier General of the Allegheny County Militia, having been commissioned in 1793 by his friend, Thomas Mifflin, who then was governor of Pennsylvania. He was prominent in the history of western Pennsylvania and also held the post of Quartermaster General of the Army from 1796-1802, the sixth to be so appointed. We have his picture, framed with that of his wife, Catherine Stevenson; it was taken from a portrait that used to hang in the old State, War and Navy Building in Washington.

In 1786 Margaret Wilkins, daughter of John and Catherine Rowan, married Josiah Tannehill, the son of John Tannehill who came from Scotland to America with his seven sons. He settled near Pittsburgh and lived there until the Revolutionary War broke out. Being a Royalist, John Tannehill went back to his country and his King, but three sons remained and were with Washington at Valley Forge, one of them being Josiah. He was first commissioned as an Ensign and in 1779 as Paymaster of the 9th Virginia and served until 1783, entirely in the Western Military Department. At the close of the war he received land grants for his military service. It is recorded of him in family notes that he was "a gentleman of considerable literary acquirements and had handsome property". It is also stated that he owned the finest library in the country around Pittsburgh where he was a Burgess in 1794. "So in the marriage of Josiah Tannehill and Margaret Wilkins there was the union of two fine strains of Colonial and Revolutionary blood". About 1799 Josiah and his family emigrated to Kentucky. He was a land speculator and in this capacity travelled over the country. He died in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in 1811. His wife

1. Pennsylvania Genealogies.

2. Quartermaster Review July-August 1953.

remained in Louisville, Kentucky, until her death in 1839 and is buried there beside her grandson the little son of Wilkins Tannehill.

Wilkins Tannehill, born in 1787 at Pittsburgh, was the eldest child of the Josiah Tannehill's and was educated at the then new College of Pittsburgh. ¹"Three uncles on the Wilkins side owned the Saline Salt Works in Southern Illinois. To a clerkship in that industry young Wilkins Tannehill was sent, likely in 1799. His tenure there was brief. Salt wells of greater strength were developed in north-eastern Kentucky, and over the line in the Kanawha Valley. The Wilkins transferred most of their interest to the new territory, and Wilkins Tannehill went with the transfer, being located in the offices at Lexington. He was probably the sales manager of the salt company. It is known that he made trips to Memphis, Natchez, and New Orleans to establish distributing depots. The salt business flourished, and in 1810 he asked to be sent as representative to Nashville. 'The City of Rocks' as he so caressingly referred to it in later times, must have been most inviting then to an alert young man, aged twenty-three. He took with him a bride who had been Eliza Dewees of Lexington. It was her grandfather who had furnished Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. She matched the distinguished blood that ran in Tannehill's veins, and for thirty-three years was his devoted and intelligent wife and counselor. To them were born seven children, and the fourth and fifth generations of Tannehill influence, wielded by the Bryans, the Bayless', the Berrys, the Gleaves', the Pilchers, the Dorris', the Averys, is potent in Nashville today.

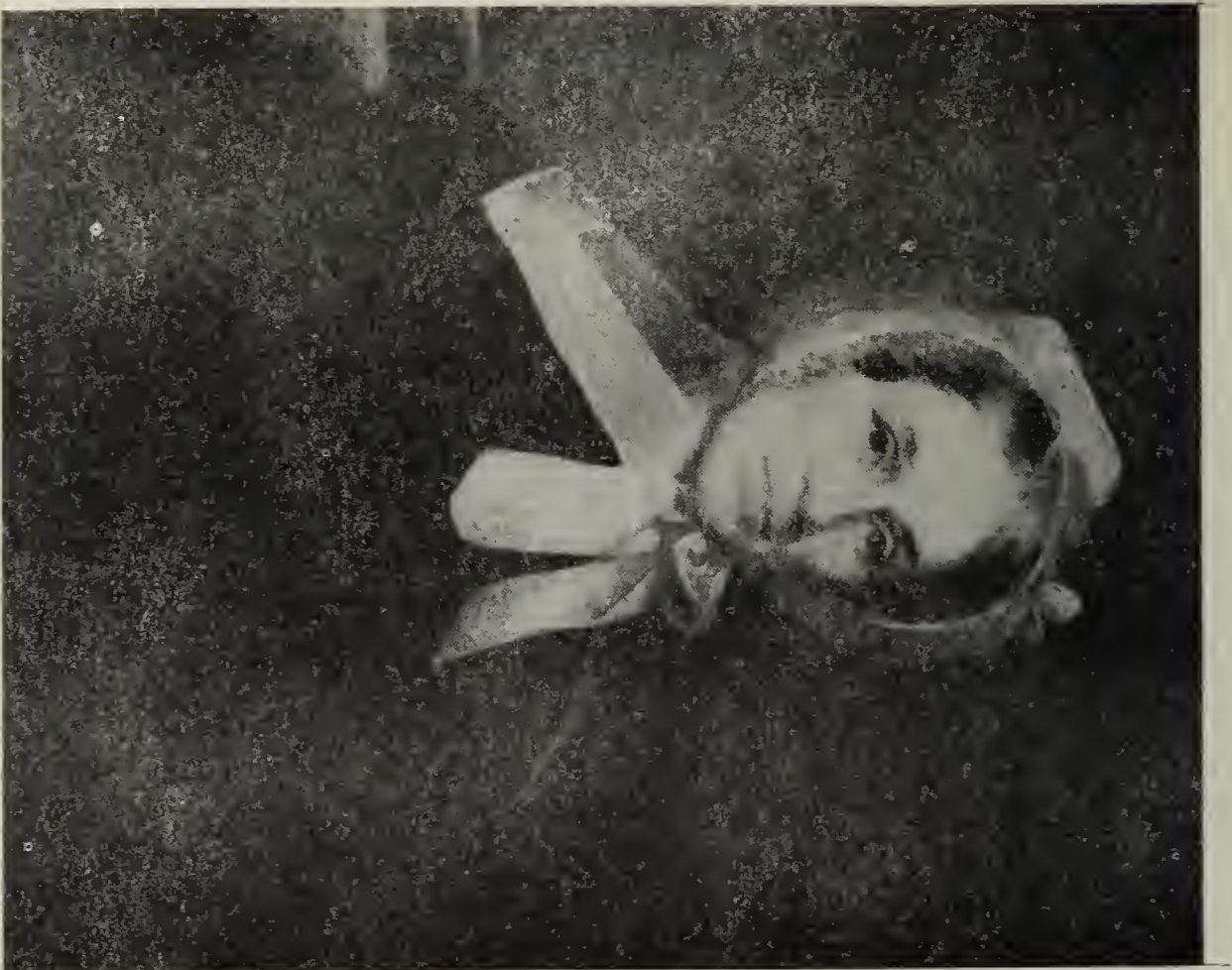
"In Nashville he opened a warehouse for the sale of salt from the Wilkins vats. It was a prosperous business. There was great demand for salt, and Wilkins Tannehill offered to Nashville the best salt then available. The young man rapidly became a part of the town's commercial and social life.

"Also Nashville was made the center for the purchase and storage of saltpeter, made in the limestone caves of Kentucky and Tennessee. The saltpeter works in Mammoth Cave was the largest unit of the Wilkins system. The product was furnished by contract to the Federal Government for the manufacture of gunpowder for use in the War of 1812. He served as Mayor for a term of two years, beginning late in 1825; but, in the main, his activities were literary and fraternal thence forward. He had been a commercial leader. He became now a spiritual leader."

²"He had ever been a fluent writer and is known as the author of a book entitled 'Sketches of the History of Literature from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the 15th Century', remarkable for its various reading and the spirit which animates it—and the of its production at an early date west of the Alleghenies. The preface modestly speaks of the work as an attempt of a backwoodsman, prepared during the intervals of leisure from the duties of an employment little congenial with literary pursuits, and without any opportunity for consulting extensive libraries. It was published in Nashville—then a backwoods town—in 1827, by John S. Simpson, long before the period of cheap stereotyping—when every type had to go through the fingers of the compositors, and when power presses were unknown.

"The old Franklin press was the only one then in use, the inking of the forms being done with chamois skin covered with bottle-shaped inkers. The typography is clear and accurate, and the impress is uniform. It would do credit to the best

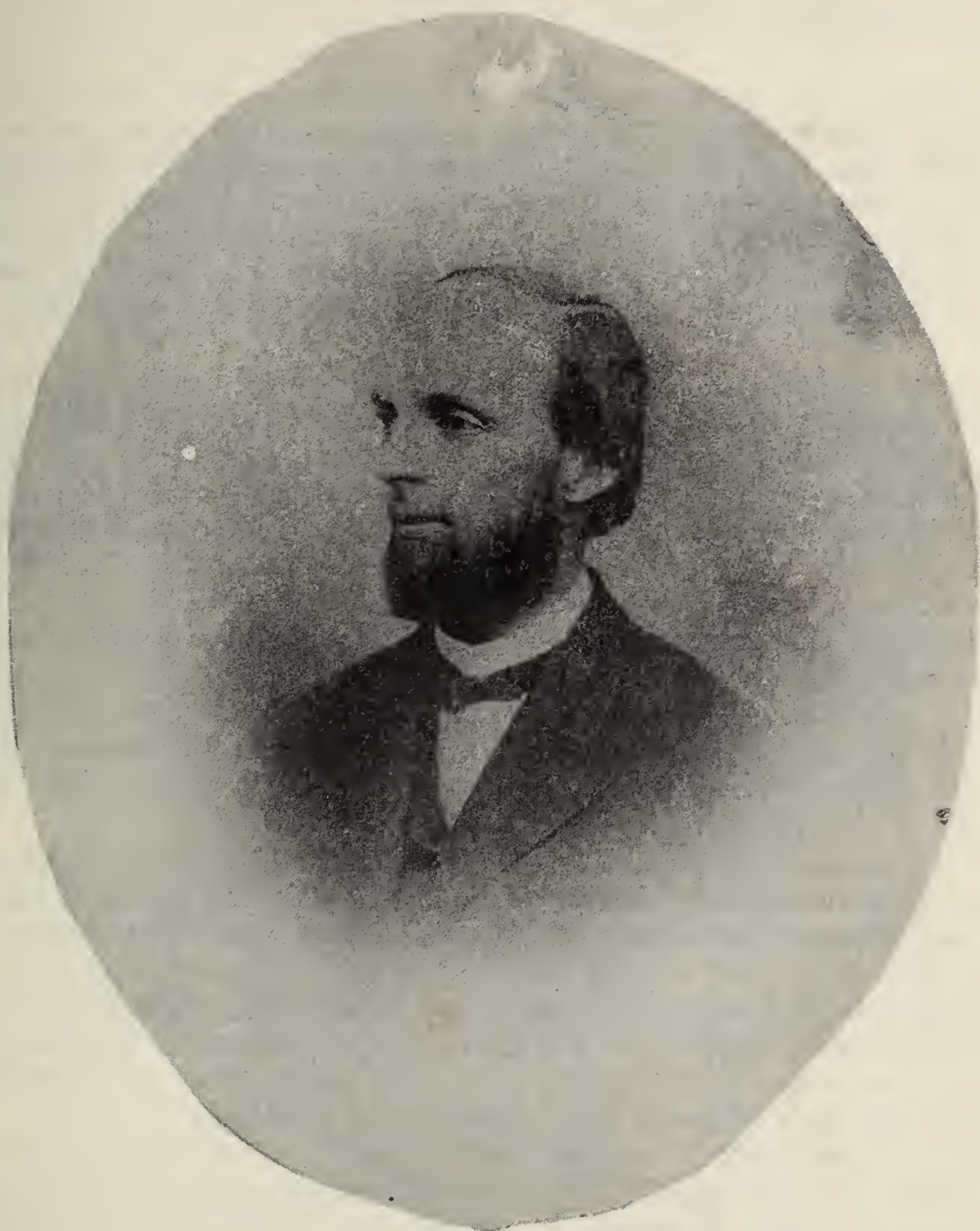
1. The Alumni News of The George Peabody College. Nov. 1933. Vol. VI
2. The Nashville-American, Nov. 21, 1909.



Eliza Dewees Tannehill



Wilkins Tannehill



Henry Albert Gleaves

equipped publishing house of the present day.”

Tannehill was for many years editor of the Nashville Herald, the first Clay-Whig paper ever published in Tennessee.

“He became the outstanding Mason of that section, and was Grand Master in Tennessee from 1817 to 1824, except in 1822 and 1823 when Andrew Jackson served. He twice held that distinction in Kentucky. ‘Tannehill’s Free Mason’s Manuel’ was used for half a century and it was he who made the address at the laying of the cornerstone of the State Capitol and his memorable speech in the Grand Lodge room when the guest of the order, General Lafayette, was elected a member, has never been surpassed”. He became blind late in life and died in 1858.

Eliza, the daughter of Wilkins and Eliza (Deweese) Tannehill, married Henry Albert Gleaves; two other daughters married William Berry and William Bayless, and the three brothers-in-law owned a bookstore in Nashville which was the resort of all the intellectual men of those days. It was the meeting place of the great, the clubhouse of the most highly cultured leaders of thought in Tennessee.

¹“A Famous Nashville Book Store. From 1840 to 1860 and later, one of the finest collections of literary publications to be found in the United States was in the store of W. T. Berry & Co.

“The Company consisted of W. T. Berry’s two brothers-in-law William B. Bayless and Henry Albert Gleaves. The wives of these three men were sisters and the daughters of Wilkins Tannehill—Mary, Anne and Eliza.

“The stock consisted of the finest bound and best printed books of European writers, ancient and modern, as well as the current fiction of the times.

“Mr. Berry was by nature a book man and was very fond of rare and quaint productions of authorship and the printed art, and kept them in stock, to please his southern customers having similar taste. He bought stock in eastern cities but his finest books were imported from London and Edinburgh.

“A part of the store was furnished with chairs and cushions for the convenience and comfort of patrons. This store was the general meeting place of all the Whiggs and Democrats—lawyers and statesmen of Tennessee and other Southern states, when in Nashville on business legal or political missions. These men were large purchasers as well—of the best and best dressed literature”.

When the Civil War began Mr. Berry was almost alone in maintaining Union sentiments and condemning the idea of secession so you can imagine his grief when his son joined the Confederate Army and two years later died as a result of his wounds when he was twenty years old.

The story of the Gleaves side of the family seems to be a bit confused. It is definite that William Gleaves was born in England in 1745. He came to this country and during the Revolution was a First Lieutenant in the Virginia Militia from

1. Copied from Aunt Corinne’s Notebook.

Montgomery County. He married Elizabeth Turk (daughter of Thomas Turk) who was born in Augusta County, Virginia in 1753. Her brother was Major Thomas Turk of the Revolutionary Army. William and Elizabeth had eleven children, some of whose descendants still live in Wytheville and Lynchburg, Virginia. William died in Wytheville in 1820 and I have a copy of his Will.

In Aunt Corinne's notebook I found a record of Michael Gleaves who fought in the Revolution and was in the battle at King's Mountain, North Carolina. As the same names are used for the children of William and Michael Gleaves I believe that they were relatives, probably brothers. We have always called the Virginia Gleaves cousins and as the Colonial Army at King's Mountain included a great many Virginia Militiamen, that would explain how Michael came to be in North Carolina.

Aunt Corinne says "Michael Gleaves came from North Carolina to Kentucky in the early days of 1782, but did not locate here. He came to Fort Mansker and entered land across the Cumberland River at Jones' Bend. Then returned to North Carolina and brought his slaves and other property back to the fort. He brought with him his bride Rachel. This was in 1782.

"They lived in the fort, would cross the river in the mornings and clear land during the day, returning to the fort at night. By 1787 or 1788 they had cleared ground and made improvements—the Indians having been driven away, they moved to their new home. This house is still standing and occupied by a branch of the family.

"Michael Gleaves and his wife, Rachel, died leaving four sons and one daughter. Their names: Michael 1791, Matthew 1793, William 1795, Thomas 1789 and Elizabeth. Thomas and Michael married sisters, Mary and Sallie Dean. Thomas married Mary and had four sons—two died in infancy. William and Henry Albert lived to marry and have families of their own. Henry Albert Gleaves married Eliza Jane Tannehill and their children are Mary Eliza, Emma, Fannie Hunt, Corinne, Anna, and Albert.

"My father's mother, Mary Dean, was raised on Whites Creek and after her marriage to my grandfather, Thomas Gleaves, moved to Jones' Bend and lived there until her husband's death. He died suddenly of apoplexy.

"She married a Mr. Fletcher, a widower, with several children and then moved to Murfreesboro where she died. Her children and grandchildren are living there now and many are buried in the old Fletcher grave yard at the old home on the Salem Pike near Murfreesboro.

"My grandmother's father, James Dean, fought in the Revolutionary War and was noted for his great activity.

"Our father, Henry Albert Gleaves, came from near the Hermitage. His mother was a kinswoman of Andrew Jackson.

"Many families by the name of Gleaves are still living in the western part of Virginia. The late Major Hunter of Winchester, Virginia, who served under Stonewall Jackson once told my brother that he knew all the Gleaves in the 13th Virginia Regiment, and that there were no better fighting men in the Army."

When I was a girl in Winchester I knew Major Hunter and another Confederate soldier, Major Gordon. The two were great friends and frequently in the evening would reminisce over a few mint juleps. This usually ended by the entire neighborhood being waked with the ear-splitting rebel yell. We used to spend our summers in Winchester with either Miss Annie Maguire, sister of the well known doctor, or with Miss Lizzie Sherrard and were what is known as "paying guests" (and the emphasis is on the *guest*). Both houses were very old and most attractive. The Sherrard house had been used as headquarters by the Hessians. Mrs. Dandridge's house, across the street from Miss Maguire's had a Revolutionary cannon ball imbedded in the brick wall and Mrs. Dandridge owned General Braddock's red silk sash that was used as a hammock-stretcher to carry him off the field of battle after he received his fatal wound. I held the sash in my hands and saw the dark stains that had been made by his blood. The sash was made of a very fine and strong silk mesh and British General Officers wore them so that they could be used for this purpose. I believe that General Braddock's is now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

During the Civil War Winchester changed hands eighty times and it was from here that General Sheridan is supposed to have started on his famous ride. But in Winchester the story is that he was playing poker and never went at all and they will show you the house where the game was held!

"Taylor Gleaves,¹ who is a prominent citizen of Lynchburg, Virginia, and a civil engineer, says that the Gleaves family originated from Samuel Gleaves who was aide-de-camp of General Braddock and was granted large tracts of land in southwestern Virginia.

"This year's graduating class at West Point has a Samuel Gleaves who I presume is of the same family."

"Lieut. Col. Samuel Gleaves died in Walter Reid Hospital, Washington, D.C. January 1926. A graduate of West Point 1900. I have never known a more popular man than Col. Gleaves. He was from Wytheville, Virginia."

But to go back to my grandparents, Henry Albert and Eliza Gleaves. Of their four daughters, Mary Eliza and Anna died when young girls. Aunt Corinne married Elbridge Eastman and had a daughter and two sons. After the death of her husband she taught in the public schools, becoming Superintendent of the Tarbox School, and was beloved by everyone who came in contact with her, both young and old. Her son Charles never married and died in 1908. Henry died in 1926 leaving two sons and a daughter. Corinne junior married the Reverend Erwin Anderson, DD. and they and their children and grandchildren still live in Nashville where Dr. Anderson holds an important position in his church. Aunt Fanny never married but devoted her life to church work. Aunt Emma married Charles Grier and had two sons and a daughter. Her grandson, Albert Gleaves Grier, survives and lives with his family in New Jersey.

During Father's early childhood the Civil War was raging (he was born on January 1, 1858) and Nashville was an armed camp. He was about five years old at the time of the battle of Nashville and he used to tell us how frightened he was when he heard the guns and that he and his dog, Spot, hid in the cellar until it was

1. From letters written by Albert Gleaves 1900 and 1926.

over. The picture of him at that age wearing a plaid dress and holding a Confederate flag inspired his mother to write this poem which was published in the Nashville newspaper:

The Mimic Soldier

I'm doin' to the wars mamma,
But I'll soon be back adin;
I'll bing old Linku's head to Pa.
And make the Yankees yun like sin!
Thus lisped my darling little boy
As he marched into my room
With his gun—his much prized toy—
His knapsack, and his drum.
Then from the window at my side
He waved his tiny flag, and full of glee
He gave "three cheers!" God bless the child!
I know that we shall yet be free.
I pushed his soft and sunny hair
Back from his snowy brow,
And left a kiss imprinted there,
And wished he was a man just now;
And I'd send him forth to fight
With a blessing on his head,
(For I know our cause is right)
E'en should *his* dear blood be shed.
I gaze on him with loving eyes,
"My little soldier boy",
And thank my God for such a prize,
My sunlight and my joy.

September, 1861

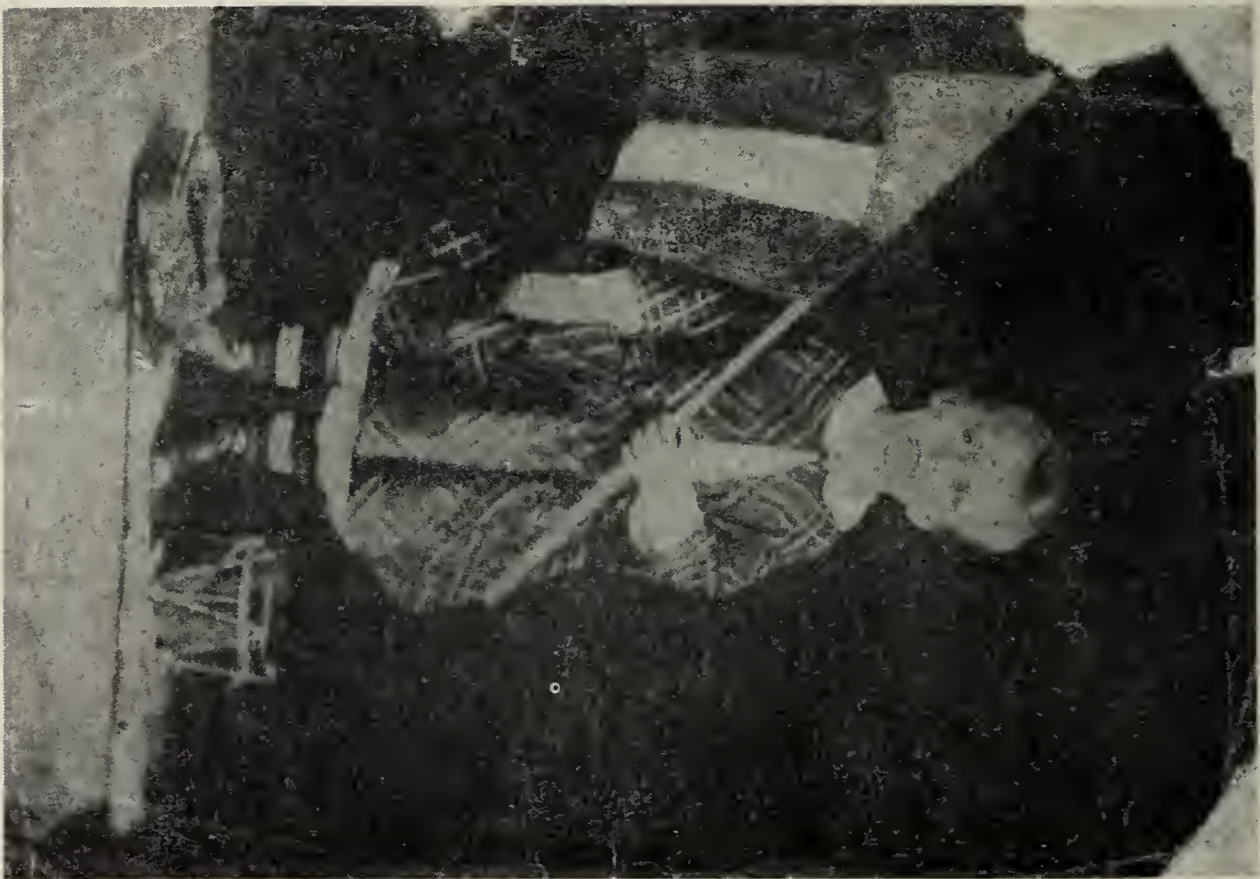
From his early youth Father had an interest in the sea, even writing a composition entitled "The Brinny Deep" at the age of nine! Maybe he inherited this love of the sea from that distant relative Henry Bowyer who was sunk by Captain Kidd, but more likely it was caused by the example of his first cousin, Albert Gleaves Berry, who entered the Naval Academy in 1865 and became a Rear Admiral before his retirement in 1910. He wrote this very amusing letter to my Father:

London, June 9th, 1871

Dear Albert,

I was very much gratified and surprised to receive a letter from you while I was in Lisbon and hope you have not given up all hopes of my answering it. My time is so much occupied with duty and state affairs that I find very few opportunities for writing.

From your letter, I think you have a desire to enter the United States Navy, first going to the Academy. Well I wont advise you to go, I am delighted with it, and intend to remain where I am, till I can find some sweet creature such as I have in my mind's eye at present, that is rich



Albert Gleaves
Civil War



Albert Gleaves
Midshipman

enough to support two.

Let me give you some idea of our passage from Lisbon here. After we had been at sea for three days, we reached Cape Finisterre the N.W. point of Spain, and the same place where the English man-of-war the "Captain" went down with 500 souls. Just as we had weathered that stormy Cape, it came on to blow a N.E. gale, directly in our teeth (nautical). It blew so hard that if you opened your mouth, your teeth would disappear down your throat. I lost my eyebrows but I kept my mouth shut. I had to keep my watch above the rail to look out for vessels and every sea would take me in the back. Consequently I was doused and wet through. Never turn your back on a bullet, my boy, but back up to a heavy green sea. This is good advice, such as any old tar like myself would give. To the point. The "Juniata" had one of her boats stove in and it was washed overboard. She was flooded. We had our sails blown to ribbons, the jib, the mizzen topsail and the mainsail all blown away. A man was standing on a grating above the rail about eleven o'clock at night and both were blown overboard. The sea was very rough, but a boat was lowered and he was picked up.

This may be all very pleasant from your point of view (let me light my pipe, and I will proceed). If you think very strongly about leaving your comfortable home, your mother, father and sisters, your *cara bambina* (Italian) to seek a fortune on the wild seas, go to Garrett and he may be able to tell you more than I can about the entering examination. During the past six years, I have forgotten mine, and his may be fresh in his memory. If you do conclude to go be *certain* that your mind is *made up*. Don't think there is nothing but sunshine, for you will be mistaken. There are many hardships to be overcome and there are many pleasures. You will be separated from all those whom you love. They will be compelled to give you up. In my case I have some one over here, to whom I have transferred a large portion of my affections, reserving a certain portion for those of my family. You need not mention this to the young ladies at home, for if they know it they will have nothing to do with me when I return.

Be certain you have the consent of both your father and your mother and then go.

I believe if you went to the Naval Academy you would do yourself, your family and your state "proud".

If you go—study hard, not do as I did, never look into a book until ten minutes before I went to recitation. I loafed during study hours, and stood guard with a heavy musket on my shoulder during recreation. There is not much fun in that. Make choice of a good, honest, upright classmate for a room-mate. The others will soon be weeded out.

Wear boots, for you can send them out in town every Saturday (to be mended) and bring them back Saturday evening with a bottle of Annapolis "lightening", warranted to kill around the corner. Have two wash bowls for they are splendid to make punches, but be certain to throw all bottles over the sea wall, and take the smell out of the room before the inspecting

officer comes around. Learn to stow a large "soger" so no one can tell you have any tobacco in your mouth.

And now I will rest, as my thoughts are wandering to Geneva. *She* is there.

Best love to all out home and everybody else you think would like to have any. If you see any "sweet sixteen" loitering in the streets, looking disconsolate let her know that I am open to the highest bidder.

Your affec. cousin

Albert Gleaves Berry

The Hon. Horace Maynard M.C.

Washington

My dear Sir:

I am informed by my uncle Mr. W. T. Berry that you have favored me with an appointment to the Naval Academy. Please accept my thanks for this honor, which I duly appreciate and accept in *all good faith*.

If received into the academy, I shall endeavor to be a dutiful and diligent student, and trust that my conduct will *always* and under *all circumstances* be such, that you may never have cause to regret your choice

Truly and gratefully yours

and then written in Father's handwriting is this note: This letter was written by my father for me to copy and send to Mr. Maynard when he appointed me to the Naval Academy.

A. G

And so in June 1873, at the age of fifteen, standing 5'1" and weighing 100 pounds Father left home to enter the Naval Academy. In those days both the mental and physical examinations were given at Annapolis—a long and arduous trip for such a young boy alone. When he arrived at the old Maryland Hotel he found a number of other candidates, all as nervous as himself, except for one boy—older than the others and who had failed on several previous occasions. He took charge of the group. At dinner this older boy turned to the colored waiter and asked him how the examinations were that year. "Oh they's pretty bad—lots of gentlemen is failing". This did nothing towards bolstering Father's courage!

On June 12, 1873, the morning after the examinations had been held Father went into the Yard to find out the result. As he started up the steps of the Administration Building a boy and his father came down—the boy crying and the father shaking his head and saying "I was so willing to give him to his country!" This was too much and Father turned and fled. He was sitting on the steps of one of the buildings, utterly dejected, when he saw a magnificent officer approaching—an immaculately turned out and dapper Lieutenant, followed by a Marine orderly. The Lieutenant sent the orderly on an errand and when he asked "Where will I find you Sir?", the lordly Lieutenant replied "In the Yard". Then he noticed the small boy on the steps and giving him a friendly look said "Keep a stiff upper lip, youngster, keep a stiff upper lip" and went on his way, leaving Father wondering whether he would ever reach such heights. The Lieutenant was Willard H. Brownson,

later Rear Admiral, and he and his wife became life-long friends of my father and mother

Finally Father screwed up his courage to go back to the Administration Building and found he had passed the examinations. He was sent out in town to the shoemaker (who was also a Notary Public) to take the oath of allegiance. The man produced a Bible, told Father to raise his right hand and then rattled off the oath so fast that the only words Father understood were "—so help you God, fifty cents"! The way it is done today is certainly a vast improvement—standing in a group in Memorial Hall under Commodore Perry's flag from the battle of Lake Erie, and surrounded by the portraits and memorials of officers that represent the history of the Navy from its earliest beginnings to the present day.

Father's midshipman training cruises were made in the old Constellation—his station, the top-gallant yard. He had the usual four years at the Academy and then went to sea in the Hartford—Farragut's flagship at the battle of Mobile Bay. In Father's recollections he says that the customs on board ship in those days had not materially changed from those described by Marryat. "Salt food, oil lights, bilge smell, crowded steerage (as the Midshipmen's Quarters were called) were as Peter Simple knew them. There were no electric lights, no cold storage, no distilled water, no modern plumbing, no steam launches or motor boats, and no ship libraries as we know them now. Midshipmen slept in hammocks or stowed themselves on transoms and fed on hardtack, salt horse and weak tea or coffee. There was no privacy, at least for the youngsters.

"Steam was only used to enter or leave port and when we got to sea the propellor was hoisted and sail made. The Hartford at that time was full ship rigged and carried studding sails, and could make twelve or thirteen knots with a favorable wind."

Promotion was slow and Father served nearly four years as Past-Midshipman before he was commissioned Ensign January 1, 1881 and another six years before he became a Junior Lieutenant. Practically all of this time was spent at sea, cruises to South America, Europe and China via the Mediterranean and Suez. It was during a short tour of duty at the Naval Proving Ground (now the Experimental Station) at Annapolis that Father and Mother first knew each other and when they were married on June 12, 1889, in old St. John's Church in Washington. Soon after that Father went to sea again and Mother returned to Washington, where my sister Anne was born on July 15, 1890. I was born at the Washington Navy Yard May 26, 1895.

During the Spanish War Father had command of our first torpedo boat the U.S.S. Cushing, which was about the size of the present day P.T. boat. Coming into New York harbor in the wake of an ocean liner Father had the leadsman taking soundings all the way—he was taking no chances with his first command. The Cushing was ordered to Key West, Florida, where Father was in charge of the cable office. He and General Fitzhugh Lee in Havana would exchange messages every day to be sure that the cable had not been cut. One day the Cushing received orders to go to Havana and lay alongside the U.S.S. Maine. She ran into a very bad storm and Lieutenant Cabell Breckinridge was washed overboard and drowned, in spite of the heroic efforts of the colored cook, who jumped into the high seas and did succeed in bringing his body back on board. On account of this tragedy the Cushing was sent back to Key West the following morning and that night the

Maine blew up! Fate is a curious thing—the orders for the Cushing to go to Havana were sent by mistake and had Cabell Breckinridge not lost his life the ship would have blown up with the Maine.

Captain Sigsbee was the commanding officer of the Maine and I have his message to the Secretary of the Navy regarding the destruction of the ship. The message reads:

Sec. Nav

Cipher Code sunk with Maine, but easily recovered by diver. For that reason American wrecker desirable. Maine was probably destroyed by a mine. It may have been done by accident. I surmise that her berth was one planted previous to her arrival, perhaps long ago. I can only surmise this.

Sigsbee, per Hood.

Then Father has written:

“This paper was handed to me by Lieut. John Hood, U.S.N., one of the survivors of the Maine on his return to Key West immediately after the explosion with instructions from Capt. Sigsbee to put it in code and wire to the Navy Dept. It was never published.

“Several years afterwards I showed it to Sigsbee, then Chief Intelligence Officer, and asked him to sign it. He declined to do so, said it was a most important document and made a copy of it. He asserted he had no recollection of sending it.

“It was written by his aide Ensign Holden, U.S.N., who in after years was lost at sea when a United Fruit Co. Steamer went down in the Carribbean.”

During the Spanish War we were living in Washington and all our furniture was stored at the Navy Yard. A rumor started that Admiral Cervera's fleet was coming up the coast and would bombard Washington, so Mother hastily arranged to have her furniture put on a wagon and taken to the country where we were spending the summer. The dining table that we now use was the last piece to be loaded and had to be tied on the back of the wagon. On the way the rope gave way and the table fell off and broke. You can see where a piece of wood had to be put in to repair it. This same table was the one used when my grandmother had the boarding house. Of its twelve original leaves only one remains today.

In 1901 Father was ordered to command the U.S.S. Dolphin, the yacht used by the Secretary of the Navy and the President, and when the Mayflower was made the President's yacht in 1903, Mr. Roosevelt asked to have Father as her captain. He had almost two years of this duty and he and mother came to know the President and Mrs. Roosevelt very well and the friendship lasted as long as they lived. This is an amusing letter that Father wrote Mother on one of the first trips that the Roosevelt family made on the Dolphin.

U.S.S. Dolphin

Quantico, Md., Dec. 26, 1901

I feel indeed that I am in a nursery. The children—I mean the little Princes are now having a pillow fight in the upper cabin with our beautiful satin covered cushions; Mrs. R. is in the lower cabin reading to Ethel, and Miss Carew has just completed a dozen postal cards illustrated with Italian views, and brought them up to be mailed tonight! I don't suppose there is a P. O. in a radius of 10 miles of the ship. The Royal Physician is entertaining the "one other gentleman", a Mr. McIlhanny of Louisiana. I should like to ask this latter personage if he is connected with the Tobasco Sauce industry of New Iberia. (See the bottle if you don't understand this allusion.)

Rixey¹ and "Teddy" will shoot ducks at the Club house tomorrow until noon, then we will go down to Lower Cedar Point and shoot all day Saturday returning to Washington Sunday. Mrs. R. thought of going to Annapolis but as Teddy couldn't do both and get back on time, he elected the Ducks.

Mrs. Roosevelt is very lovely and sweet, but looks very tired. She is as cordial as possible. The children are to say the least noisy and have been all over the ship. I have had the honor of being *butted* twice by Quentin, aged four, who struck me like a battering ram. I have not yet acquired their names but they are ubiquitous. However the rain has now corralled them in the cabin. I would rather be surveying.² Honor, I wanted really, really, honor. I am not intended for an attache of the Royal Household.

Later; I have just had occasion to visit the after cabin. The rugs are all skew-whiff; Ethel has joined the others in an attack on the Tabasco Sauce man; when I saw Tremlet or Gimlet or whatever his name is, shy a delicate pink cushion at Rixey's dog, who is also comfortable in the cabin, I fled in despair. In my flight I noticed the mob had discovered the writer's rubber stamps and had stamped everything in sight. The steward followed me in desperation and exclaimed "Captain they will tear up the cabin". "I know it," I said, "but tonight take off all the pillow covers, see that everything movable is stowed out of reach."

Quentin has just informed me that he likes the Dolphin better than the Sylph because she is so much bigger to play on.

9.40 P.M. Dinner passed pleasantly and without any breaks, except that I noticed for the first time there were no bread plates. Mrs. R. sat on my right, and Mr. McI on my left. Dr. Rixey sat at the foot with Miss Carew on his right, while the three children were disposed in the other places. The two younger ones were already in bed and so we had quiet.

After dinner all the officers came up and were duly presented, made a short call and then retired.

Mrs. Roosevelt tells me that she wants the Dolphin to take her to Oyster Bay next summer when Congress adjourns. I fear that she, and not *my* little wife will have the ship.

1. Admiral Rixey, the White House physician.

2. While surveying for the Hydrographic Office a short time before, Father had found the greatest depth in the Atlantic.

Friday, December 27. I was awakened early by "Archie's" shrill whistle.

Saturday, December 28. The good weather has gone and we have rain. In the afternoon we all went down to the Light House and visited the Farm, and had cake at the Farm House.

The following letter and newspaper clipping were in Father's papers:
Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 24, 1902

Respectfully referred to Captain Gleaves, Commanding the U.S.S. Mayflower.

Wm. Loeb, Jr.

Acting Secretary to the President.

(The clipping) Roy Barrett, formerly a Globe carrier, and who is now a stenographer on board the president's yacht, "The Mayflower", writes: "We arrived in Oyster Bay Saturday. The president came aboard this afternoon. He is a nice looking man, but rather stout. He has the greatest raft of kids you ever saw in your life, and the Barretts would be prize winners at a beauty show beside them. The Roosevelt children weren't on the ship five minutes before they were all through the rigging, and raising hell in general".

Also among Father's papers I found the following written in pencil in a child's handwriting:

"Plan to take the Mayflower and run her as a Pirate."

Certain	Nearly Certain	Uncertain
J. Proctor ¹	Lorraine R ⁴	Mollie (a) nurse
G. Pinchot ²	Ethel R ⁵	Chase (b) ?
Mrs. Roosevelt ³	Kermit R ⁶	Basoh (c) Jap Steward
	Archie R ⁷	
	Quentin R ⁸	

So I imagine the children were quite a handful, but I know that Father became very fond of them all and they of him. Archie was a pallbearer at Father's funeral.

The boys went to the Force Public School on Massachusetts Avenue and Ethel went to the National Cathedral School. My sister Anne also went to the Cathedral School as Admiral Dewey (Admiral of the Navy) was on the Board and used his influence to get a scholarship for her. Anne and Ethel became friends and I have this letter written about 1903 from Ethel to Anne

1. Civil Service Commission.

2. Gifford Pinchot (later Governor of Pennsylvania).

3. Wife of the President.

4,5,6,7,8. Roosevelt children".

The numbers are in Father's handwriting and he has written, "This was written by T. R., Jr.

White House
Washington

Dear Anne:

Will you please come down this afternoon and have a real old fashioned game of hiding go seek with Father, he says *please* to come.

Ethel

ANSWER PLEASE

They used to play in the attic and Mr. Roosevelt told Mother that he could always tell when he caught Anne because of her long plaits.

It was during this tour of duty that Father wrote his "Life of James Lawrence", inspired by the letters of my great-grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Heap to Dr. Heap's father, Judge John Heap, describing the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon. President Roosevelt was very helpful in getting a publisher for it and told Father that he had had to pay to have *his* first book published.

While Father was gathering his material for this book he read a story about James Lawrence written by W. Kintzing Post of New York. Father wrote Mr. Post to ask his source of certain statements, and this letter was the beginning of a lasting friendship between both families—including the Post children and Anne and myself. I had some lovely visits with them on Long Island and Mary Post stayed with me in Washington the year she was a debutante.

From command of the Mayflower Father went to the Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island. He was in command, both ashore and afloat, from the time he went to the Dolphin in 1901 until his retirement as Admiral in 1922, an unusual record.

At this time the Bliss-Levitt Company was the only manufacturer of torpedoes—the station was just a testing and repair plant. Father thought the Government should have its own factory and he interested President Roosevelt in the idea, with the result that about 1905 Father and Lieut. Commander Gregory Davison were ordered to Europe to study the factories there and on their return the factory was built at the Torpedo Station. This proved highly successful for years, both in controlling prices and in supplying torpedoes. We spent four years there and some of my happiest memories are of that time. The Inspector's house had a most interesting history. The stone cellars (which were entirely above ground) had been used as barracks during the Revolutionary War and the earth breast works and earthen ammunition storage vaults were still in existence when we lived there. The gunpowder was stored in the old vaults and torpedoes in the cellars. After the Revolution the living quarters were built above the stone cellars and during the Civil War they were used as a hospital for the midshipmen when the Naval Academy was moved to Newport. Several officers told mother that they had taken many a dose of medicine in what was our drawing room.

From Newport we went to Seattle, Washington, where Father had command of the cruiser St. Louis. When he was promoted to Captain we came back to Washington and shore duty. Anne made her debut that year (1909) and had a very gay

winter. She was always very popular and seemed like a piece of Dresden china being very petite, with blond, curly hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks, and a slight stammer that was most attractive.

Mother, Anne and I continued to live in Washington during Father's next sea duty (in command of North Dakota—she and the Delaware were our first Dreadnaughts). In 1912 we went back to Newport, this time Father had command of the District, and we lived at the Training Station. I remember answering the telephone one night when Father and Mother were out and receiving the message from the radio station that the Titanic had struck an iceberg and was sinking.

We were only in Newport a few months when Father was ordered to command the Navy Yard and the District at New York. The beautiful house there was built in 1805 and the loveliest one we ever lived in. The architect is unknown but he was a master of his trade and we all thoroughly enjoyed that tour of duty. While we were there Anne and Lieutenant Thomas E. Van Metre became engaged. Tom's family lived in Martinsburg, West Virginia, and still own the farm that is part of the 10,000 acre grant made to John Van Metre on June 30, 1730 by William Gooche, Governor of Virginia, in the name of King George II. (The Governor was the nephew of our ancestor, William Gooche).

In 1913 Woodrow Wilson became President, Josephus Daniels was appointed Secretary of the Navy and Franklin Roosevelt Assistant Secretary. At first it seemed as if the contacts would be pleasant and harmonious but how wrong we were! Shortly after he took office, Mr. Daniels asked Father to go on an inspection trip in his yacht. He told Father of various changes he was considering, and among them was having the officers and enlisted men mess together. Father exploded and said "Good God Mr. Secretary you wouldn't do that! A Captain is monarch of all he surveys." Mr. Daniels replied "Captain Gleaves, monarch ain't a nice word." A few days later the story broke in the newspapers and there was a tremendous amount of publicity. Mr. Daniels denied that he had ever considered such a thing. From then on he hated Father and balked him at every turn. We never knew whether he thought Father had told the newspapers or whether it was because he knew that Father knew that Mr. Daniels had not told the truth when he denied considering such a plan. Father told us about it but we were sworn to secrecy and we never mentioned it until years after Mr. Daniels had left office.

When the landing at Vera Cruz took place Father was most unhappy at not being in the fleet and tried his best to get orders to sea. I was at Ogontz School outside of Philadelphia, a unique feature of which was military drill with wooden rifles in which all the girls had to take part. As commencement time drew near, the head mistress wrote Father and asked him to review us. I don't know what Father said to her but he wrote me that he had no idea of being seen reviewing a girls' battallion when his fellow officers were facing bullets in Vera Cruz.

We spent most of our summers in Jamestown, Rhode Island, and during one of these Mrs. Barratt of St. Louis, Missouri, was asked to paint a Madonna for the Catholic Church there. She asked me to pose for the Virgin and I held the baby son of Captain and Mrs. John Downes. It was a strange coincidence that she selected the two of us, because I was the great great-niece of Commodore Porter who commanded the Essex in 1812 and the Downes baby was the great great-grandson of Lieutenant Downes, the executive officer of that ship.



The Madonna
Jamestown, R. I.

On June 19, 1915, Anne was married to Tom Van Metre in St. John's Church in Washington where Mother and Father had been married, and I was her only bridesmaid. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith was the rector and when he came to see Anne and talk over arrangements she told him that she stammered. He said that was all right, he could marry her just the same. After he left Mother said "Anne, Dr. Smith stammers" and Anne replied "I know it and I was afraid he would think I was copying him." Mother had rented a friend's house on Jefferson Place for a few weeks before the wedding and the reception was held there. Jefferson Place is only a block long and at that time we knew practically everyone who lived on it. June 19th was a beautiful day and the house was small so the wedding guests overflowed onto the sidewalks and the street. Imagine what it would be like today!

That fall I made my debut—Mother and Father gave a tea-dance on Christmas Eve for my cousin, Mary Truxtun Garland, and myself. We were dressed alike in white tulle—she carried pink roses and I red. One Society reporter wrote "At last I have seen the perfect debutante and there are two of her." The party was given at Raucher's, the whole place beautifully decorated with evergreen trees and the lovely flowers we received. When Mother remarked on the difficulty of making up her list after being away for so many years, someone said "Why don't you use the Social Register?" and Mother replied "I not only need the Social Register but the lists of the Louise Home (for old gentlewomen) and the Gentlewomen's League"—and when an old friend from New York telephoned my Aunt Maggie Garland the next day and said she had been in Washington but didn't come to the tea because she hadn't brought a proper dress, Aunt Maggie exclaimed "Any dress would have done—the smell of moth balls was overpowering". And it was a wonderful party because so many of the old family friends were there—the so-called Cave Dwellers—as well as our more recent friends of all ages.

Our distant cousin, Mamie Beale Bakmetieff, whose husband was the Ambassador from Russia, was very kind about including Mary and me in the Embassy parties. It was quite an experience to go to the lovely house on Sixteenth Street—the door opened by a man in Cossack uniform—a beautiful portrait of the Czar hanging in the dining room—the butlers in Cossack uniforms. I was present at the dinner the Bakmetieffs gave in honor of Nona McAdoo (daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury) just after the announcement of her engagement to Mr. de Mohrenschildt, one of the secretaries at the Embassy. All during the evening messages were brought to the Ambassador and although he tried to show no emotion there was tension in the air and the party broke up rather early. The next day we read in the paper of the revolution in Russia. In 1924 I was in Paris and had lunch with the Bakmetieffs—the same Cossack opened the door and served the meal. The Czar's portrait was hanging in the drawing room and after lunch the Ambassador showed me a portfolio of beautiful photographs of the Royal family—what a horrible thing that massacre was!!! (When Admiral Badger took the 2nd Division of the United States Fleet to Kronstadt in 1911 Albert Cohen was his Flag Lieutenant and was presented with a similar portfolio which he still has).

In 1915 Father was made a Rear Admiral and given command of the Destroyers. The World War was going on in Europe and time was running out for us. It was September of 1916 that the German submarine U-53, commanded by Captain Hans Rose, came to Newport. Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe of Baltimore and I were having lunch on board Father's flagship when the orderly brought in a message and handed it to the Flag Lieutenant. He studied it a moment and then handed it to Father.

It read "German submarine flying man-of-war flag standing in the harbor." The officers quickly went on deck and Mrs. Poe and I to a porthole. There she came, one of our destroyers keeping a very close escort. The excitement was intense. She anchored and the customary calls were exchanged, the Captain saying that he would sail before sunset. The submarine was quickly surrounded by small boats and swarming with visitors all afternoon. Father took Mrs. Poe and me on board and the Captain took us below and showed us around—it seemed incredible that so many men had crossed the ocean in anything as small as that. I was told to look through the periscope. Suddenly the portion of the deck I was standing on, periscope and I, all descended into a deep well, which was a bit startling. However, I was returned safely and began to breathe again. As we left the boat in Father's launch sightseers were still swarming and we wondered how she could sail at the specified time—before we reached the Jamestown dock we looked back and the U-53 was underway and standing out through the dumplings.

The next morning as I came out of Trinity Church I saw officers and sailors hurrying down the hill toward the small-boat landing and asked what was going on. All destroyers had recalled everyone on liberty and were getting underway—the U-53 had begun an orgy of ship sinkings just outside the three mile limit and all night survivors were being picked up and brought back to Newport. A very frustrating situation—we were *neutrals* and therefore could not interfere—all we could do was to save lives. Fortunately the weather was calm and the German did give every ship time to lower its boats before putting a torpedo into her. I don't think any lives were lost but four or five English merchant ships went to the bottom.

While the United States fleet was in Guantanamo that next winter Father sent north one squadron of destroyers at a time for overhaul so that when we declared war on Germany in April 1917 and the British asked for destroyers to help escort convoys, they were able to sail immediately. Admiral Mayo's citation for a Distinguished Service Medal reads:

"Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves, U. S. Navy, is recommended for the award of the Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious services to the Government; first, as Commander of the DESTROYER FORCE, in maintaining that Force in such efficient operating condition that when the vessels were sent abroad they distinguished themselves in the execution of any and all services that they were called upon to perform; second, for his distinguished service in the organization, administration and operation of the CRUISER AND TRANSPORT FORCE, in which difficulties of every kind and description were ably and resourcefully overcome and the Army was transported to Europe in a highly efficient manner and with remarkably successful results. He is now continuing his conspicuous service in connection with the return of the Army from Europe."

It was due to this foresight on Father's part that when the first group of destroyers arrived in Queenstown, Ireland, and Admiral Sir Lewis Bayley asked how soon they could go to sea, Captain Taussig was able to reply "We are ready now."

It was during the winter of 1916 that I had my personal experience with Franklin Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I was invited to a dinner by the Secretary and Mrs. Roosevelt. As we were having cocktails

Mr. Roosevelt asked me to come into the adjoining room to see his ship prints. After a little conversation about the pictures he suddenly said "Where is your Father, Miss Gleaves?". I was dumbfounded and said a very earnest and quick prayer for help—which I certainly received for I answered "Surely you know better than I, Mr. Secretary. Isn't he in Guantanamo with the fleet?" Then came another question, "What do the officers think of Mr. Daniels?" "The older officers don't discuss such things with me Mr. Secretary" was my inspired answer. I knew if I said the wrong thing it was going to be used against Father and I was terrified. What Father and most of his friends thought of Mr. Daniels could never have been repeated at a dinner party! I found out afterwards that an Admiral's daughter had said at a dance that the fleet was on the way north. The Secretary was trying to fix the responsibility and had it been I, my Father would have suffered, such was the mutual feeling of dislike between them.

Mother, Anne and I were in Washington that winter. Anne had just lost her first child, Nancy Stribling, which was a great sorrow to her, and Tom was at sea in a destroyer. When President Wilson sent his message to Congress asking them to declare war Mother and I decided to go to the Capitol and hear what was going on. I wrote the following letter to Father describing what took place:

1706 Corcoran Street
Washington, D. C.
April 6, 1917

My own darling Daddy,

I bet you can't guess what Mother and I did yesterday. About 2.30 we decided we wanted to go to Congress so Mother called up Mr. Byrnes (Representative from South Carolina) and Mr. Poindexter.¹ They both said they couldn't do anything for us and advised us not to come down, but at three we left the house in the pouring rain. There was no (street) car in sight so we took a taxi at the Circle and arrived at the House at 3.15. Mother sent a note to the Representative from Tenn. but he couldn't be found, then we saw Poindexter and he said he would do what he could. While we were waiting I wrote a card to Ned Lane² and took it up to the Cabinet Gallery. ³Flood went up in the elevator with me so I spoke to him. He evidently didn't recognize me so I told him my name and that I had met him at the Roosevelt's and then asked him what he could do for me. He was very short with me and said he couldn't do anything. When we reached the entrance to the Gallery I suddenly had an inspiration and asked if the Russian Ambassador or his wife was in the Diplomatic Gallery but they weren't. There was no one there from the Embassy. Flood heard me ask and he jumped and listened to all I had to say to the gate-keeper. As soon as he got out of sight the elevator man gave me a ticket but told me not to dare tell anyone. I went back for mother and going down Flood was the most polite and apologetic person you ever saw. So sorry he couldn't do anything for me. I was crazy to tell him I had a ticket but I was afraid I might get my friend in trouble.

Mother made me go in the gallery first and I saw Edith Benham⁴

1. Senator from Washington State and a distant cousin.

2. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., son of Secretary of the Interior.

3. Senator from Virginia.

4. Social Secretary to Mrs. Wilson (later Mrs. Helm and Social Secretary to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Truman).

in the Executive Gallery so I sent her a note. She came out and said she was awfully sorry but she couldn't do a thing. In a few minutes though Mr. Tumulty¹ came out and got mother and took her in the Executive Gallery and at 4 o'clock we were both seated.

At seven we went down to the restaurant and got some food and while we were there some friend of Mother's introduced a Mrs. Van Horn (sister of Lieutenant Le Bourgois) and asked us to look out for her. We all three got seats together when we went upstairs at 8 o'clock and we stayed in that place till 3.30 a.m. How's that for energy? Twelve hours straight and I never heard so many speeches in my life. One, a man who seemed to be a fanatic, said "Tomorrow is the day Christ rose from the tomb and said 'Peace on earth good will toward men'".² Can you beat it? He was speaking against the resolution. Another spoke of Edward,³ King of England, and the Mi-Kay-do (that's the way he pronounced it). It was a wonderful experience.

When the vote was taken and each man answered yes or no to his name, Miss Rankin⁴ didn't answer at all. She left the House at 6.45 and didn't come back till 2. When she came in she sat with her head in her hands and old Joe Cannon⁵ went over and patted her arm and talked to her. At the end they called again the names of the ones who hadn't answered or who voted no and when her turn came she got up and gasped "I want to stand - by - my country - but I can't - vote - for - war", and sat down simply crushed and I think she was crying. All the men were lovely to her all day and when she got up a lot of them clapped and called "Vote! Vote!" and then went up to speak to her afterwards and one man took her arm and led her out. Now did you ever hear of such rot? It certainly is proof positive that Congress is no place for a woman. We met Abby Scott Baker⁶ as we were going out so mother said, "Now Abby, what do you think of suffrage?" Abby got wrathful and said "Well, she had a right to vote no if she wanted to." And mother said "Yes, but she didn't vote at all"—they had quite a little time together. Just as we were getting into the elevator a man dashed into the press room shouting "She says she voted No."

Well, when we came out there was no taxi in sight so we walked over to Union Station and there were none there and no Mt. Pleasant cars running so we took a 14th Street car and were going to get off at the Willard, and get a taxi there. We got off too soon by mistake and started walking up the Avenue when a taxi came along. Two men who got off the car when we did wanted it too, so we three got inside and they outside and we went as far as the Shoreham where we dropped them and then took Mrs. Van Horn home and as she lives at the end of nowhere it was 4.30 when we got home and we didn't get to bed till 5.

This morning I sang in the choir during the entire three-hour-service. Mother went to church for an hour and then to Home-Nursing and she is now resting. The nurse is going to let her make up her lessons and take

1. Secretary to President Wilson.

2. Next day was Good Friday.

3. George V, was King.

4. First Woman Congressman; the man she defeated committed suicide.

5. Speaker of the House.

6. One of the Suffragettes who picketed the White House.

the exams. Tonight we are going to a mass meeting of the Red Cross. Mother is to sit on the stage and I with the Blairs. They are coming for us at 7.45. I am going around there for tea in a few minutes to see Edith.

Ned's dinner was at home and then we went to Keith's as there was no music at the club on account of Holy Week. Tomorrow I am going to sell tags for the Columbia Hospital which will be a pleasant job. I don't know any more news. We had a very comfortable trip home.¹ Matilda² hadn't been out of the house except to go to the store because she was afraid something might happen. Isn't she a wonder? Our little deaf-mute is back and we are getting along splendidly. We certainly miss you. I wish you could have been with us yesterday.

Well, I must stop and change my clothes. Loads and loads of love to the dearest Daddy in all the world.

Steen³

Kate Henry Mason's daughter is to be married Thursday at St. John's at 12.30. A very small wedding. They telephoned this morning. Cheer up, that's another wedding present.

Soon after the declaration of war on Germany the destroyer squadrons began going overseas to strengthen the British convoy forces, and Father was wondering what was to become of him. On May 29th he was designated Commander U. S. Convoy Operations in the Atlantic—and the Navy owned two transports! From that humble beginning the Cruiser and Transport Force grew to ⁴forty-two transports, 24 cruisers, and numerous destroyers and converted yachts, in addition to 453 cargo ships. The first group sailed from New York on June 14, 1917, in a dense fog, Father leading in his Flagship Seattle. They were attacked by two submarines on the 22nd. "Lieut. T. E. Van Metre, executive officer of the Destroyer Wilkes was stationed at the special listening device known as the oscillator which had recently been installed in that vessel"—it must have been a far cry from the sonar gear our ships have today. The torpedoes missed their targets and the convoy reached St. Nazaire, France, safely.

Father went to Washington on June 4th for final instructions and on leaving the Secretary's office Mr. Daniels said:: "Admiral, you are going on the most important, the most difficult, and the most hazardous duty assigned to the Navy—good-bye". "A United States Army of over two million was transported to Europe—British Merchant ships carried 48½%, French and Italian ships 5½%, and 46¼% in U. S. Ships. Of the naval escort given these ships 83% was supplied by the U. S. Navy. This tremendous task was accomplished without the loss of a single soldier due to enemy action." An accomplishment which prompted the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, Admiral Lord Jellicoe, to say "From a seaman's point of view it is unparalleled in history." M. Painleve, French Minister of War, said "You have won a great Naval victory", and Theodore Roosevelt wrote mother the following letter;

1. From Yorktown, Va. where the fleet was based.

2. Colored cook and maid.

3. Father's nickname for me.

4. "Cruiser and Transport Force" by Albert Gleaves.

Sagamore Hill

Sept. 9th, 1917

Dear Mrs. Gleaves

I can not deny myself the pleasure of writing you just a line about the Admiral. I was so very glad that he had his chance; I knew how well he would take advantage of it. He has long been to me one of the men in our navy who most thoroly represented the best type of American "officer and gentleman". He has that combination of trained efficiency, dauntless courage—not merely physical but from the standpoint of acceptance of wearing and dangerous responsibility—and high and fine sense of honor which taken together make what we hope can be called most characteristic of what is best in the American character.

I am prouder of my country because he holds in it the position he does.

Always yours

Theodore Roosevelt

When Father was promoted to Vice-Admiral in December 1918 the officers on his staff gave a dinner in his honor and presented him with two beautiful silk flags—the National ensign and a Vice-Admiral's flag. Both of these are in the Naval Academy Museum in a glass case containing other mementoes of his career—his service sword and his presentation sword among them. We went to Nashville, Tennessee, for the presentation of the sword in April 1919,—Father, Mother, Anne and I—and what an exciting three days we had. We were entertained at lunch and dinner each day, we had fresh flowers to wear each time we left the hotel—all of Father's family and old friends were simply wonderful to us. After a banquet at the Hermitage Hotel the presentation ceremony took place in a huge auditorium filled with spectators. The sword hilt is set with precious and semi-precious stones and one side of the blade is engraved "He made the Sea Safe for our Soldiers"—the other side "From the Mothers of Nashville". In one of the speeches attention was called to the fact that this was the first time a sword had been given for the preservation of life rather than the taking of it. After Father made his speech, the Chairman of the occasion presented Mother with a book, bound in white leather and with illuminated text, that contains an account of Father's life and the list of the contributors to the Sword Fund. "The only contribution which was not made in honor of one seeing military or naval service of some sort was made in the memory of Mrs. Henry Albert Gleaves by one who cherished childish memories of the gentle kindness of the lady with the pretty white curls." The title page reads:

THE SWORD AND THE BOOK

Presented by
the People of Nashville, Tennessee

The Sword
to Albert Gleaves, Vice-Admiral U.S.N.

The Book
to His Wife, Evelina Heap Gleaves
1919

Tokens of Esteem from the Relatives and Friends of Thirteen Hundred Soldiers and Sailors and Marines.

FOREWORD

This book was intended as a memento for Mrs. Albert Gleaves on the occasion when her distinguished husband was presented a sword by the people of his native city, Nashville, Tennessee, in recognition of his conspicuous service to his country in the World War, 1914-1918.

As Commander of the Cruiser and Transport Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet the safety of hundreds of thousands of his country's soldiers was entrusted to his keeping. The manner in which he met his great responsibilities was such as to win not only immediate promotion from the Government, but the lasting gratitude of the mothers of American soldiers.

The sword, presented in the name of the Mothers of Nashville, was an expression of that gratitude, and this book, presented at the same time, was designed as a pleasant reminder for the woman who was the inspiration of his splendid career.

It was a thrilling evening and Anne and I were mighty proud of both of our parents.

During the war several portraits were painted of Father. The one by Mr. Roulon hangs in the Alumni House in Annapolis and the one by Mr. Hanks hangs in the Capitol in Nashville. Another was done by Mr. Cole but I do not know what became of that; I have the "study" he did for Mother at that time. None of them were very good likenesses. When Father and Mother stopped in Nashville on their way home from the Orient they went to the Capitol and asked to see the portrait of Admiral Gleaves (Father was in civilian clothes) and the young girl who showed it to them said "I understand it is a splendid likeness". Father said nothing and she didn't recognize him! The next day when he addressed a joint meeting of the Legislature the girl was present and came up to speak to him afterwards and said "that was the meanest thing anyone ever did to me. Why didn't you tell me who you were?"

Belle Kinney, a sculptress, made a life mask of Father (which he said was one of the most unpleasant experiences of his life) and after Father's death she made two busts—one is on the balcony outside Memorial Hall at the Naval Academy and the other is in the Postoffice Building in Nashville. The latter was unveiled by the Anderson girls, Father's great-nieces, and Mother and Anne and Anne's son, Albert Gleaves Van Metre, went to Nashville for the ceremony on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1939.

After the war was over the Red Cross held a big parade in New York of all its various services. Units came up from Washington and from various other nearby places. We marched, Mother, Anne and I, and it was the first time that women had ever marched on Fifth Avenue, or at least so we were told.

In September 1919 Father was ordered to command the Asiatic Fleet with the rank of Admiral. He hoisted his four-star flag on the South Dakota in New York harbor on the 19th and sailed a few days later.

Earlier that summer Tom Van Metre, who commanded the Destroyer Ellis was ordered to take his ship to Constantinople and it was arranged that Anne was to follow with Mrs. Bristol, wife of Admiral Mark Bristol our High Commissioner to the Turkish Government. Mother, Father, and I saw them off with many farewells, wondering when we would see Anne again. But Navy life being what it is, ten days after Anne arrived in Constantinople the Ellis was ordered home and Anne was back in New York in time to say good-bye to Mother and me when we sailed on the Great Northern for the Far East! However, she had had a wonderful time and enjoyed all of it, so had no regrets except perhaps that it hadn't lasted longer.

Our trip from New York to Manila took sixty-two days and being a very poor sailor I was miserable every day we were at sea—except the day we went through the Panama Canal! The ship had many vicissitudes, including the repeated breakdown of the refrigerating system, which necessitated laying over in both San Francisco and Honolulu—which we enjoyed immensely. We lived ashore at both places and had a very gay time. Mrs. Poe (the same one who went with us to see the U-53) was making the trip with us as her son, Edgar Allan Poe Jr., was a marine officer attached to the South Dakota.

From Honolulu we went to Vladivostock to leave replacement troops and take on board those due to go home. Most of the Allies were represented in Vladivostock and were there to repatriate the Czech troops who had gone into Russia to help General Kolchak and his White Russians fight the Bolsheviks. Kolchak was defeated and the Czech's retreat was cut off, so that they had to cross the entire of Russia and Siberia to Vladivostock where the Allies supplied ships to take them home. We were told how beautiful "Retreat" was each evening, as color guards of each of the Allies marched down the main street but were not allowed ashore as an attack on the city by the Reds was expected.

On the dock was a row of caskets, each covered with a United States flag—the bodies of American soldiers who had been shot from ambush, supposedly by the Japanese—one of *our Allies*.

From Vladivostock to Hong Kong and thence to Manila, where we joined Father. He had had a most interesting cruise through the South Pacific. In his notes he spoke of the radio news and said "we are in the position of a dumb man with an acute sense of hearing. We can hear San Diego talking to Honolulu and Honolulu talking to Cavite, and sometimes Darien or Panama breaks in, but we cannot reply even when they talk about us, or even to us. I hope the time is not far when a ship will be equipped with a long distance talking set". A situation hard for us to visualize in this day of instant communication around the world.

When the ship put in at Nukuhiva (largest of the Marquesan Islands) Father went ashore to call on the French Representative. When Father asked the Representative where Porter¹ had built his fort, he said he had never heard of Porter but thought the Mother Superior, who is eighty, might know and if not, surely the Cure would.

"We found the Mission situated in a grove of cocoanut trees; it was a series of frame cottages spotlessly clean, arranged along an avenue of palm trees and looking out toward the sea; at the end of this vista was the "South Dakota" which was steaming slowly in to pick up an anchorage inside the entrance. We

1. Commodore David Porter during the War of 1812.

accepted a glass of red wine, and one of the sisters, gave me an idol¹ hewn out of lava which was recently found in this island. An engraving of Pius X looks down pleasantly from the wooden partition of the room.

"The ship's photographer was on hand and took our pictures under the palms. The Mother Superior took my arm and adjusted her babette and rearranged her crucifix. Age cannot wither the infinite variety of a woman's little vanities.

"The French Representative suggested we stop at the cottage of Monsieur le Cure. He too has been in the islands many years and he gave me a lithograph copy² of an account of the war which Porter carried on with the natives, unfortunately it is in the Marquesan language, but I can read the names of Essex, Essex Junior, and Dupetit-Thouars. He told me that there was a Chief in the Islands named '*Porta*' who died about ten years ago, and the name was now extinct. He seemed to think that the visit of the 'South Dakota' was an especially interesting coincidence, as five years ago almost to the day, von Spee's Squadron came to the Islands. von Spee's officers and men, he said, behaved well but they carried off 25,000 francs in gold!"

Father's Asiatic Cruise was a fascinating and delightful experience for all of us and a wonderful way to close his long career in the Navy. The Commander-in-Chief was allowed the use of a yacht, the General Alava, captured during the Spanish War, and the only Navy ship in commission that women are allowed to live on. She had delightful and luxurious quarters—Father, Mother, Mrs. Poe and I plus several of the officers of the staff and their wives, made a cruise through the Philippine Islands, anchoring and going ashore at the larger ones. We went as far south as Borneo and though we drove out to the edge of the jungle we saw no "wild men". However we did have tea with the Sultan of Sulu and several of his wives! Later the Alava came up to China and we lived on board and did a little cruising along the China coast.

Shortly after the South Dakota arrived on the station, the ship went to Japan on a courtesy visit—the wives and children following by commercial steamer. *Officially* the Japanese outdid themselves to entertain us. When we were received by the Empress (only the officers were presented to the Emperor) they told us that it was the first time an unmarried woman had been presented (meaning me). The Emperor gave us a Duck Hunt followed by a luncheon at the Hama Palace in Tokyo. At a Japanese duck hunt the ducks are enticed into the blinds by tame ducks acting as decoys, while the hunters crouch behind the earthen barricades. A coolie makes a sudden noise, the startled ducks rise, the hunters swing their nets (resembling butterfly nets) and believe it or not we caught several! Mrs. Poe allowed her catch to escape before the coolie could kill it and the Japanese were very much annoyed—"He will tell the other ducks and then they won't come here anymore". We spent about a week or more in Tokyo and were entertained constantly but in spite of the official attitude we had plenty of opportunity to feel that the Japanese heartily disliked us and the ordinary citizen took no pains to disguise his feeling.

Nevertheless we enjoyed it all and managed to see a great deal of the country. We were there in the Fall with the brilliant foliage of the maples, and the chrysanthemum were in bloom, and again in the Spring when the countryside was a mass of color—azaleas, iris, wisteria and the cherry trees. In many places the iris grew out of the thatched roofs.

1. One of the Van Metre children has this idol.

2. In my possession—In 1953 the letter was taken to a conference in New Caledonia but was brought back with the news that it is written in Ancient Marquesian, a language known to only very few and very old people.

From Japan we went to China through the beautiful Inland Sea and spent Christmas in Pekin. As this too, was Father's first official visit we were presented to the President and his wife at the Palace and were extravagantly entertained again—but in China there was a sincere friendliness about it all that was so lacking in Japan—not for us personally but for the United States—for China felt that the United States was her friend and would surely help her. It was known that the Chinese War Lords were in the pay of the Japanese Government and they were extorting money from the people and devastating the country. A year later the civil war started and China has been a battlefield ever since. How we have failed them!

Our sight-seeing was made very delightful and easy for us in China. Our trips to the Great Wall and to the Ming Tombs will always remain in my memory; the magnificent Temple of Heaven and the Forbidden City (the home of the Emperors and Empresses in the days of the monarchy) in Pekin; our trip to Hangchow (the Chinese say "see Hangchow and die" there being nothing to compare with it); I could go on for pages but I will spare you and hope that some day you will have the opportunity to see all these things for yourselves.

While we were in Pekin I had my first airplane ride. An Englishman took me up in a two-seated open plane and we flew over the city. I had been told that it was a series of squares, each surrounded by a high wall, but from the narrow, winding streets it was hard to visualize this. Looking down from a plane the city was like a set of child's hollow blocks that fit into one another. The smallest being the Forbidden City with its Royal Yellow tiled roofs; then the Imperial City with green tiled roofs; then the Tartar City and finally the Chinese City where the lowly people live and where no glazed tile was permitted. Two broad, straight avenues lead to the Forbidden City from the world outside the walls—one running east and west, the other north and south.

After circling above the city a few times we came back to the airfield to land just as a camel caravan from Tibet crossed the edge of the field completing the contrast of a bygone age with the Twentieth Century of which one is so conscious in China.

The year and a half that Father was Commander-in-Chief was a time of great tension in the Orient. The Bolsheviks were in charge in Russia and the Japanese were gradually extending their control of China, while talking peace and friendship much as the Russians are doing today. While Father had never been noted as a diplomat—he was far too frank and straightforward—he was a great success in the Far East. He was polite but outspoken with the Japanese and they knew they weren't fooling him. He liked the Chinese and realized what they were facing and it was not through any fault of his that the United States did not live up to its promises and the Chinese knew it. When Father left Japan for the last time our Ambassador, Roland Morris of Philadelphia, wrote him "I want you to know that your tact and judgment have made your visit a real help in my work".

Father made several friends among the Chinese who kept in touch with him as long as he lived. One of them, Admiral Sah, Minister of Marine when we were in Pekin, gave Mother a set of tea bowls and as they arrived on my birthday she gave them to me. They are the small ones with the red fish on them. Commodore Lin, the Chinese High Commissioner in Vladivostock, was another—he gave me the big porcelain "Happy God" that we have in the living room. (The small Buddha of dark carved wood that we have, Father brought home from China in 1885).

The Happy God is also the God of Good Luck so I have always said he had a hand in saving our lives—this is the story. Father had been in Vladivostock for some months when he suggested that we—Mother, Mrs. Poe and I—come up from Manila and join him. The wife of the United States Consul had invited us to stay with them and he thought we would find it interesting. Most of the Allies had left, but the Chinese, Japanese and United States still had ships and troops there.

Vladivostock is built on the shores of Peter the Great Bay, supposed to be the most beautiful harbor in the world. We came in at sunrise and that was one morning I was up to see it. Along the shore were the very handsome buildings of the Naval School and a few stone business buildings. On the surrounding hills were endless shacks built of empty gasoline tins, in which most of the populace lived. There were two paved streets running at right angles—the others were ankle deep in mud in winter and dust in the summer. The United States Consulate was a handsome granite three-story house. The Consular Office occupied the first floor, the Consul's living quarters the second floor, and the third floor was rented to General Oi, the ranking Japanese in Vladivostock; and day and night a Japanese sentry stood with rifle and fixed bayonet on the steps leading from the second to the third floor!

One day, after a luncheon on Commodore Lin's ship, Father drove us out to Second River to see how the Japanese were fortifying the place. The Bolsheviks had captured Vladivostock several months before and every Russian who cared to go on living was wearing a piece of red cloth in a conspicuous place on his coat—but as the Allies removed their troops Japan was sending in more and more. (By the time I was in Vladivostock on my way home a coup d'état had been successful and the Japanese were in complete control of the city.) As we were returning from our drive the chauffeur pulled to one side of the road to allow a wagon to pass,—but instead of being on a roadbed the outside wheels were over the edge in a snow bank and the car rolled down the hill, turning over three times. By some miracle none of us were killed, although Mother, Father and the chauffeur were pretty well knocked out. A Russian car came by just at that moment and with some difficulty was persuaded to stop and to take those three into town while Mrs. Poe, the Flag Lieutenant, the United States soldier guard, and I started the long walk home. Of course we got lost, night came down, and then just as we reached a lighted street a thick fog rolled in. However, we made it back to the ship and found the Happy God waiting for us. Commodore Lin had had him delivered on board just about the time we turned over!

In the summer of 1920 Mrs. Poe and I came back to the States and I spent the following winter with her and Mr. Poe in Baltimore. Among the many lovely things they did for me was to give a beautiful dance at the Country Club so that I could meet all of the young people; I rode to hounds for the first time in my life—I might almost say I *rode* for the first time, for never before had I been on a thoroughbred horse, a side-saddle, or gone over a jump. It was a thrilling experience and I loved every minute of my visit there.

Father was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by Admiral Strauss in February 1921 and he and Mother came back to Newport, Rhode Island, where Tom Van Metre was on duty at the Torpedo Station. They arrived in time to be with Anne when her baby was born on May 18, 1921—Evelina Gleaves, named for Mother. In June Mother went to Europe with a friend for the summer and Father and I went to the Navy Yard in Boston where he was ordered to command the 1st Naval District. We had a very happy six months there until Father reached the retiring age of sixty-four and hauled down his flag on the old Constitution.

We spent the rest of that winter and summer in Newport, where Father wrote his *Life of Admiral Emory*. Father loved Anne's little Evelina and almost every day he went over to the Torpedo Station to see her. One day on the ferry Tom Van Metre overheard two sailors talking "You know that old Admiral that comes over here every day? Gets \$6,000 a year and all he does is push that baby-carriage around. Pretty soft I calls it"!! Having the baby to interest him and writing the *Emory* book (followed by writing his *Life of Admiral Luce*) did help a little, but retiring at sixty-four is very hard when a man is as physically and mentally fit as Father was.

In the fall of 1922 we went to Washington to live. The Governor of Tennessee, Mr. A. A. Taylor, wrote Father before he retired and asked him to come back to Tennessee but both Father and Mother felt that they had so many friends and associations in Washington that they would be happier there. I got a job as secretary to a firm of architects and was active in the Girl Scouts in my spare time, eventually becoming the Local Director of Washington (executive secretary), a paid position that took all my time.

In 1924 I was one of the United States delegates to the first World Camp of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. It was held in England on an estate that had been presented by an American woman to Princess Mary (daughter of George V) as a wedding gift, to be used as a training center for English Girl Guides, of which Princess Mary was the Honorary Chief Guide. It was a lovely manor house with several acres of lawn on the edge of the New Forrest. There were thirty-one countries and twenty-six of England's colonies represented and we were divided into small camps, each containing a mixture of nationalities. It was lots of fun and a great education.

Shortly after the camp closed the British Fleet held their first review since 1914, and Miss Bewley, an English Girl Guide whom I had known in this country, invited another Washington delegate and myself to visit her and go to Portsmouth to see it. Her cousin was an officer attached to a destroyer and invited us on board, and from the ship we watched the Royal Yacht pass between the columns of ships. It was an inspiring sight—the mighty British Fleet. In the evening we sat on the hillside with thousands of sightseers to watch the illumination of the ships (and that was where I caught the whooping-cough from a child sitting nearby!)

The Burch family made my visit to England perfect. I stayed with Catherine Storrs in London, then went to the Tarletons who live near Salisbury; from there to the Sayres near Plymouth and then back to the Charles Burch's who were living at Orpington in Kent. Truly a delightful way to know English life and the English people. And added to all that, Miss Bewley had arranged for me to visit a charming family in Oxford and while there, I made a day's trip to Stratford-on-Avon.

I had a month or more on the Continent. I landed in Antwerp and from Brussels went out to Waterloo. Father had always been a student and admirer of Napoleon's military genius and so we all knew a good deal about him. I bought my picture of "The Little King of Rome" (Napoleon's son) on that trip. In Father's papers I found the following copy of a newspaper clipping, so apparently the Gleaves family has always had an interest in Napoleon.

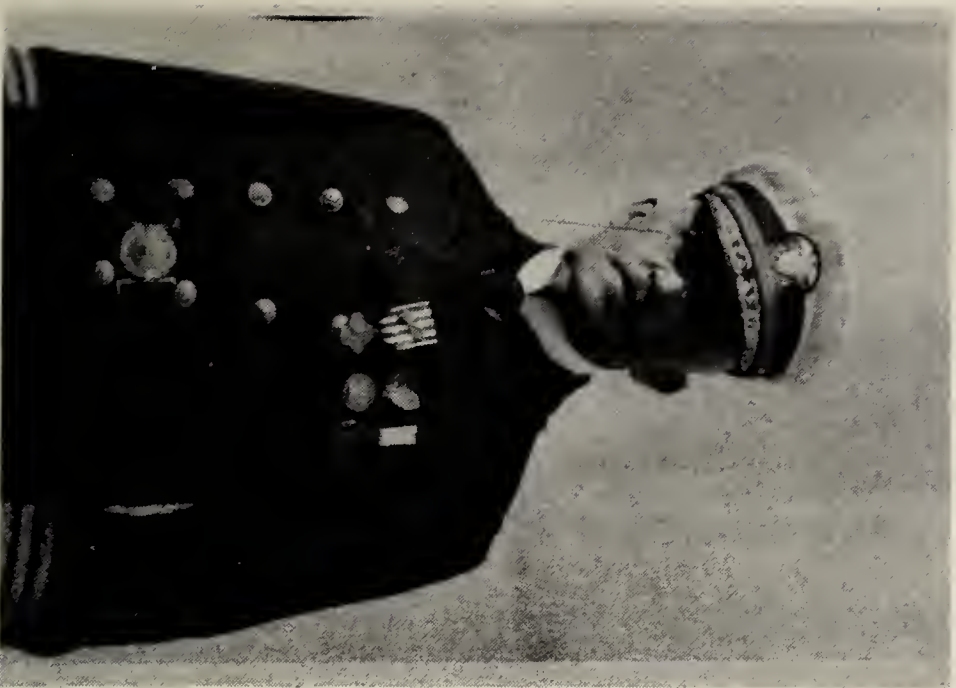
"Bonaparte's Mare, Waterloo Veteran, Turns up in the Louvre.



Anne and Tom Van Metre



The Van Metre Children



Admiral Albert Gleaves



Evelina Heap Gleaves

"Paris: Napoleon's bay mare which is supposed to have been ridden during the battle of Waterloo, has just been discovered among the miscellaneous odds and ends of the Louvre Museum.

"After the final fall of Napoleon the mare was bought by an Englishman named *Gleaves*, who kept it until it died, and then had it stuffed and presented it to the Manchester Natural History Museum in 1842.

"From Manchester the stuffed animal found its way to the Louvre, no one quite knows how, when, or why, and was relegated to a dusty corner where it was forgotten until some curious antiquarian unearthed it the other day."

From Belgium I went to France, Switzerland, and Italy—whooping all the way and thinking I just had a bad cold. I wonder to how many people *I* gave the whooping-cough!

The summer of 1926 Father went abroad for the unveiling of a monument at St. Nazaire, commemorating the landing of the first United States troops in France in 1919. The statue was of a soldier standing on a granite base, the base set in the water. On the sea-wall were bronze tablets on which, in French and in English, the monument was explained. During World War II the Germans destroyed the monument but the bronze tablets were stored in the town's museum. I hope some day they will be replaced on the sea-wall.

While Father was in France, Mother and I went to Jamestown, Rhode Island, and he joined us there on his return. Anne and Tom had bought a small cottage and were living there with their three children; Evelina mentioned before, Tommy Jr. born in January 1924, and Albert Gleaves born in January 1926. It was at a dance at the Casino that Albert Cohen and I met again. We had known each other thirteen years before when he was attached to the "Delaware" but had never met since. I guess you might call it "love at *second* sight", for we were married the following December in Washington in old St. John's Church, where both Mother and Anne had been married. The gallery was reserved for the Girl Scouts and they filled it. I wore Mrs. Poe's lovely ivory satin wedding dress and the beautiful Florance lace that Aunt Eleanor has given to Cloie. Father, the groom and the ushers were in Navy uniform—frock coats and swords. Captain and Mrs. Pollock offered us their house at the Naval Observatory for our reception, which we accepted gladly as our house was tiny. Albert had served as Captain Pollock's executive officer on the transport *George Washington* during part of World War I and the Pollocks and Gleaves had been friends for years.

- -And so in January 1927 I came to Pennsylvania to live—the place where so many of my ancestors had started their lives in the New World.

born Wales—1702
Robert Wilkins m Elizabeth Ross
/
John Wilkins m Rachael McFarland
/
John Wilkins m Catherine Rowan
/
Margaret Wilkins m Josiah Tannehill
/

Wilkins Tannehill m Eliza Dewees
 /
 Eliza Tannehill m Henry Albert Gleaves
 /
 Albert Gleaves m Evelina Mary Heap
 /
 Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

Born Holland 1677
 William Dewees m Anna Christianna Meels
 /
 William Dewees m Rachael Farmer
 /
 Samuel Dewees m Mary Coburn
 /
 Eliza Dewees m Wilkins Tannehill
 /
 Eliza Tannehill m Henry Albert Gleaves
 /
 Albert Gleaves m Evelina Mary Heap
 /
 Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

died 1733
 George Stuart m ?
 sometimes spelt Stewart
 /
 John Stuart m Ann Anderson
 /
 Jean Stuart m Charles Rowan
 /
 Catherine Rowan m John Wilkins
 /
 Margaret Wilkins m Josiah Tannehill
 /
 Wilkins Tannehill m Eliza Dewees
 /
 Eliza Tannehill m Henry Albert Gleaves
 /
 Albert Gleaves m Evelina Mary Heap
 /
 Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

1782
 Michael Gleaves m Rachel ?
 /
 Thomas Gleaves m Mary Dean
 /
 Henry Albert Gleaves m Eliza Tannehill
 /
 Albert Gleaves m Evelina Mary Heap
 /
 Evelina Porter Gleaves m Albert Morris Cohen

Colonial Dames of America
Additional Claims of Evelina Gleaves Cohen
(represented by gold bars on Medal Ribbon)

1. Captain Alexander Porter. Native of Massachusetts, Merchant Captain, fought in Colonial Wars.
2. John Talliaferro. House of Burgesses 1699. Justice of the Peace and Sheriff. Commander "Rangers" Indian Wars. Noted for his great landed possessions and his military career.
3. Launcelot Bathurst. Came to Virginia 1680. Appointed deputy for Attorney General Jennings for Henrico County August 1684. Listed among Virginia attorneys 1680. Justice New Kent County 1699-1702., also High Sheriff and Coroner. Justice Essex County 1711. First clerk of Essex County.
4. Michael Bowyer. Officer in Indian Wars 1763. County Lieutenant, 1766 Escheator.
5. Colonel Lawrence Smith. Commanded by General Assembly 1675 to establish a number of forts to stop Indian depredations, had charge of a fort near Falls of the Rappahannock. Surveyor of Gloucester and York Counties 1686 and in 1691 laid out Yorktown. In 1699 Governor recommended him among the gentlemen of estate and standing suitable for appointment to the Council. He died in 1700 and the honor his father was deemed worthy of, fell to his son.
6. Magnus Tate. 1732-1808. Officer in Colonial Wars.
7. Joseph Morton. House of Burgesses.
8. Matthew Hubard. House of Burgesses 1727-1740. Clerk of Court 1736-1745.
9. James Hubard, Licensed to practice law in 1759. Judge in Admiralty and King's Council.
10. William Gooch, uncle of Governor Gooch. House of Burgesses 1654. Councillor appointed by General Assembly 1655.
11. William Colston. House of Burgesses.
12. Nicholas Merewether. Born in Wales 1631, came to America before 1651. First County Clerk of Surrey County, Virginia, 1655. Justice of Surrey County 1672-1677; "from all the evidence a gentleman of the very highest standing at the then court of 'James Cettie' or Jamestown, and of unusually fine education for those early times."
13. Francis Merewether. Took part in the Indian Wars. House of Burgesses 1705 First clerk of Essex County after the division in 1692 until 1702. Senior Justice of Essex County 1711 until his death in 1712 or 1713. He was an Attorney at Law, and his education of the very highest standard, he having been sent to England to complete it.
The father of Nicholas and grandfather of Francis above was Nicholas Merewether of Wales born in 1600. When Charles II, the Merry Monarch, regained his throne he found himself in financial straits. Merewether, a Loyalist with a well-filled chest, came to the financial relief of his King, who being unable to liquidate the debt in coin of the realm, settled the claim in lands in the then extensive Province of Virginia. The grant spread far westward with a section from which in later years was carved the state of Kentucky. The grant

included a large tract in what is now New Kent County and Albemarle County, Virginia. Whether Nicholas 1st ever came over to see his grant of land remains in obscurity—one thing is certain, that his three sons, Nicholas 2nd, David and Francis, came over and settled down on the land grant before 1655.

14. George Stewart (or Stuart). Member of General Assembly of Pennsylvania 1730-1732.
15. William Dewees. Under Proprietary Company was Constable and High Sheriff of Philadelphia.
16. Colonel William Dewees II. Sheriff of Philadelphia in 1773 and Justice of the Peace.

THE COHENS

The following account of the Cohen family I have taken from notes written by your grandfather, Charles Joseph Cohen. It begins with Joseph Cohen, your great-great-great-grandfather.

Joseph Cohen was born in Westphalia¹ in the year 1745. His father died when Joseph was four years of age, leaving him the eldest of three children. His mother married again and had a second family. His step-father ill-treated him and so he left home and after many vicissitudes reached London, at the age of nineteen, alone and friendless. Obtaining a situation his first endeavor was to acquire the English language, which he did with facility, having had a good education in his native town. The establishment in which he was engaged was owned by an attractive widow, and although his position was one of responsibility with proper remuneration, he could not accept the proffered affection of the lady and declared his intention to leave England.

Resisting the pleas of the fascinating widow, Joseph sailed from England and upon reaching America secured a position with the Gratz Brothers whose establishment was at 702 Market Street, Philadelphia. This was an importing firm having large transactions throughout the State and into Ohio, chiefly by Conestoga Wagons, the usual method of transport; this was about the year 1770.

Being a linguist, he filled the position of foreign clerk, also travelling and collecting.

According to family legend, Joseph Cohen was in the Revolutionary Army and was on guard in Philadelphia the night when the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis was received. As was the custom, when the change of guard took place it fell to his lot to make public announcement of this glorious achievement.

With habits of economy inculcated by his early career and through diligent reading of the literature set forth by Benjamin Franklin, which even then had wide publicity, Joseph had acquired a competency enabling him to return to Europe to see his aged mother for whom he had a deep affection. After parting from her he went to London where he married Rose Barnet, a union terminated by his wife's

1. One of the easternmost provinces of Prussia, near Essen.

death in 1792. Later, in London, he contracted a second marriage, the bride being Hannah Moses, an estimable woman. Business prospects were not encouraging, so that family sailed for America, arriving in New York after a voyage of seventy-seven days! Here the yellow fever was raging so that he left the city, having secured a position with the Simon family in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who were allied to the Gratz Brothers. Here he acted as household Rabbi, but later accepted a more promising offer in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, where he is recorded as "Hebrew Clerk, Synagogue Yard".

Joseph Cohen left Charleston and returned to London where he died August 1, 1822, aged seventy-six years.

Joseph had one son by his first wife, Solomon Cohen. Solomon grew up in England, where he lived with relatives. After receiving a good education he became apprenticed August 24, 1795, for seven years to Eleazar Pike, pencil-maker, with wages of sixpence (12cents) a week for the first year, with a raise of sixpence a week for each of the six succeeding years. After the close of his term in the year 1803, a friend possessed of some means lent him a small sum as capital to begin the manufacture of leads for the everpoint pencil then generally in use. At that time the lead was obtained in Cumberland County in the north of England, but in its natural state it was of one degree only; recognizing the importance of varied degrees for the use of artists and engineers, Solomon Cohen called upon Sir Humphrey Davy (the noted inventor) and explained his difficulty. Many improvements followed and with the introduction of the lead encased in wood—the modern lead pencil—a high reputation was established and prosperity attained. (As witness the testimonial that follows:¹)

"We have made use of Mr. S. Cohen's prepared black lead pencils of different degrees of hardness & find them of an excellent quality—equal to any we have ever used. We take much pleasure in recommending such to Artists & other Gentlemen requiring fine pencils.

New York, July 18th 1826
(Signed)

Rembrandt Peale, Portrait

Wm. Kneass, U. S. Mint

John Haviland, Architect

Geo. Strickland, Architect

Peter Haverick

Thos. Sully, Portrait Painter

Hugh Bradford, Jr., Miniature Painter

J. Draper, Engraver

G. Persico, Drawing Master & Miniature Painter)

Jas. Thackara, Curator Acad. of Arts

Jas. B. Longacre, Portrait Engraver

C. G. Childs Engraver

A.B.&C. Drumond Wright & Co Engraver

Al. Robertson, Professor of drawing

Joseph Perkins, Engraver

J. R. Smith, Professor of Drawing

Thos. Kearny, Engraver

Thos. Underwood, Engraver

Solomon Cohen also became interested in the export of Stationery to his step-brother, Lewis I. Cohen, in New York, and to his older son, Henry Cohen, who had established himself in Philadelphia in the Year 1837.

Solomon Cohen was married June 29, 1808, to Miriam Isaacs. He became President of the Hambro Synagogue in London; kept his account in the Bank of England (always a privilege); was a friend of Alderman Venables, and as his guest

1. We have the original document.



Solomon Cohen, London

We have made use of Mr. E. Cohen's prepared Black and
pencils, of different degrees of hardness & find them of
an excellent quality - equal to any we have ever used
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Thos. Sully Portrait Painter

Wm. Kearney Engraver

Wm. B. Wood Engraver

Draper Engr

Wm. Underwood Engr

Jas. Hackensack Curator Acad. of Arts

Jas. B. Longacre Portrait Engraver

G. Persico Drawing Master & Miniature Painter

Testimonial

(1826)

attended the banquet at the Guild Hall given in honor of Venables when he became Lord Mayor. He took an active part in congregational matters, protesting vehemently against the "excommunication" launched upon the Reformers of that day.

A portrait of Solomon was done in oil in London, from the original hanging in the residence of the late B. S. Cohen, and was sent to Philadelphia to his son, Henry Cohen, about 1855. Desiring to have it framed, it was sent to the establishment of Germon. Comment was made at the time that the picture was valuable, and that it was hoped that there was no danger; M. Germon, with the polish of a French manner, gave assurance that his establishment was in a most excellent condition and that fire was the least of the evils to be dreaded. A few days subsequent to this, in the early night, the fire bells rang, and M. Germon, who lived in the neighborhood of his establishment, with the natural inquiry under such conditions, reached the street inquiring as to the whereabouts of the conflagration; to his astonishment and horror, he was informed that it was his own establishment. Remembering the injunction placed upon him in connection with the portrait, he rushed to the place, ascended the stairway, knowing the position in which the canvas had been placed, and returning through smoke and water, reached the street safely. This has enhanced the value of the picture sentimentally and it will always have interest for the members of the family. (Strange to say this portrait survived another fire eighty years later—1931 when the Charles J. Cohen Envelope Factory at 510 Ludlow Street burned. After that we brought it and the portrait of his son Henry out to our house at Wynnewood).

Henry Cohen, the older son of Solomon Cohen, was born in London, July 19, 1810. He left home to see the world in May, 1828, made an extensive tour, doubled the Capes and acquired a wide knowledge of practical affairs. In 1833 he returned to Europe, going first to London and later to the Continent. While resident in Paris he acquired a familiarity with the idiom and accent of the French language which continued with him until the time of his death. While in Paris several events occurred, notably the one in which the life of Louis Philippe was attempted by Fieschi, and in later years he was often heard to speak of the exciting scenes then witnessed. His physical endurance was such that he on one occasion walked from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of over three hundred miles.

Later he came to the United States, in 1835, and after a short residence in New York moved to Philadelphia and established himself in 1837 as an importer of English and French stationery, to which he afterwards added manufactures of a kindred nature. In 1843 he again visited England and in April of the following year married Matilda, the daughter of Mr. Lewis Samuel, of Liverpool, an eminent Free Mason.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Nina Samuel to Charles J. Cohen dated New York, July 6, 1926:

"The 'South Sea Bubble' ruined or nearly ruined Grandfather. (The Lewis Samuel just referred to). He held some shares—the shareholders were responsible. The family went to Brussels for economy where there occurred a dramatic incident. One night, or early morning, they were startled by a secret and entirely unexpected visit from your Father in disguise. I do not know if I was ever told the reason. Perhaps you know all about it? It would be interesting to know if the reasons for this visit influenced his coming to America. Did he return to marry? I have often wondered how he met your mother?

Grandmother was desperately ill in Brussels and my mother nursed her back to health. Sometimes I wear an exquisite Honiton lace cape, the visible expression of the love, devotion and resultant gratitude of that time. I do not know whether any other of the children went abroad.

Another problem for Grandfather was Aunt Rose falling in love with Uncle Sam (the very dearest old gentleman I ever met). He was sent off to St. Helena—they were too young to marry—and he worked and waited for her there for seven years. Their love letters were carefully preserved and once when I was staying with them, it was several years after their golden wedding, I asked in a spirit of fun, if I could not see some of those love letters, and I was astonished that my darling Uncle was quite upset. He was a model of punctiliousness and even then at eighty-seven he never entered Aunt Rose's bedroom without knocking; nor did he ever let me open a door for myself, when he was present and when I protested he always had some excuse.

The Gideons were I *think* Grandfather's correspondents at St. Helena and at the time of Napoleon's death, there being no blue or red silk obtainable on the Island for a flag, the Gideon girls helped to make one from their silk dresses. I have a carved ivory card case Aunt Rose gave me showing Napoleon's tomb on the Island."

Shortly after Henry Cohen's marriage he and his bride returned to America and he returned to his business, working indefatigably for many years. Their first home was at the Washington Hotel, Chestnut Street above Seventh, subsequently taking the house No. 2 Clinton Square, on the south side of Chestnut, the second door above (West of) Broad and the site of the present Land Title & Trust Company. Astonishment was expressed by my father's friends that a residence should be selected so far west, since the heart of the residential section was on Fourth and Sixth Streets; however the new situation was open ground and the location was considered eligible. In those days there were freight train tracks in the center of Broad Street, and shortly after the family's occupancy there was a crash of coal cars nearby which caused the collapse of all the shelving in the butler's pantry, resulting in the loss of the splendid sets of Copeland china that my mother had brought with her, so that a change was desired and in 1851 the family, consisting of parents, my older sister and myself, moved to 1828 South Rittenhouse Square where we lived for thirty years.

The Square at that time was surrounded by a wooden paling and it was not infrequent to meet cows and other domestic animals, of an evening particularly on those nights when the gas lamps were not lighted, which was the rule when the moon shone. Of course, if the latter was temporarily obscured by a cloud, the chances of coming in contact with the animals was not an unusual occurrence. During the early months of 1861, Rittenhouse Square which had then been graced (?) with a high iron railing and gates to correspond, was used as a training ground for the troops preparing to go to the front as the military fever was rampant.

In the fifties Henry Cohen started an envelope factory and began in a modest way to make envelopes by hand, and in 1862 machinery was installed. Prior to this date envelopes were almost unknown—the letter being folded and sealed with wax. In 1864 a box factory was added which was advantageous in its use for the making of boxes for the product of the envelope factory.



Henry Cohen



Matilda Samuel Cohen



Rebecca Gratz

1781 - 1869



Charles Joseph Cohen

At the time of the Civil War, Henry Cohen had passed his fiftieth year and was not available for active service in the field, but he joined the Home Guards "Blue Reserves" and drilled several times a week. He was an earnest supporter of the Federal cause, an early member of The Union League, and at all times a contributor to the many funds raised for the benefit of the Army and Navy. On Washington's birthday, the 22nd of February 1861, Abraham Lincoln visited Philadelphia and arranged to raise a flag on Independence Hall at day-break. Father and I went down to our place of business at 507 Chestnut Street and from the second floor window, had an excellent view of the ceremony, a most impressive one, which has left an indelible impression not to be effaced. Also, from time to time, noted officers would visit Philadelphia and would always receive a great ovation. During the War General Grant was in Philadelphia for a short time, and word came to the office from a visiting customer that he was on the pavement of Independence Hall. We all rushed out without hats or coats to grasp his hand and to assure him of our heartiest support. In a very few moments the crowd became so great that he had to be taken to the private office of the Public Ledger at Sixth and Chestnut Streets, and so remained until the excitement had passed.

Henry Cohen was strongly attached to his home, and being desirous that his wife should be surrounded by friends with congenial tastes they became members of the Shakespearean Society. Music and general literature were also factors in the family life of nine children, five of whom lived to maturity.

¹"Mrs. Cohen was a generous supporter of music and a lover of literature. She participated actively in community affairs, both religious and social. When, therefore, the Women's Committee for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia was formed with Mrs. E. D. Gillespie as its chairman, Mrs. Cohen became one of her most valued co-workers as a member of the Executive Committee of Thirteen. To have been an active member of that committee is sufficient proof of the education, efficiency, and patriotism of any woman who was willing to engage in so unusual a movement. It offered an outstanding opportunity for American women to prove their possession of executive ability and public spirit.

"Near the center of the Women's Building at the Centennial was a small office in which women composers were engaged in setting up the type of a popular journal called *The New Century for Women*. Shortly after the close of the Exposition the first women's club in Philadelphia, known thereafter as the New Century Club, was organized. Mrs. Cohen was one of the charter members of the new organization. In 1877 she was made a director and in 1880 she became its vice-president, in which office she served the club until her death in 1888."²

For many years Henry Cohen was a member of the Portuguese Congregation of Israelites of Philadelphia, and a devoted worshipper at all times and seasons. He contributed liberally to all Jewish charities, and also gave generously to those of other denominations. Religious prejudice had no place or part in Mr. Cohen's composition, and he could never be accused of intolerance or bigotry. The only question with him on engaging his employees was their desire and ability to give just and faithful service and although he usually had more or less Jewish people in his employ they were by no means in the majority. One day a literary lady came in the store seeking correct data in some point of Jewish ritual and after unsuccessfully addressing several of the salesmen one after the other, she at last said "Where is the head of the house, the man who is running the business?" So she was directed to the bookkeeper who had a general power of attorney. Coming to his desk she said,

1. Notable Women of Pennsylvania, published 1942.

2. There is a very similar account of Mrs. Henry Cohen in Scharf & Westcott's *History of Philadelphia*, published in 1884. Vol. II, page 1698 Section devoted to "Prominent Women in Philadelphia History".

"I am sorry to bother you but I am asking some information regarding the Jewish ritual and none of your men appear to be of that faith. May I take your time for a few minutes to explain what I am seeking?" The bookkeeper knew no more about the Jewish ritual than he did about the Koran and expressed his regret that he could not help her out. The lady turned away both mystified and disappointed and as she went out she said "Who ever heard of such a peculiar state of things—a Jewish house and no Jews in it."

Religion was a subject very rarely mentioned or spoken of in our office, but sometimes an over-zealous, know-it-all person would come into the place and insist on airing his religious views. A person of this description was holding forth one day and someone quoted the prophecy "In that day ten men will lay hold of the skirts of him that is a Jew and will say we will go with you because God is with you". The bookkeeper overheard it and turning to Father he said, "I am happy to anticipate that I will have friends at court". "Oh yes" Father replied "We will take care of you." This same bookkeeper used to say religion is not of the knee or the lips, but of the heart and lips and if we had to give an account of our stewardship it would not be so much What did you believe? as What did you do? He used to say "I have been in churches of almost every denomination and I have never yet been in one that did not teach morality or correct good living. Where I have found them differ is in their dogmas or views relative to the mysterious past, which they really appear to know very little about, and the still more dark and mysterious future, which they know nothing of whatever for if there was positive knowledge in that particular, there would be some unanimity of teaching in the one subject as the others."

Charles J. Cohen was born in Philadelphia in 1847 and his god-mother was Miss Rebecca Gratz. ¹"Rebecca Gratz, a woman of unusual beauty with many admirers, never married . . . but dedicated her energies to works of benevolence and philanthropy. She was a friend of Matilda Hoffman, to whom Washington Irving was engaged to be married. But before the date set for the wedding Miss Hoffman fell sick and, despite the tenderest care, died in Rebecca's arms. Irving was inconsolable; but the sad event served to cement the warm friendship already existing between him and Rebecca which endured as long as they lived.

"Although she did not know Sir Walter Scott it transpired that he modeled the Rebecca in his *Ivanhoe* after her. For Irving happened to be a friend of Scott's, and during a visit to England was asked by the great novelist to describe some of his American friends. Irving's praise of Rebecca Gratz evidently fired Scott's imagination, for shortly after *Ivanhoe* was published Irving received an autographed copy together with a note from the author inquiring how he liked his Rebecca."

In a collection of Rebecca Gratz' letters appears the following: "I suppose my dear Miriam is enjoying her flower garden, I wish I could send her a very beautiful bouquet brought to me by my godson for the Pentecost—which is the season of Flowers" and the footnote explains that the godson was "Charles J. Cohen whose mother Mrs. Henry Cohen was one of the most intimate friends of Rebecca Gratz."

In 1858 Charles Cohen entered Dr. Faires' Classical Institute about which he

1. Notable Women of Pennsylvania, published 1942.

later published a most interesting history of the school and of the boys who went there. He must have been a good student as one of his reports shows that he stood one in a class of fourteen and the teacher has written "Going to be one of the best scholars in his class." But as a result of typhoid fever in the fall of 1861, his parents decided to send him to school in England and he left New York on May 8, 1862, on the Cunard Liner "Persia" a paddlewheeler, arriving in Liverpool ten days later where he stayed with his aunt, Mrs. Caroline Samuel (his mother's sister).

"I had worn, on my arrival, the grey clothes of the military cadet corps, but my aunt declared this to be the garb of the serving-lads in England (pages as they are called), and promptly superseded them by a suit of black broadcloth, at that time universally used in England for lads of that age.

"I also had to wear on Sabbath and state occasions a high silk hat quite the correct thing in England, but I was mobbed on Chestnut Street by the boys when I wore it on my return to Philadelphia at the close of the following year.

"During my residence in Liverpool the Civil War in America was in progress. The sympathy of the better class of people was entirely with the South, the British Government being urged by their influence to recognize the Southern Confederacy, so that the port of Liverpool could resume its importation of cotton and the export of British-made goods to the Southern States, the interruption of this trade having been a serious blow to its commercial interests.

"I can recall the incident of the fitting out of the "Alabama" at the shipyards of the Lairds. During these critical months I would rise early to get the morning newspaper before the family came downstairs, so as to be properly informed for the wordy battles that always ensued during the breakfast and dinner hours, as well as during the school sessions."

It was during this visit to England that Charles Cohen visited his aunt Mrs. Kate Samuel Yates, an old lady with an excellent memory and who was always interested in recounting incidents of the family history. Her daughter became the wife of Edwin L. Samuel of Liverpool (not a relative), and they made their home in London, Mr. Samuel establishing with his brother the banking firm of Samuel, Montagu and Company, which has become very well known and of which their son Sir Stuart M. Samuel, Member of Parliament 1900-1916, was long a member. Sir Stuart's brother was the Right Honorable Herbert L. Samuel,¹ formerly High Commissioner for Palestine in the development of the Holy Land; British Secretary of State for Home Affairs; and Postmaster General in the cabinet of Premier Asquith.

Shortly after Charles Cohen returned to Philadelphia in 1863, the battle of Gettysburg was fought. The news of the Union victory reached Mr. Henry Cohen on Sunday morning and he sent his son Charles across the Square to Holy Trinity Church where the famous Phillips Brooks, rector, was holding service. Charles gave the note to the Sexton who handed it to Dr. Brooks. He interrupted his sermon to announce the news and then led the congregation in a prayer of thanksgiving and the singing of the National Anthem.

1. Stuart and Herbert Samuel, second cousins of Albert M. Cohen.

"I entered father's business in the fall of 1863 at the age of sixteen with the proviso required by my mother that 'Charles should continue the study of literature and the arts'. I began by arranging the stock, dusting out the shelves and attending to general detail work which according to the old idea of 'beginning at the bottom round of the ladder' is a thing that I would not recommend to be followed, for the reason that a young man, educated to go into business, can derive no advantage or profit from doing work of this character.

"During the year of 1864 we spent part of the summer at Atlantic City—the railroad had just been opened and it was considered a great event to be enabled to reach the seashore in three hours, whereas the trip to Cape May by boat had easily been a matter of one entire day.

"The Sanitary Fair¹ was held in Logan Square about this time and I remember with great clearness the visit of Abraham Lincoln and his walk through the different avenues—this was the second occasion that I had seen him.

"During the winter the entire family indulged in skating and sledding on South Nineteenth Street—it was then a succession of brick ponds in which the water had settled—much as may now be seen in the upper part of Market Street in West Philadelphia.

"On Monday the 3rd of April 1865 news came of the evacuation of Richmond which information was announced to the down-town community by the ringing of the State House bell, and an impromptu gathering of citizens along the streets; all business was suspended and many of the wagons of leading business firms paraded the streets (particularly Chestnut Street) with signs pasted over them reading "Gone to Richmond."

The following Sunday, the 10th of April, we were spending the usual Sunday evening with my sister, Mrs. Cromelien, at 1829 Spruce Street, and at a little after nine o'clock I was taking my sister Mary home to the Rittenhouse Square house (it being her bed-time) when we were startled by the sound of bells at the corner of 19th & Rittenhouse Square. I met Mr. Alfred Collins who was running East to get certain confirmation of a report that he had heard of the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox Court House; I put my sister Mary in the house and returned to 1829 Spruce Street, announcing to the assembled family the good news. Mr. Cromelien Sr., with my brother-in-law, my father and myself all went down town as rapidly as possible, and there heard certain confirmation of this extremely important news. One of the news-papers got out an Extra, and the streets were full of jubilant people until a very early hour the following morning. This event closed the Civil War, and very soon relations were opened with the South and business began to arrive therefrom to Northern cities.

In 1868, on my twenty-first birthday, I became a partner in my Father's business and upon his retirement in 1871 assumed entire charge. Henry Cohen died in 1879.

Here ends the story of the family as written by your grandfather.

1. Mrs. Henry Cohen was a member of the Committee on Musical Entertainments for the Fair.

Charles Cohen was tremendously interested in all civic affairs and active in a host of societies and organizations. It was through his interest and initiative that the building on Oriana Street, adjacent to Carpenter's Hall, was torn down as a fire hazard. This building had been used as a warehouse by the Cohen Envelope Factory. Mr. Cohen contributed half the purchase price of the building and a group of other public spirited men contributed the rest. We have a small engraving of Carpenter's Hall which is inscribed "In happy memorial to the modest little Parklet, off, back, and around to the left—around the corner, where tired business men may rest—and be thankful for the good works of our friend Charles J. Cohen.

- From Joseph A. Steinmetz, 1926/27"

Charles Cohen was president of the Fairmount Park Art Association from 1916 until his death in 1927 and had been a Trustee for forty years. It was through his close friendship with the Samuel family, that the Fairmount Park Art Association was made trustee of the Samuel Foundation which is placing on the East River Drive in Fairmount Park a series of monuments depicting the "Expeditions made to the New World by the Explorers of the Old World".

In 1916 the Directors of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce presented him with a silver tea service upon his retirement from the Presidency, having served three successive terms and been a member of the Board of Directors since 1900. He was the author of a number of books and pamphlets dealing with the history of old Philadelphia—the best known perhaps, being "Rittenhouse Square, Past and Present". He was also a student of the history of the Jewish faith and wrote several articles on the meaning of the forms and ceremonials. It is necessary to read the list of the various organizations to which he belonged to realize the breadth of his interests and the scope of his intellect.

Charles Cohen's two sisters, Mary and Katherine were also well known in the intellectual circles of Philadelphia. Mary's talents were literary. She was a founder of the New Century Club and the Contemporary Club, and founder and president for many years of the Browning Society; an honorary member of the Pennsylvania Women's Press Association and president of the Hebrew Sabbath School Society founded by Rebecca Gratz. Among her writings is one entitled "An Old Philadelphia Cemetery, the Resting Place of Rebecca Gratz".

Katherine was a sculptor and painter. She studied in Paris and later lived in Florence, Italy, for many years where she practiced her art. She was honored by membership in the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and the American Art Association of Paris. Her work was shown at several distinguished exhibitions at the Academy of the Fine Arts and at the Art Club of Philadelphia, the New York Academy, the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and in the Paris Salon. In the book "Notable Women of Pennsylvania" are accounts of these two sisters and of their mother, all three of whom contributed largely to the cultural society of their time.

In 1880 Charles J. Cohen married Clotilda Florance Cohen. Although your grandfather and grandmother had the same surname they were no relation to each other. I wish that I could tell you more of the Florance family but as so often happens, no one in my generation was interested while those who could have told us were living. The first member of the family that we know about was Zachariah

Levy who lived in England. Dr. Florance, a dentist, became very fond of him and promised to leave him his money if Zachariah would change his name to Florance. This he did and the next thing we know is that in 1802 Dr. Zachariah Florance, dentist, was listed in a directory of Charleston, South Carolina. He married Sarah Levy and their first child, Jacob, was born in 1803. Zachariah and Sarah had five children—all born in Charleston—but about 1830 they moved to New Orleans where Zachariah died in 1837.

Jacob Florance, your great-great-grandfather, married Hannah Levy of New Orleans in 1824 and they had seven children, all but the youngest born in New Orleans. ¹ In 1840, "Jacob Florance, Gent." is mentioned in McElroy's Directory of Philadelphia but it was not until 1843 that he brought his family north and purchased a house at 1520 Chestnut Street, which was known as the Florance Mansion. A number of our loveliest things came from that house; the beautiful candelabra and the two painted vases on the living-room mantel among them. The diamonds in my bar pin that Aunt Eleanor gave me belonged to Hannah Florance and were inherited by your grandmother, Clotilda Florance Cohen.

In 1854 Clotilda, daughter of Jacob and Hannah Florance, married Andrew J. Cohen, whose father came from Wales and whose mother was of Dutch descent. The exquisite lace² and the handsome tea service that Aunt Eleanor gave our Cloie, and the flat silver that we have always used, were wedding gifts to Clotilda from her parents. Andrew and Clotilda had four children, the youngest being your grandmother Clotilda Florance Cohen and her twin brother, Andrew, born in 1860. In the early days of the Civil War Andrew Cohen joined the Union Army, became a Captain in the Cavalry and fought through the war with the Army of the Potomac, this in spite of the fact that he had been born in Charleston, South Carolina. As the marriage of Clotilda and Andrew had not been a very happy one, after the war Andrew decided to go West and made his home in Denver, Colorado. In 1890 he was killed by a swinging sign falling off a building and striking him on the head. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and the Denver Commandery wrote a very fine memorial to him, a copy of which was sent to his family.

Esdaile, the oldest of the Andrew Cohen children, went to New York and became a journalist. He was a well known member of the editorial staff of the New York World for many years. An article in a newspaper of 1924 says; "Newspaper men of New York gave Dr. Esdaile P. Cohen a dinner on his 68th birthday anniversary which was the final affair to be held at Delmonico's before that famous old restaurant closed". His daughter, Blanche Victory, survives him.

Ida married Samuel M. Hyneman, a lawyer in Philadelphia and died as a young woman.

Andrew, Clotilda's twin brother, was in business in Philadelphia until his death in 1914. He married and had one child, Clotilde (Mrs. Andrew Wright Crawford), whose sons, Andrew junior and John Randolph Y., you have known Andrew now lives in California and John outside of Philadelphia.

Jacob Florance's brother William lived on Rittenhouse Square but after the outbreak of the Civil War he moved to New York. It is interesting to note that

1. In "Wealthy Citizens of Philadelphia 1845" by a Member Of The Philadelphia Bar, Jacob L. Florance is mentioned as being worth \$150,000 and his brother William as being worth \$750,000!
2. Details page 101.



Zachariah Florance



Mrs. Charles J. Cohen and Henry



Albert Morris Cohen

his grand-daughter, Annie Nathan Meyer, was the founder and moving spirit of Barnard College, the women's branch of Columbia University and the first of its kind in this country.

But to go back to your Grandfather and Grandmother. I found this delightful account of their marriage in a newspaper of 1880:

A HEBREW WEDDING

The brilliant scene at Mikveh Israel Synagogue

A Fashionable Gathering Witnesses the Nuptial of Charles Joseph Cohen and Clotilda Florance Cohen

One of the most fashionable Hebrew weddings which has taken place in the city for many years was solemnized yesterday afternoon at the synagogue Mikveh Israel, on Seventh, above Arch street. The high contracting parties were Mr. Charles Joseph Cohen, of 1828 Locust street, and Miss Clotilda Florance Cohen, daughter of Andrew J. Cohen, Esq., of 2219 St. James place, and granddaughter of the late Jacob L. Florance. Both parties move in the elite of Philadelphia society, and the event had been looked forward to in upper-ten circles for many months. The groom is President of the Mikveh Israel congregation, a prominent member of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, and is noted for his liberality toward Jewish institutions and movements. Nearly one thousand invitations had been issued, and a large number of friends of the family came on from New York, Montreal, Canada, and Savannah Georgia, to participate in the happy occasion.

Four o'clock was the time fixed for the ceremony. Soon after three, however, every seat was occupied, and the late comers could not find even standing room. The aisles were crowded and the galleries jammed, not less than 1,800 people being crowded into a space which would not comfortably hold more than three-fourths that number. The gentlemen and a majority of the ladies were in full dress, and the rich costumes, combined with the flashing of diamonds from nearly every nook and corner, made the scene a brilliant one. On the floor in the centre of the edifice stood a magnificent "Chuppa" or canopy, of white silk, with embroidered hangings of the same material. This had been made expressly for the occasion. The steps leading to the ark were covered with exotic and choice growing plants, while the space usually occupied by the reading desk was filled with the choicest gems of the hothouse, which sent their fragrance throughout the building. On the west side a temporary orchestra had been erected for the accommodation of Hassler's Band, which gave some suitable selections before and after the ceremony. This was the first time that the strains of music had ever been heard inside of the synagogue. According to the customs of this congregation no musical instruments are allowed to be used in the religious exercises, and the innovation of yesterday was intended as a recognition of the relation of the groom to the church and congregation.

The buzz of voices was suddenly hushed when the doors were thrown open for the bridal party. Eight groomsmen led the way. These were followed by a similar number of bridesmaids, each attired in white cashmere costumes, elaborately trimmed with swan's down, and white felt hats adorned with an ostrich feather. Behind, leaning on the arms of their sons, came the mothers of the bride and groom, the one wearing a plum-colored velvet costume trimmed with point lace, and the other a heavy black silk. Rabbi Morais, in a sombre black gown, came next, and the two whose lives were to be linked together brought up the rear. The bridal costume was of white gros grain silk, short sleeves, low corsage and adorned with point lace, the whole being entirely covered with a tulle veil. The couple took their places under the canopy, the bride standing between her mother and future mother-in-law, facing west, and the groom confronting her, while the groomsmen and bridesmaids ranged themselves in a circle. Then the shoulders of the groom were covered with an embroidered "tallith", or scarf, and the ceremony was commenced after the old Portuguese orthodox style. Rabbi Morias first delivered a short address in English, in which he dwelt upon the high and noble aims of the married state, and then chanted a blessing in Hebrew. Then a glass of wine was handed to the bride to sip, and the groom, after following suit, placed the wedding ring upon her finger; another blessing was chanted, another glass of wine sipped and then the glass having been placed on the floor the newly-made husband planted his foot upon it and crushed it into fragments. This is a Jewish custom which signifies that the bond of union cannot be more easily broken than the glass can be made whole. After this the nuptial kiss was exchanged and the ceremony was at an end. In the evening the wedding banquet was given at the residence of the bride's mother, and later the happy couple left town for their honeymoon.

Four of the eight groomsmen were: Esdaile Philip Cohen, Best Man; the Ushers: Andrew J. Cohen, John M. Cohen, and Julian Nathan. The Maid of Honor was Ida Cohen (later Mrs. Samuel M. Hyneman), and the Bridesmaids: Caroline H. Thomson (later Mrs. Sydney Roberts), Nathalie Robinson (later Mrs. Henry C. Boyer), Miss Hendricks, Fanny Florance (later Mrs. Spencer Meade), Bessie Elliott (later Mrs. Henry Morris), Augusta Hobart (later Mrs. William Porter), and Mimi Brewster (later Mrs. Robert J. W. Koons).

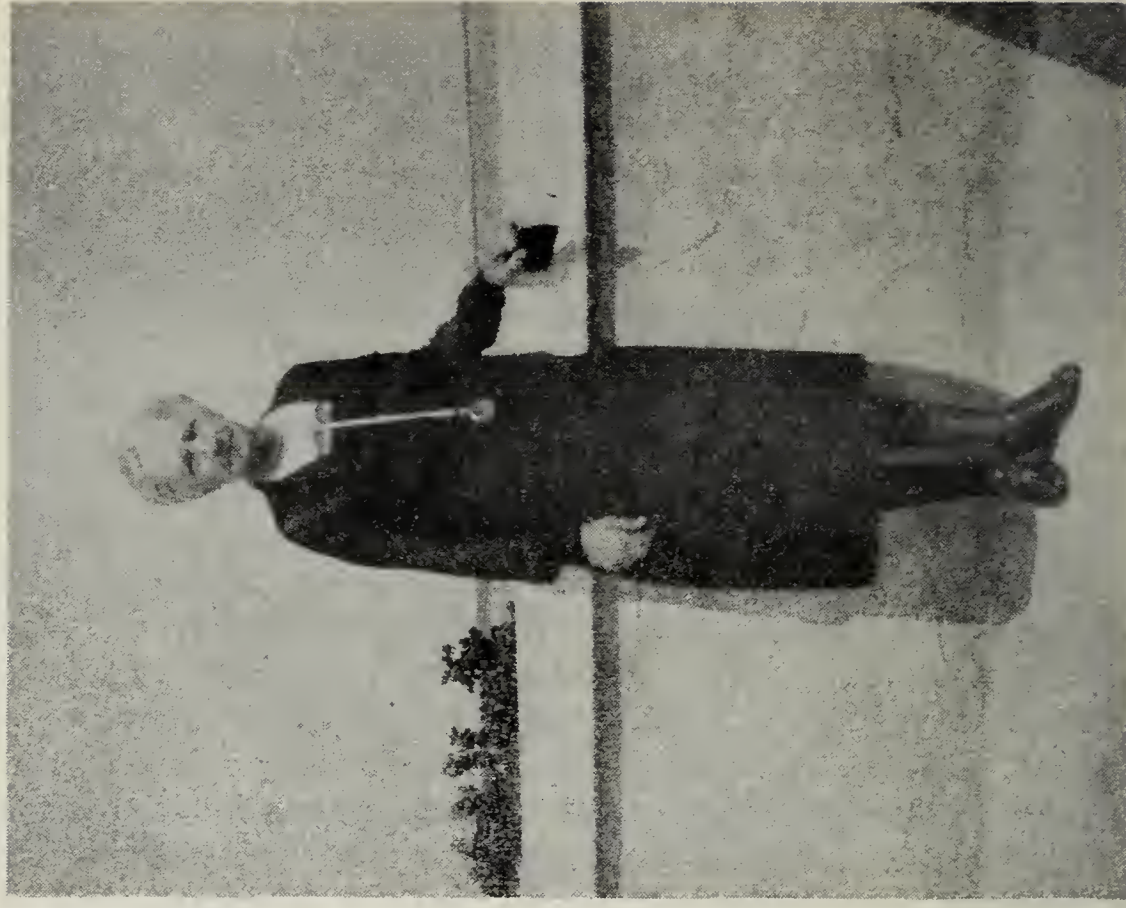
The Cohens lived for many years at 334 South 21st Street and there raised their three children—Henry Barnet, the oldest, born in 1881; Albert Morris born in 1883; and Eleanor Florance born in 1885. The two boys attended Forsyth School and Eleanor, Miss Irwin's (as her mother had also, so that our Cloie made the third generation to be educated there). Albert still remembers the high toboggan slide on the school grounds at the S.E. corner of 22nd and Locust Streets where the boys used to coast in the winters, and he also says he remembers distinctly the blizzard of 1888!

Eleanor says she "was born during one of the East's famous blizzards but my life has been quite serene ever since". It seems to me to have been quite eventful. In 1901, while she was still at Miss Irwin's School, she had a European tour on the Continent and the British Isles with her parents and two years later she and her father went to Holland and Norway.

Eleanor was athletic and played an excellent game of tennis. She won the Women's Singles and Doubles in the tournament at Pinehurst, North Carolina in 1914 and other cups at the Merion Cricket Club in Haverford, at Newport and



Charles Joseph Cohen



Clotilda Florence Cohen



Henry Barnet Cohen



Eleanor Florence Cohen

at Jamestown, Rhode Island. She loved the out-of-doors and she loved to travel so from 1911 to 1918 she spent a great deal of time in Colorado Springs camping and riding. During World War I Eleanor stayed in Philadelphia and worked as a volunteer and later as a paid secretary for the Emergency Aid and the Belgian and French War Relief Committees but when the war was over she went back to Colorado Springs. After that she spent most of the winter months in Philadelphia with her family but when Spring came off she would go again—sometimes to Europe, more often returning to the West. On her second trip to Alaska she renewed her friendship with Henry Hillman, who had spent many interesting years gold mining in the Yukon. They were married in Skagway on January 13, 1936, by the Commissioner of Alaska. A year or two later they moved to Laguna Beach, California where they are still living. During World War II "Bunn" Hillman worked at the California Shipbuilding Corporation helping to build Liberty ships, while Eleanor worked with the Aircraft Warning Service.

In 1894 Albert Cohen and his older brother Henry were sent to the Haverford College Grammar School. They walked every morning from their home in Twenty-first Street in the city to the Broad Street Station, took the train to Haverford and attended school, played games until five, and returned to Philadelphia. Among the very first editors of the school paper, "The Index," were Tom Ridgway (Albert G. Cohen's godfather), Henry Cohen, and Andrew Wright Crawford, who later married Clotilde Florance Cohen, a first cousin of Henry's.

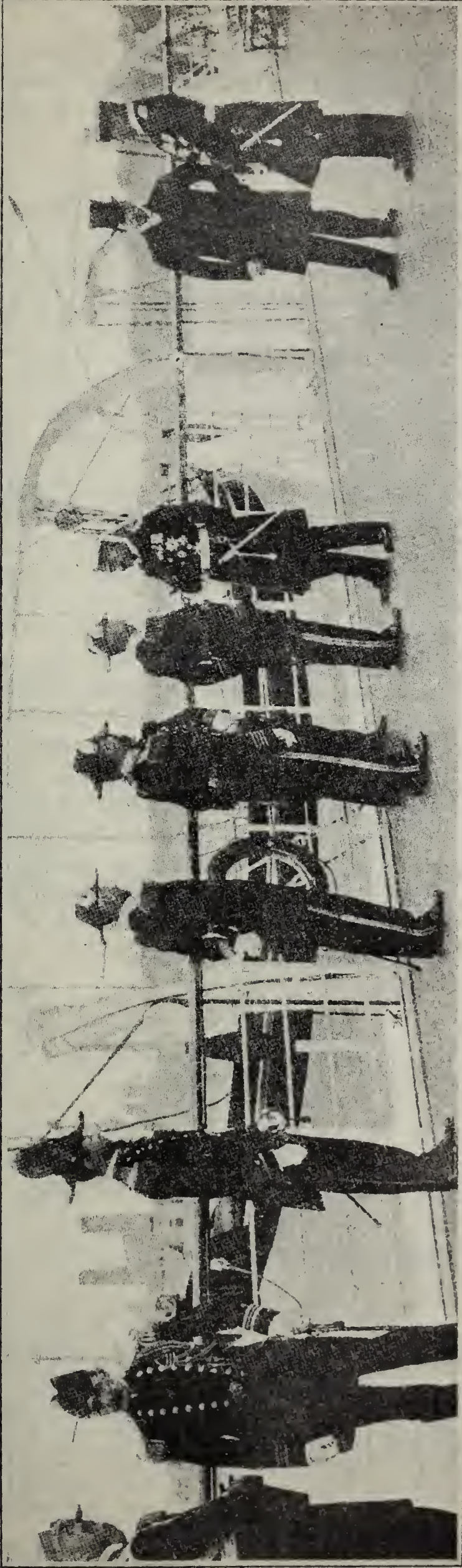
In June 1898 Henry graduated, receiving the prize "for excellence and breadth in scholarly attainments and for collateral work". Graduating in the same class was Smedley Darlington Butler who became a famous General in the Marine Corps. Henry went to the University of Pennsylvania for two years before he entered his Father's business in Philadelphia. He was a very active and interested member of Battery A, Pennsylvania National Guard, for a great many years. He died in 1915.

Albert played in the Inter-Academic cricket matches on the Haverford team in 1899 and captained the team in 1900. He also played on the school football and baseball teams; was president of the Dramatic Club and secretary of the Athletic Association. He graduated in 1900. From Haverford he went to the Drexel Institute to take the Mechanical Engineering course from 1900-1902. Then he worked for six months as an apprentice at Sellers and Company, manufacturers of machine tools. He contracted muscular rheumatism and the doctor insisted that he stop work and go to Florida for the remainder of the winter.

While he was in Florida his Father wired that he could have an appointment to the United States Naval Academy and although Albert had never thought of a naval career the idea appealed to him tremendously. He came North at once, took the entrance examinations and entered the Academy in June 1903 as the appointee of the Honorable Robert H. Foerderer, 4th Pennsylvania Congressional District.

His four years at Annapolis were happy and beneficial to him in every way. Scholastically he was an average student, graduating with the middle section of his class (the class of 1907 graduated in three sections—September 1906 and February and June 1907) and was Commander of the Brigade during his final year.

Upon graduation Albert was fortunate in being ordered to the Kansas, one of



The Emperor of Germany Visits the American Fleet at Kiel

To the right, Admiral Von Mueller is talking with Ambassador Hill, and the Kaiser with the American officers,—Kaiser William made a four-hour inspection of the ships

Ensign Albert M. Cohen

the White Squadron that made the famous "Cruise Around the World", which President Theodore Roosevelt ordered to show that this country did have "a Big Stick". They went to Rio and Chile, then around the Horn and after visiting San Francisco and Hawaii, on to New Zealand and Australia, the Far East and home via the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean ports.

In 1911, as Flag Lieutenant to Rear Admiral Badger, Commander Second Division Atlantic Fleet, Albert again went to Europe, this time in the U.S.S. Louisiana to make courtesy calls on the Baltic Nations. The King of Denmark received a salute of twenty-seven guns and later entertained at dinner in the Royal Palace twenty of our officers, one hundred guests in all including the Queen. The Fleet then sailed for Waxholm, Sweden. As they entered the channel dotted with small islands the pilot said that "it was the first time a fleet of this size had made the passage." They were greeted by the Swedish Fleet (coast defense vessels). The voyage up the channel was like passing through the Dumplings at Newport Harbor.

From Sweden to Kronstadt, a port of Russia corresponding to Norfolk, Virginia. A detail of officers were invited to a formal luncheon at Peterhoff, the summer palace of the Czar, who had a few words to say to each one of our officers present.¹ "Three things of this visit we won't forget: first, on the walls of the reception room a hundred framed paintings of the current beautiful women of the court; second, the fresh salmon and the fresh caviar at the luncheon; and third, we were followed by detectives during every moment of our shore leave. One of the guests, Mr. Lomatch (seventy-seven years old), remembered the last visit to Kronstadt of a United States ship, the Miantonomah, in 1866. In accordance with Russian custom, when the Czar reviewed our ships we fired a salute of thirty-one guns".

Years later, here in Philadelphia, Albert met Captain Dmitri White who had been an officer in the Russian Navy under the Czar. When he began to tell of his visit to Kronstadt he discovered that Captain White had been at that time an Ensign and had acted as liason officer to Captain Winterhalter and had written for him and taught him to make a speech in Russian which was one of the highlights of the Division's visit.

Albert then served in the U.S.S. Delaware as turret and fire control officer, the ship that year winning "E" for Excellence in Gunnery. The ship made a cruise to Weymouth, England, and Cherbourg, France, and later in the year escorted President Taft to Colon for an inspection of the Panama Canal before the water was "let in".

In 1913 he served as Fleet Athletic Officer on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Badger, in the U.S.S. Wyoming. The ship visited Malta and Naples returning in December. It was on the last leg of that cruise that Captain Chapin, the captain of the ship and a fine officer, became very ill and died shortly after.

Early in 1914 the Fleet sailed for Guantanamo for winter maneuvers and while there the "Mexican Affair" occurred. We had demanded a salute to our Flag at Tampico, Mexico, and not receiving it, we sent our fleet to force recognition of the Flag. The landing force at Vera Cruz consisted of Marines under General Smedley Butler, the Naval Brigade under Captain Anderson, who both cooperated with the

1. Albert M. Cohen's diary.

Army under General Frederick Funston. Vera Cruz was taken and the Mexican Government apologized for the affront to the Flag. The following incident occurred before the landing:

General Butler reported to Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, whose flagship was the U.S.S. Florida, that his regiment was ready for the landing and that he (Butler) requested permission to make a personal visit to Mexico City, alone, to determine the strength and disposition of the Mexican Forces. The Admiral said "No". Butler returned to his ship, shifted into old, ragged clothing, sent for a dinghy, rowed himself to the Florida, tied up alongside, made his way up the gangplank and asked the officer of the deck in Spanish to see "Admiral". After much argument, the officer of the deck finally sent for the Executive officer and asked if he could find out what this man wanted. Butler continued speaking Spanish and neither officer recognized him nor could they understand what he wanted except "Admiral". Finally the Executive escorted him to the Admiral's cabin, saying he had brought some message for the Admiral. Admiral Fletcher, thinking he was a Mexican adventurer, was about to dismiss him when Butler identified himself. Whereupon the Admiral said "Your disguise is perfect—you may go". Butler hitchhiked to Mexico City—enlisted as a private in the Mexican Army and remained long enough to obtain the information he wanted. Then he returned to Vera Cruz and made a full report on the strength of the enemy forces. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor (I believe his second of three Medals of Honor) which he declined because he felt he had not deserved it.

In 1914-1915 Albert had duty at the Naval Academy in the Executive Department concerned particularly with discipline, during the superintendency of Admiral Fullam who had been his instructor when he was a midshipman.

This same year, 1915, saw the inauguration of the transcontinental telephone service between Philadelphia and San Francisco. I quote from an account that appeared in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger, September 16, 1935:

"Twenty years ago today a solemn and incredulous group of 700 men sat in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford and heard history in the making.

"Dramatizing for two great business organizations the possibilities of telephone service between Philadelphia and San Francisco inaugurated earlier in that year, the occasion is remembered as the beginning of a magical era of long-distance telephony, which now spans the continent and encircles the globe.

"Time has wrought many changes in the field of communication since that day in 1915 when members of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce sat at their luncheon tables and heard a history-making conversation between the president of their organization, Charles J. Cohen, and Robert N. Lynch, vice-president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. . . . At each cover at the luncheon little watchcase phone receivers were installed. Thus every man present heard the exchange of greetings across the continent—the human voice transmitted over 3400 miles—and heard it as clearly as though the speakers were talking over a private wire from an adjoining room."

We have a photograph of the event showing your Grandfather Cohen and the others that were present.

Albert was commissioned Lieutenant about this time and ordered as Assistant to the Officer-in-Charge U. S. Navy Publicity Bureau in New York City and was assigned the preparation and printing of data encouraging recruiting for the Service during 1916-1917.

With the United States declaration of war on Germany in 1917, Albert was ordered as executive officer of the U.S.S. George Washington, one of the transports operating under your Grandfather Gleaves. The George Washington was a former German liner that had been interned in New York in 1914 at the beginning of the war in Europe. It is rather interesting that the Germans had named her "George Washington". After making a number of trips to France carrying troops, Albert was detached and ordered to Anacostia, Virginia, to be trained as a bombardier. His training consisted of being taken up in a plane ten times and each time dropping a dummy bomb on a target in the Potomac River!! Then he was sent to France. He reported to Captain (later Admiral) Thomas Tingey Craven in Brest who commanded the United States Naval Air Forces in France. After hearing the amount of training he had, Captain Craven remarked that he had many officers with much more experience than that and he would use him on the staff as Executive officer. There he was closely associated with two very fine men, aviators DeWitt Ramsey and Bill Corry.

After the Armistice in 1918, he became a member of the Navy Claims Commission in Paris which disposed of a dozen United States Air installations in France as well as a great number of claims of the French people against the United States Navy, resulting in his receiving the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Ambrose Cramer was an important member of that Board, being an architect, civil engineer, and a French scholar—and later became Albert Gleaves Cohen's godfather!

All of this was interesting and pleasant duty even if, as he says, the nearest he got to the Front was the Battle of Montmartre!

On Albert's return to the United States in 1920 the prospect of promotion in the Navy was dim (he had reverted from his temporary rank of Commander to that of permanent Lieutenant Commander). Everyone was talking disarmament—there were to be no more wars so there was no need to have more than a token Army and Navy. After the War of 1812 Thomas Jefferson had the ships hauled out of the water into the cornfields but after World War I we sank our ships with bombs to give the Air Force practice! (Your Grandfather Gleaves toured the country speaking against this destruction of the Navy but to no avail). A Navy career appeared utterly futile so Albert decided to resign and join the Charles J. Cohen Company of which he became president on the death of his father in 1927.

b. Westphalia 1746

Joseph Cohen m Rose Barnet
Solomon Cohen m Mary Isaacs
Henry Cohen m Matilda Samuel
Charles Joseph Cohen m Clotilda Florance Cohen
Albert Morris Cohen m Evelina Porter Gleaves

b. Strelitz

? Samuel m ?

b. 1738

Ralph Samuel m Polly Levy
Lewis Samuel m Catherine Yates
Matilda Samuel m Henry Cohen
Charles Joseph Cohen m Clotilda Florance Cohen
Albert Morris Cohen m Evelina Porter Gleaves

b. Strelitz 1757

Samuel Yates m Martha Abraham
Catherine Yates m Lewis Samuel
Matilda Samuel m Henry Cohen
Charles Joseph Cohen m Clotilda Florance Cohen
Albert Morris Cohen m Evelina Porter Gleaves

d. New Orleans 1837

Zachariah Florance m Sarah Levy
Jacob Florance m Hannah Levy
Clotilda Florance m Andrew Jacob Cohen
Clotilda Florance Cohen m Charles Joseph Cohen
Albert Morris Cohen m Evelina Porter Gleaves

d. Holland 1749

Michael Hays m ?
Solomon Hays m ?

came to America about 1720
died Conn. 1780

Andrew Hays m Abigail David
Frances Hays m Esdaile Cohen
Andrew Jacob Cohen m Clotilda Florance
Clotilda Florance Cohen m Charles Joseph Cohen
Albert Morris Cohen m Evelina Porter Gleaves

THOSE WHO HAVE WORN THE FLORANCE LACE

Clotilda Florance when married to

Andrew Jacob Cohen May 16, 1854

Clotilda Florance Cohen when married to

Charles Joseph Cohen October 13, 1880

Mimi W. Brewster (now Mrs. Robert J. W. Koons) when representing the picture "Marriage Under the Directory" at a Ball given in 1881 by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel

Sylvia Florance when married to

Theodore H. Joseph May 21, 1901

Clotilde Florance Cohen when married to

Andrew Wright Crawford April 19, 1906

Ellen Nixon Graham when married to

Richard Gray Park, Jr. April 27, 1912

Margaret Yorke Bannard when married to

Edmund Smith McCawley May 6, 1916

Nancy B. Dunning when married to

Sidney B. Dexter June 9, 1923

Evelina Porter Gleaves when married to

Albert Morris Cohen December 20, 1926

Eleanor T. Dunning when married to

Joseph S. Lovering, Jr. December 29, 1926

Murray McIlvaine Taylor when married to

Edwin J. Schoettle, Jr. September 23, 1933

Eleanor Florance Cohen "in spirit" when married in Skagway, Alaska, to
Henry L. Hillman January 13, 1936

Evelina Gleaves Van Metre when married to

Frank Thompson, Jr. January 10, 1942

Josephine Riche Newton when married to

Chalmer John Carothers, Jr. November 4, 1944

Amelie Guiler when married to

Burton LeRoy Hedin February 3, 1945

Mary Rosalie Evans when married to

Thomas Earle Van Metre, Jr. September 5, 1947

Helen Harvey Burch when married to

Charles Patrick Nixon June 3, 1948

THE PRESENT GENERATION

As I have said in an earlier chapter, Albert Cohen and I met in Jamestown, Rhode Island, in the summer of 1926 after a lapse of thirteen years and were married the following December. The other day I came across this account of our wedding trip.

December 21st. We left the Carlton Hotel, Washington, D. C., in the morning but were arrested for speeding in Potomac Park and had to go back to the traffic court. At the door of the courtroom the policeman discovered we were on our wedding trip so tore up the slip and dismissed the case. Had lunch in Fredericksburg where it began to rain. Still raining when we reached the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond at six o'clock.

December 22nd. Drove around Richmond—visited Edgar Allan Poe shrine and drove out to Seven Pines.

December 23rd. Left Richmond about nine, had lunch and arrived in Charlottesville about 2:30. Walked through the University grounds and back to the hotel in time for dinner. Al talked in his sleep about Mary!

December 24th. Left Charlottesville at 11 a.m., had lunch in Staunton, and arrived at Goshen (22 miles from Hot Springs), at 5 p.m. Raining all day. At Goshen end of macadam road—red clay, hub deep in mud from there on over the mountain. Going almost impossible. Chain came off twice. Took three hours to cross the mountain (12 miles to the foot, then three miles up and three miles down). Hair-raising trip, breathed a sigh of thanksgiving when we reached the bottom. Only five miles, macadam, to the Green Brier Hotel at Hot Springs and were in our room by 8.30, where we had dinner, perfectly exhausted.

December 25th. Christmas Day. Waked at 8 a.m. with a telegram from Al's father. A few minutes later a telegram from my father and mother. Then letters from all our families. Opened package Anne had

slipped in my suitcase marked "Do Not Open Until Xmas". A tiny tree all decorated. After breakfast phoned my mother and father and wished them a Merry Xmas—first time I'd been away from home on Xmas and I wept on Al's shoulder. Then we cheered up and went to church and then for a walk in the rain. Hotel had a lovely tree in the lobby. At least 20 ft. high, perfect shape, and beautifully decorated. Only about 50 people in the hotel. After dinner we all gathered around the tree and sang Xmas carols, ending with the Doxology.

December 26th and 27th. Loafed and walked. Asked for *Miss Gleaves'* mail at the desk! Had car thoroughly overhauled and tried her out in the afternoon. No rain but freezing.

December 28th. Left at 9 a.m. At foot of mountain discovered something wrong with car and had to go back. Started again at 10. Trip back was worse than before. Road sheet of ice. Chain came off on way up mountain. Took one hour to put it back and had to take out all bags. Both of us covered with mud and Al exhausted. Reached Goshen at 2 p.m. where we got some sandwiches and coffee and pushed on to Winchester. Rain began again and May Durell was very worried about us on the Valley Pike in the rain. Had she seen us on the mountain she'd have had some cause for worry! Arrived at 6 p.m.

December 29th. May and Ed took us to furniture shops (antiques) and we ordered twin beds copied from an antique daybed. Lovely and reasonable. In the afternoon Mrs. Shirley Carter and Mrs. Wright came to see us and were very sweet. In the evening Mrs. Hunter Maguire came in to play bridge and Ed and Hunter went to the movies. May and Al had me so scared my hands were like ice and trembling! Mrs. Maguire was in my class, thank heaven.

December 30th. Left May's after lunch and were back at 1815 Belmont Road (Washington) by five. Mother and Father received us with open arms. More presents had come while we were away and we had fun seeing those. Talked to the family in the evening.

December 31st. Spent the morning taking presents back to be exchanged and in the evening went to Mrs. Ned McLean's New Year's Eve Dance. Al sent me lovely orchids and lillies-of-the-valley and we had a fine time at the party. Came home shortly after midnight.

January 1st. New Year's and Dad's birthday. We spent the morning getting ready for his party in the afternoon. Lots of people came in to wish him many happy returns. I saw a lot of my friends too. Al had charge of mixing the drinks and at the end of the party discovered he had used Uncle Spot's (Garland) birthday present of peach brandy as apollinaris in the highballs! The evening was a blank for him and Dad.

January 2nd. Left 1815 about noon and motored to the Philadelphia Country Club. Arrived about 6 p.m. and so ends the first two weeks

of our married life.

We stayed at the Club for about two weeks until we could get into our house at 274 Hathaway Lane, Wynnewood—the house your Grandfather Cohen gave us as a wedding present—and there we have been for twenty-seven happy years. We have had our griefs and our worries—who has not!—but they serve to make the happy times brighter by contrast. One of my deep regrets is that your Grandfather and Grandmother Cohen died so soon after our marriage that I knew them only slightly. My father-in-law died in 1927, the week before Albert was born, and my mother-in-law just a year later. In many ways they were the antithesis of each other—he very reserved, formal in his manner, a mine of information on many subjects (but not in the least pedantic); she was gay, witty, with great dignity but with a warmth of manner that drew people to her. I found a letter written to Aunt Eleanor by her physician Dr. E. J. G. Beardsley that describes her better than any words of mine can do—"I count it one of the rare bits of good fortune that allowed me to meet and get to know your Mother. She was one of those radiant personalities that come but rarely into one's orbit but who leave an inspiring influence as long as life endures."

At the time of your Grandfather's death the family received an amazing number of tributes to him and it is no rare thing today for someone to say what a remarkable man he was with his example of integrity, his kindness to those in need, his contribution to Philadelphia through the innumerable objects of his interest, and with all, a deep and true modesty. On May 8, 1933, The Women's Washington Bicentennial Committee planted a group of flowering cherry trees along the East River Drive in Fairmount Park. One of them is in memory of Charles J. Cohen and his name appears in "The Book of Record" which is preserved in Memorial Hall.

Our Cloie, named Clotilda Florance for her grandmother, was born in 1930. What a pity it was that your Cohen grandparents could not have lived to enjoy you two children and so you could have known them, as was the case with my parents. For my Father came to Philadelphia as Governor of the Naval Home in 1930 and he and Mother lived there and then later in Haverford until Father's death January 6, 1937. Mother broke her leg a few weeks before Father's death and could not go to Washington with us, so our cousin, Lucy Cooke, wrote this beautiful description of Father's funeral and sent it to Mother.

When we left Philadelphia, Friday morning to take my very dear cousin, Admiral Gleaves, to Washington, for his burial in Arlington Cemetery, it was a dark and dismal morning, with the fog so thick that you felt as though you were moving through the frame of a Whistler picture, as Alice did through the Looking-glass, and it was just as though we had stepped into another world when we reached Washington in the most glorious sunshine of what seemed like a day in June. Much of the sadness of the errand we were on melted away with the fog and it was the beauty and glory of it that remained in my heart.

The service in old St. John's Church was one of the most impressive I have ever attended and the minister read those words, with the most beautiful prayer for Cousin Evelina, as though each one he spoke was deeply and personally felt, and I am sure all of our souls were uplifted, as we sat there, with the sun shining through a star in the stained glass

window in the chancel, the most gorgeous and brilliant flowers banked back of the casket, and the church filled with the Navy uniforms. Archie Roosevelt, who was one of the honorary pallbearers, leaned over into the front pew to give Anne a little pat, as he passed out, and to say that his mother had wanted him to ask particularly if the wreath she had sent was there. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt had always been a devoted friend of Cousin Albert's and Anne and Archie had played hide and seek in the garret of the White House, with Theodore Roosevelt when he was president—and I also remembered Archie very well as being on the same boat with me when I went to Europe.

Never shall I forget the impressiveness of that procession to Arlington—the Navy Band in front, our glorious flag floating against the sapphire sky ahead of us, the Navy boys and Marines marching along, followed by the Admiral's flag—then the Admiral himself, on a caisson drawn by six horses, his casket covered entirely by the United States flag, and his Admiral's sword and hat on top. It was all so colorful and so beautiful that I couldn't think of death—it was just "God's finger touched him and he slept."

The memory of that scene at Arlington is one that I shall love to think of always—the fascinating view of the Capitol, the Monument and the Lincoln Memorial; the gorgeousness of the flowers, and I was interested to see that one of the loveliest sprays bore the cards of "The President and Mrs. Roosevelt"—the salute of nineteen guns, the Navy Band playing "Nearer My God to Thee" as the casket was lowered—and, THEN, *taps*, which stirred me to the depths—but still that scene brought the thought of life, not death, and, as the last note of "taps" floated away on the breeze, the echo brought back the sound of "reveille" as the Admiral appeared before his commanding officer—"Well done, good and faithful servant"—and, as I kissed the heart of a beautiful pink rose and dropped it into the grave of this, one of my most dearly loved relations, I felt like the children in the "The Blue Bird", when they entered the cemetery, with hushed voices and awesome dread, only to find it a place of beautiful blooming flowers, and I could have exclaimed with them, "Why, there *are* no dead!"—for "I do believe that just the same dear face, but glorified, is waiting in the place where we shall meet and, when we shall wake, I am quite sure we shall be very glad that, for a little while, we were so sad".

In June, 1938, Mother presented a bust of Father to the Naval Academy at a very inspiring ceremony held on the front steps of Bancroft Hall, with the First Class in formation as an honor guard. Albert Gleaves Van Metre and Albert Gleaves Cohen unveiled the bust, Senator McKellar of Tennessee made the presentation speech, and Admiral Sellers, the Superintendent, accepted it for the Academy. It is now on the balcony outside Memorial Hall, overlooking Chesapeake Bay—a most appropriate setting for one who loved the sea as Father did.

Later the same year, Mother presented to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a black and white portrait of Father done by Jessie Steele Brown. Jessie and Anne Gleaves had been schoolmates and intimate friends during our early days in Washington and we met again in 1932 when both of us were living on the "Main Line". Jessie's study is an excellent likeness and hangs in the History Section

of the Smithsonian.

December, 1939, found Mother, the Cohens and Van Metres in Bath, Maine, for the launching of the Destroyer U.S.S. Gleaves, when Evelina Van Metre and Cloie were the co-sponsors. The president of the Bath Iron Works said he had been praying that one of the sponsors would be left-handed but he could hardly believe it when I told him that Evelina was! The following history of the ship was supplied me by the Navy Department. She is now "mothballed" in the Reserve Fleet at Charleston, South Carolina.



HISTORY OF USS GLEAVES (DD 423)

USS GLEAVES, a destroyer of the BENSON Class of 1937-39, was one of the "Jack-of-all-trades" ships that did just about everything. Fire support, anti-submarine, anti-aircraft, courier and patrol duties as well as combating the high-speed E-boats of the Mediterranean. She served her country well from the first landings in North Africa until the European war was over, was lucky enough to survive to tell about it.

Built by the Bath Iron Works at Bath, Maine, her keel was laid on 16 May 1938. She was launched on 9 December 1939 with Miss Evelina Gleaves Van Metre and Miss Clotilda Florance Cohen, granddaughters of the ship's namesake, Admiral Albert Gleaves, USN, serving as joint sponsors.

Admiral Albert Gleaves, USN, was born in Nashville, Tennessee on 1 January 1858. In 1873 he was appointed to the Naval Academy at the age of 15, and graduated on 20 June 1877. He then served the required two years at sea before his commissioning as Ensign on 1 January 1881. He was subsequently promoted to Admiral on 1 September 1919. He was placed on the Retired list of the Navy in the rank of Rear Admiral on 1 January 1922, and promoted to Admiral on the Retired list on 21 June 1930. Admiral Gleaves died at Haverford, Pennsylvania on 6 January 1937.

Admiral Gleaves earned the Distinguished Service Medals from both the Army and the Navy. In addition to those, he had the Spanish Campaign Medal and the World War I Victory Medal with Escort Clasp. He was awarded the rank of Commander of the Legion d'Honneur by the Government of France; the Military War Cross with Lime Tree Leaves by the Government of Czechoslovakia; the Order of the Striped Tiger (Wen Hu), first class, by the Government of China, and the Grand Cordon of the Sacred Treasury by the Government of Japan.

USS GLEAVES was commissioned on 14 June 1940 with Commander E. H. Pierce, USN, as her first commanding officer. Following her shakedown cruise she served as patrol and escort duties until receiving her baptism of fire when she was serving as a screening vessel in a convoy of U. S. Vessels attacked by a submarine wolf pack south of Iceland in 1941. In 1942 she helped bring in the support forces for U. S. troops just landed in North Africa. She continued to escort convoys

into that combat area until she was called upon to participate in the landings in Sicily in 1943. There she distinguished herself, when, in company with USS PLUNKETT, she accepted the surrender of the Italian garrison on the island of Ustica and, in August 1943, landed occupation troops there. She later drove off a group of five enemy E-boats attempting to attack shipping in the harbor of Palermo, Sicily.

During the preparation for the landings of U. S. troops in Southern Italy, GLEAVES participated in the first U. S. Bombardment of the European mainland at Palmi, Italy. In September 1943, GLEAVES found herself blasting at the invasion beaches of Salerno. The beachhead having been established, she convoyed shipping in support of our troops in their drive to the north from Salerno.

In January 1944, GLEAVES bombarded the invasion beaches at Anzio. She later helped to repel the determined attempts of the enemy to wipe out that beachhead by air attack and gunfire.

In May 1944, GLEAVES participated in a four-day submarine hunt culminating in the destruction of the Nazi submarine U-616, in the Mediterranean. Commander B. L. Gurnette, her skipper, was awarded the Bronze Star for that action. He was also awarded the Legion of Merit for the part played by the ship in the invasion of Sicily, Salerno, Anzio and Southern France.

In August 1944, GLEAVES was again part of a Mediterranean invasion force as she participated in the landing of troops in Southern France. She escorted the group which made the first landings of that Invasion, the Rangers, who neutralized enemy batteries on the Island of Hyeres near Toulon. She later bombarded enemy positions and screened U. S. and French heavy units as they cracked stubborn German defense positions guarding Toulon.

In late September 1944, she was assigned fire support duties for the Allied positions on the France-Italian frontier. Her first few hours of that duty proved highly costly for the enemy and were probably the most exciting of her long career in the Mediterranean.

On 1 October, Army Cub pilots discovered German Maas boats in the harbor at San Remo, Italy. A determined bombardment in the face of heavy return fire brought about the destruction of at least three of those craft and demolished the boat repair facilities and other harbor installations around the port. GLEAVES also found time to destroy at least one 88 millimeter battery which had proven a hazard during the bombardment. The following day, assisted by aircraft from USS BROOKLYN, she bombarded shore establishments, battery positions and shipping in the harbor of Oneglio, Italy, obtaining hits on two large enemy cargo ships, destroying one coast defense battery and one anti-aircraft battery near the harbor. During that action GLEAVES received some of the few battle scars of her career when an 88-millimeter shell landed close aboard and perforated her hull with shrapnel splinters.

During the night, while patrolling off San Remo, GLEAVES' radar spotted 3 enemy vessels moving down the coast. Unassisted she drove in at them in spite of reported mine fields and succeeded in destroying one, driving the other two to

shelter. Later during that night the remaining two were again detected trying to reach San Remo. Again GLEAVES went in to the attack and this time destroyed a second vessel in the group and drove the third back to Genoa, probably in a damaged condition.

While returning to her station off San Remo she went to battle stations for the third time that night as she was made the object of an attack by at least five suicide-manned explosive motor boats. Judicious application of gun-fire, depth charges, and violent maneuvering at maximum speed brought her safely through that attack, leaving four of the craft sunk in her wake. The following morning, upon returning to the area she captured the fifth boat intact with two boat operators aboard. Insofar as is known, that was the first craft of that type captured from the Germans and it provided valuable tactical information to the Allied forces in the area.

The box score for that last thirty-six hours of action added up to eleven enemy craft sunk or damaged, one captured, at least three enemy batteries put out of action and an indeterminable amount of damage to enemy port installations. GLEAVES' commanding officer was awarded the Silver Star Medal for his part in the action.

Lieutenant F. E. Leaner, officer of the deck was awarded the Bronze Star for his prompt action and alertness which resulted in avoiding the first attack by the explosive boats. Lieutenant Smith was awarded the Bronze Star medal for his excellent control of gunfire delivered from the ship which contributed so materially to the success. Chief Boatswain's Mate Masuzzo was awarded the Bronze Star for outstanding courage and excellent seamanship while supervising the salvage of the highly lethal explosive boat captured by the ship.

In February 1945, GLEAVES returned to the United States where her armament was rearranged to meet the requirements of Pacific warfare. While completing her training period in Hawaiian waters, the war came to an abrupt end. However GLEAVES proceeded westward with the outbound occupation convoys and participated in the occupation of Nagasaki in September 1945. She was then engaged in convoy work and commended for her outstanding rescue and salvage work following the typhoon which swept through the Philippine Sea on 29 September 1945. Also, while attempting to assist a crippled merchantman, the ship steamed within twenty miles of the violent typhoon on 9 October 1945.

Though the war was over, the perils of the sea remained an ever present challenge to GLEAVES' crew who were still writing new chapters in the old story of Men against the Sea. Early in the cold arctic evening of 23 November the SS ADABELLE LYKES, enroute from Shanghai to San Francisco with 2,000 service men and women embarked, discovered a case of the dreaded smallpox aboard. Her scanty supply of vaccine would not suffice to inoculate all the 2,000 men and women aboard. A call for help went out to the Naval forces in the area. Four destroyers lay in the harbor at Adak, the nearest base to the position of the ADABELLE LYKES. One had a mission already assigned, the others were undergoing long deferred repairs. Of these, USS GLEAVES, no stranger to ice seas and arctic gales, reported that she could have all vital equipment ready in 3 hours. As the report went back to headquarters her crew went to work, frantically reassembling machinery and returning equipment from the repair shops, borrowing from others what she could not get in time. At 2:30 a.m.

on the 24th, she left her berth and sped on her way, making the finishing touches on her repairs enroute while carrying the life-saving vaccine toward the point of rendezvous with the merchantman SS ADABELLE LYKES at 23 knots.

At 1300 on the 25th, her radar detected ADABELLE LYKES far off in the mist and by 1400 a line was passed between the two ships which were heaving and tossing in the stormy seas. The vaccine and a supply of penicillin for the stricken man went aboard, as icy sprays swept over the men working on exposed decks. They were rewarded by a cheer from the appreciative passengers on the Merchantman.

After her duty terminated in the North Pacific area, GLEAVES engaged in "Magic Carpet" operations transportating 300 veterans from the Aleutians to the West Coast for release from active duty. Upon her return to the U. S. A., GLEAVES had compiled an enviable record of having been in more than a 100 air raids, under enemy fire on at least 27 occasions, had destroyed at least one aircraft, one submarine, and 12 miscellaneous enemy surface craft. She had also sunk innumerable mines and passed through one of the most violent typhoons ever encountered by the Navy. None of her crew had ever been seriously injured in action and the ship had suffered only superficial damage.

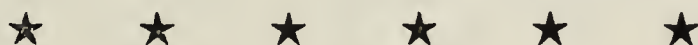
On 2 January 1946, USS GLEAVES sailed from San Francisco enroute to Charleston, South Carolina, where she arrived on 18 January. There she was inactivated and placed out of commission in reserve in June 1947.

USS GLEAVES (DD423) earned five Battle Stars on the European-African-Middle Eastern Area Service Medal for Participating in the following operations:

- 1 Star/Sicilian occupation—9 to 15 July 1943 and 28 July to 17 August 1943.
- 1 Star/Salerno landings—9 to 21 September 1943.
- 1 Star/West Coast of Italy operations—1944.

Anzio-Nettuno advanced landings—22 to 28 January 1944.

- 1 Star/Anti-submarine assignment—Mediterranean—14 May 1944.
- 1 Star/Invasion of Southern France—15 August to 25 September 1944.



In April, 1940, my sister Anne died and was burried beside Father in Arlington Cemetery. My brother-in-law, Tom Van Metre was then a Captain in command of a squadron of destroyers in the Pacific Fleet and so their three children made their headquarters in Wynnewood with us, Albert going to the Haverford School with our Albert. Tommy was at St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, where, through the kindness and interest of Frederic Kirkland, a friend of the family's, he had a scholarship for four years. Evelina had made her debut at a lovely tea that Anne and Mother gave for her at beautiful old Ogle Hall, in Annapolis, in the fall of 1939.

In the meantime the war clouds had been gathering once again in Europe and World War II commenced in 1939. Early in that year your Father was ordered to active duty with the Naval Reserve as executive officer to Captain Guiler, the Port Director of the 4th Naval District, and in February 1944 was ordered to sea as a Convoy Commodore, remaining in that duty until June 1946. He was in charge of groups of merchant ships sailing from New York to Trinidad, to England, or to Oran, North Africa, carrying much needed supplies to our troops and to our Allies.

Mother, who had lived with us since Father's death, died in September 1946 and was buried in Arlington next to Father. She was eighty-three years old and had lived through four wars—I am glad she did not have to know about Korea! If only I had become interested in the family history when she was still with us, for a vast amount of it has died with her.

To go back to the war—all the boys in my cousins' families were in the Air Corps. I have said earlier that Jack Edwards became a fighter pilot and was shot down and killed over Holland shortly after he arrived in the European Theatre. His younger brother George won his wings and his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant but did not finish his training in time to see action overseas.

Billy Hill, after a year of training and two years of teaching in this country, went overseas as a First Lieutenant to the China-Burma Theatre. On his way to China he ferried a P-51 from Assam, India to Kunming, China, which necessitated flying the Himalayan Mountains, or "The Hump" as it was called.

Upon his arrival in China he was assigned to the 26th Fighter Squadron, Chinese-American Composite Wing. This was the nucleus of the Chinese Nationalist Fighter Command and was made up of U. S. owned planes with Chinese pilots, and a few U. S. officers assigned to each squadron as Squadron and Flight Commanders. Billy was a Flight Commander and was Acting Squadron Commander "on two or three occasions while the C. O. was walking home from a mission."

These missions consisted of low level straffing and bombing of enemy tanks, cars, trucks, locomotives, gun emplacements, and river vessels and bridges. The principal objective was to "keep the bridges knocked out and the boats on the Yellow River from floating. I didn't damage any enemy aircraft but I sure tore the h-- out of two of my own—forgot to put the wheels down once and flew smack into a good sized tree three days later, while chasing a boat down a stream. The only thing that saved me was my speed, 500 MPH plus.

"The most outstanding event of the war was the quality of the Scotch the British served in their clubs in Casablanca, Tripoli, Cairo, Karachi, Calcutta, etc. My experiences at these places were most interesting but not historical, in fact they shouldn't be put in print."

Billy was awarded the Air Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Asiatic Theatre Ribbon with two battle stars, the Chinese Medal for Meritorious Service, The Presidential Unit Citation, and Chinese Wings (worn on the right breast) in recognition of his service with the Chinese Air Force.

Charlie Hurd, Margaret Hill's husband, was a Navy pilot who saw very active service with a Carrier Task Force in the Pacific. He says his four biggest thrills were his first carrier landing; being hit by Japanese anti-aircraft fire and at the same time jumped by two Zeroes (Japanese fighters); having the opportunity to drop a 1000 pound bomb on a Japanese cruiser and actually seeing the enemy fleet in action; "but the best of all was meeting Margaret in Chicago after one year of sea duty,—Oh! brother." Charlie received two Distinguished Flying Crosses, five Air Medals and the Presidential Citation.

Billy and Charlie certainly had a varied and interesting experience and made

brilliant records. Billy attained the grade of Captain and Charlie that of Senior Lieutenant.

In 1941 my brother-in-law Tom Van Metre was ordered to Washington as Deputy Inspector General of the Navy and continued in that duty throughout the war. In 1945 he married Mary Jane Sites Geyer of Martinsburg, West Virginia and after his retirement as a Commodore in 1947 they went back there to live. Tom modernized the old farm house, part of which is built of logs, and they are now living on the land granted to his ancestor, John Van Metre in 1730

During the summer of 1940 Evelina Van Metre had become engaged to Frank Thompson, Jr., of Trenton, New Jersey—a law student who was ordered to active duty as an Ensign, Naval Reserve, immediately after Pearl Harbor. Frank was born in Trenton on July 26, 1918, the son of Frank Thompson, a newspaper writer and political correspondent, and Beatrice Jamieson Thompson.

They were married from our house in January 1942, while Frank had duty in the Office of Naval Intelligence in Philadelphia. A year later he was given command of one of the first LCI (L)s, Landing Craft, Infantry. His initial voyage in command was also his initial voyage in any ship. The voyage was distinguished only by the fact that they reached their destination after having test fired their 20MM guns on bathers on the Manasquan, New Jersey, beach. Frank had ordered his executive officer to test fire the “seaward” guns. The exec scratched his head, looked over the side and saw the sea, and fired the guns. There were no casualties except Frank, who shook for three days.

In October, 1943, Frank was promoted to Lieutenant and was made a Division Commander, a billet which he held for several months before being made a Group (Squadron) Commander under the Amphibious Training Command, Atlantic Fleet.

On August 1, 1944 Frank Thompson was given a spot promotion to Lieutenant Commander and was assigned to command LCI (Rocket) Group 63, a unit which operated under the Third and Fifth Fleets. He commanded the Group in the Philippines, at Iwo Jima and at Okinawa. Group 63 was the only Amphibious Unit which remained at Okinawa during the entire campaign.

During a rocket assault on the town of Yonabaru, Okinawa, on June 3, 1945, one of Frank's ships, which was receiving fire support from the cruiser Salt Lake City, came so close to being struck by shells from the cruiser that the commanding officer sent a message of surrender to the commanding officer of the cruiser. The following day an Admiral sent for Frank to explain his ship's action. After a ten minute conference the Admiral dismissed Frank with the remark, “I have seen many reserve outfits, but yours is the MOST reserve of all. Tell your skipper that I don't blame him a bit.”

Frank was awarded a Commendation Medal, Bronze Star and a Gold Star in lieu of a second Bronze Star for actions at Iwo Jima where he also commanded the Ammunition Pool for all fire support ships, and at Okinawa where he was the senior type commander in command of the anti-kimakaze patrol force.

After the war Frank organized the first Naval Reserve Unit in Trenton and

served a term as Commander, Organized Reserve Battalion 4-22. In August 1950, he volunteered for active duty and was assigned to the Staff of Vice Admiral Oscar Badger, commander Eastern Sea Frontier, as Assistant for Plans and Harbor Defense Officer. He was released from active duty on December 31, 1951.

Frank and Evelina live in Trenton with their two daughters, Anne Gleaves and Evelina Porter. Frank is practicing law and is serving his second term as a member of the General Assembly of New Jersey. He was the minority whip during his first term. Evelina is also interested in politics and has just been elected Democratic Committeewoman for Mercer County.

Tommy Van Metre graduated with honors from St. Paul's School in 1940, when he was seventeen years old, and entered Harvard that fall with a scholarship from St. Paul's. He took a pre-medical course, with the intention of going to the Harvard Medical School. Due to the accelerated course he graduated from Harvard in January 1943, the day before he was twenty. Three years later he graduated from the Harvard Medical School, March 1946, with a John Harvard Fellowship awarded to the five top men in the class, Special Honors in Research, and membership in the Alpha Omega Alpha (the medical equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa), plus a commission as a First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the Army of the United States.

From Harvard Tom went to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore where he served a year as an interne and another year as assistant resident. During his first winter in Baltimore he met Rosalie Evans, the daughter of General and Mrs. Henry Evans, who was also working at Hopkins as a technician. They were married in September 1947 and the following July Tom went into the Army to serve the required two years. Six months later they were on their way to Heidelberg, Germany, where Tom was Assistant Chief of Medicine at the United States Army Hospital. They spent a very happy fourteen months there and managed to see a great deal of the Continent. Little Rosalie was born in June 1949 and Tom was promoted to Captain.

They returned to this country in June 1950 and had just had time to establish themselves in a house in Baltimore and Tom to be back at work at Hopkins when the Korean War started. The army called for 1300 volunteer doctors and Tom was one of 13 doctors in the entire country to answer the call—and his uniforms were not yet back from the cleaners. By August 10th he was on his way. He landed early in September at Inchon with the Tenth Corps, made up of Army and Marine Corps units, and spent a year setting up hospitals in unheated buildings, in tents, or in whatever was available—bitter cold and mud in winter; choking dust in summer. He made his Majority while he was there.

Tom returned to the States in September 1951 and again went back to Hopkins—this time for a year as assistant resident, followed by a year of research on influenza. During this time their second daughter, Anne Gleaves, was born (September 1952). In 1953 Tom accepted an Assistant Professorship of Medicine at St. Louis University with the privilege of practicing in three large hospitals in that city. They are now established in a home in the suburbs of St. Louis and looking forward to a happy and fruitful future.

Albert Van Metre entered the United States Naval Academy in June 1944, having



Evelina and Albert Cohen

Albert G. and Clotilda F. Cohen



New Year's Re-union 1953
The Thompsons, The T. E. Van Metres, Jr.
The Albert Van Metres and The Cohens

taken the President's Competitive Examination and passed number five out of over three hundred.

He had only a year and a half at the Academy as he and Charlotte Crofford, daughter of Lieutenant Commander Crofford and of Mrs. Thomas Kehoe, were married during Christmas leave 1945. Albert's resignation took effect in February and he and Charlotte came to Philadelphia where Albert worked for the Phosphor Bronze Company. In September he enlisted in the Army and served two years, returning to civilian life as a Second Lieutenant Engineer Corps. He finished his education at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., where he received a B.S. degree in engineering in 1951. This was no mean feat! He carried the maximum number of courses and worked at part-time jobs to support his wife and children—Albert Gleaves born in 1947 and Alison Mershon born in 1950. They are now living in Philadelphia.

Albert Gleaves Cohen followed in his father's footsteps by attending the Haverford School. He took part in many extra-curricular activities—was a member of the Dramatic Club and Business Manager of the Index (the school monthly paper), and played soccer, baseball and football. In his Junior year he received the Warden Cup awarded "in recognition of faithful attendance to duty and general helpfulness," and in his Senior year the Eggleston Trophy "awarded to that member of the football squad who by his faithful effort, initiative and courage, has made the most of the natural ability with which he is endowed," and the Roberts Cup "presented to that member of the Graduating Class who has shown true sportsmanship, in working and playing squarely, in being a good loser and graceful winner, and in making and keeping friends."

Albert graduated with honors in June 1945 and entered the United States Naval Academy ten days later. He received his appointment from Congressman Percy Priest of Nashville, Tennessee, who represents the same district from which my father was appointed. My cousin, Eldon Stevenson of Nashville, interceded for Albert and interested Mr. Priest in giving Albert the appointment as a tribute to my father's memory.

During his four years at the Academy Albert was active in the Russian Club (being a Russian Language student) and in the Mechanical Engineers Club. At graduation in 1949 he received a certificate from The American Society of Mechanical Engineers "in recognition of his outstanding efforts and accomplishments in behalf of the A.S.M.E. Student Branch at the United States Academy Midshipman School" and also from the Naval Academy for his "Extra-Curricular Activities in the Mechanical Engineering Club."

Upon graduation Albert received orders to the Destroyer U.S.S. Floyd B. Parks in which he served eighteen months, most of which time was spent patrolling the waters surrounding Japan. In January 1951 he was ordered to the Submarine School, New London, Connecticut, and upon completion of the course was ordered to the Submarine U.S.S. K-1 of which he is now engineer officer with the rank of Junior Lieutenant.

Clotilda Florance Cohen received her education at the Agnes Irwin School in Wynnewood. She was particularly interested in athletics, playing hockey, baseball,

and lacrosse, and was active in many of the school organizations. In her Junior year she was awarded the 1932 Cup by the Senior Class "to the girl in the Junior Class who by quiet loyalty and unobtrusive cooperation does most for the unity and spirit of her class," and in her Senior year she won the cup awarded by the Athletic Association "to the girl who has shown the best sportsmanship combined with athletic ability" and the 1915 Prize "awarded by the votes of the Senior Class to the girl who in her school life and school spirit has proved herself most worthy of the traditions of the school."

Cloie graduated in June 1948 and made her debut at a tea-dance at The House of the Colonial Dames in Philadelphia with her friend Virginia Grosholz. That summer she flew to England and spent two months with the Charles Burch family at Henley-on-Thames where she had a delightful time and also saw a great deal of that historic country

On her return Cloie entered Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, where she continued to successfully combine her extra-curricular and academic interests. In her Senior year she was captain of the Riding Team, president of the Swimming Club, and received the College President's award which reads in part "she rates high in campus esteem because of her co-operative spirit, her fine sense of responsibility for the welfare of the college, and because of her very active participation in our affairs. She is good at hockey, basketball, baseball, riding and lacrosse. She's served on the News staff; she's been chairman of SAB (Student-Alumnae Building) and now she's head of Tritons. Her name is Cloie Cohen."

In 1952 Cloie graduated on the Dean's List with a B.A. degree in history and for the past year has lived in Washington, D. C., working for the Government. She is now attached to the Defense Department and is stationed near Williamsburg, Virginia, a short distance from Yorktown and Jamestown, and she goes to the Old Bruton Church, where William Gooch, Michael Bowyer and James Hubbard attended services in the 17th and 18th Centuries.

And so ends "Operation Archives."

FAMILY BURIAL PLACES

Bowyer, Michael and Frances Carpenter	White Sulphur, West Virginia
John and Elizabeth Hubard	Thornhill, Lexington, Virginia
John C. and Anne (Nancy) Stribling	Thornrose Cemetery, Staunton Virginia
Porter, Commodore David and Evelina Anderson	Woodlawn Cemetery, Philadelphia
Admiral David Dixon	Arlington, Virginia
Heap, Dr. S. Davies and Margaret Porter	Anglican Church Yard, Tunis Africa
Passed Midshipman James Lawrence	Christ Church Cemetery 5th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia
Dr. David Porter	Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia
Elizabeth Bowyer (wife of D. P. Heap)	Thornrose Cemetery, Staunton, Virginia
S. Lawrence and Violet Bloomer	Arlington, Virginia
Garland, J. Spotswood and Margaret Heap	Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown Washington, D. C.
Edwards, George W. and Elizabeth Garland	Arlington, Virginia
Lieutenant John Garland	Arlington, Virginia
Nicholson, Annie Heap (wife of Reginald F.)	Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown Washington, D. C.
Admiral Reginald F.	Arlington, Virginia
Gleaves, Admiral Albert and Evelina Heap	Arlington, Virginia
Van Metre, Anne Gleaves (wife of Thomas E.)	Arlington, Virginia
Cohen, Joseph	England
Solomon	England
Henry and Matilda Samuel	Mt. Sinai Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia
Clotilda Florance (wife Andrew J.)	Mt. Sinai Cemetery
Henry Barnet	Mt. Sinai Cemetery
Charles J. and Clotilda F. Cohen	Mt. Sinai Cemetery
Florance, Jacob L. and Hannah Levy	Mikveh Israel Cemetery, 1114 Federal St., Philadelphia





